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THE LIFE

OF

GILBERT [✓]HAVEN,

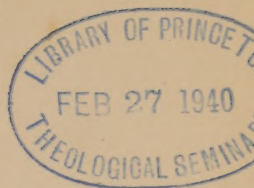
BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY

GEORGE [✓]PRENTICE, D.D.,

PROFESSOR IN WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

NEW YORK:
PHILLIPS & HUNT
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WALDEN & STOWE.
1883.



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TO
ALL HIS KINSMEN,
NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL,
THIS
LIFE OF GILBERT HAVEN
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

WHEN GILBERT HAVEN was appointed a missionary at Vicksburg he did not think he should return from that work alive. He therefore consulted the writer as to his readiness to prepare such an account of Mr. Haven's views and conduct as might vindicate his memory before the Church. Hence all the letters and documents relating to that transaction were put into the writer's hands. Several friends suggested that in case Mr. Haven's fears turned out correct, a biography would be required. In this contingency that task was to be performed by the same hands.

It came to be understood in the family of Bishop Haven that, in the event of his death, any biography required should be prepared by the writer, with the aid of L. T. Townsend, D.D.

When Bishop Haven died the call for a biography was very general. Two well known editors and one college president offered their services for the preparation of such a work. It was every-where assumed that such a life must be carefully portrayed. Hence the literary executors thought themselves bound to undertake their appointed task. When a very imperfect life was issued by a Boston firm, the only option was to let that book have the field or to try to produce something different.

The materials for such a volume are so ample and interesting that some features of the book were determined thereby. All could not be used, and the task was to select and combine such matter as would best tell the story and illustrate the traits of Gilbert Haven. The choice of these materials has not been easy, nor can one flatter himself that in all cases the best selection has been made.

The private correspondence of Bishop Haven is rich and abun-

dant. It was once the plan to publish many of these private letters. To have done so in any satisfactory way would have doubled the size of the volume without doubling its interest. This conviction led to a reluctant abandonment of this part of the plan. Twenty-five or thirty years hence an interesting volume could be made out of these letters if well edited.

The writer thanks the various friends of Bishop Haven for permission to use any letters of his in their possession in aid of this work. Such thanks are especially due to various members of Mr. Haven's family; to his brothers-in-law, Richard Ingraham, Esq., W. M. Ingraham, Esq., and H. C. M. Ingraham, Esq.; and to Drs. William Rice, F. H. Newhall, G. M. Steele, D. Steele, A. S. Hunt, S. F. Upham, and W. F. Mallalieu.

To Bishop Haven's family at Malden great credit is due for the care and patience with which his papers have been put into shape for convenient use. They have lightened many a burden for the biographer.

Finally, to my true yoke-fellow, Professor L. T. Townsend, D.D., of Boston University, thanks are due for important suggestions and most friendly aid.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, *December 22, 1882.*

NOTE FROM PROFESSOR L. T. TOWNSEND, D.D.

Professor Prentice and myself were appointed in charge of all the literary effects of the late Bishop Gilbert Haven. It was understood at first that the life of the Bishop was to be written by us in conjunction. The plans were subsequently changed, and the present volume, with the consent of all parties, is exclusively the production of Professor Prentice.

The faithfulness with which the work has been done, and the literary excellence characterizing it, will certainly be acknowledged by every reader.

LUTHER T. TOWNSEND.

BOSTON, *December 10, 1882.*

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Con segno di vittoria incoronato.

—DANTE, INF., *Can. IV*, 54.

LIFE OF GILBERT HAVEN.

CHAPTER I.

BEGINNINGS.

Birth and Parentage—Home Life—Malden and its Environments—Youthful Traits—First School and Teacher—The Mother's Influence—Miss Goodwin and Master Allard—Defense of a Negro Schoolmate—The Mother's Counsel—Public Sentiment concerning Colored People—Theodore Parker's Way—Gilbert Haven a Clerk—Makes Friends—Reading and Study.

GILBERT HAVEN, JUN., the fifth of the ten children of Gilbert and Hannah Haven, was born at Malden, Mass., September 19, 1821. The elder Gilbert Haven was born at Framingham, Mass., in 1791, and the mother, Hannah Burrill, was born in 1789 at East Abington, now Rockland, in the same commonwealth. The parents were married in Boston September 5, 1811, by Rev. Charles Lowell, D.D., father of Lowell the poet. They were in humble worldly circumstances, but of honorable reputation. The large family which grew up around them was diligently trained in habits of piety and industry. The father retained any friends he had once gained. Like some of his ancestors, he was elected to several minor offices by his townsmen. In later years he held a position in the Sub-treasury at Boston. Gilbert had a very high opinion of his father's personal

worth, and employed every suitable opportunity for showing his regard.

The mother of our Gilbert Haven is a woman of unusual good sense and unaffected piety. She was early noted for her great interest in public affairs, and as a reader of many books and periodicals, traits which she still exhibits in her ninety-sixth year.

The Haven household was remarkable for the strong and tender affection of its members for each other.*

The marked respect and sincere affection shown by the entire circle of children for the father and mother prove how lovingly those parents had done their own part. They had early become members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Malden, and their intelligence and activity had rendered them useful members. The elder Haven was one of the most honored office-bearers in the local society, always wise in counsel and generous

* The brothers and sisters of Gilbert Haven are :

Sarah Oliver Haven, born June 11, 1812, now Mrs. Lemuel Cox.

Elizabeth Coolidge Haven, born July 4, 1814, died October 19, 1875.

Hannah Burrill Haven, born September 13, 1816.

Bethiah Gardner Haven, born January 4, 1819, died December 27, 1839.

Andrew Jackson Sprague Haven, born October 10, 1823, died March 12, 1834.

Benjamin Franklin Haven, born March 4, 1826, died October 26, 1838.

Wilbur Fisk Haven, born September 23, 1828, died March 11, 1872.

Mary Burrill Haven, born September 21, 1830, died October 7, 1830.

Anna Storer Haven, born March 31, 1832, died May 23, 1857.

All this family of children, except the eldest, whose birthplace was Boston, were born in Malden. All that are dead died in Malden, and all who live live in Malden. Gilbert Haven's mother is proud of the fact that her own father, Burrill, served in the Revolutionary War.



BIRTHPLACE OF BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN,—MALDEN, MASS.

in gifts. It is worthy of noting that all the children who grew to maturity became members of the same Church, and all who have died in adult years have died in the triumphs of the Gospel. Thus has the blessing of God long rested upon that devout household.

Gilbert Haven was born in an old-fashioned two-story house, at the end of a lane leading from the foot of Waitt's Mount to a stream flowing from picturesque Spot Pond, and turning several water-wheels on its short journey to the sea.

The house then stood close to the water's edge, the stream expanding there into a small pond, thickly beset with trees, in an exceedingly rural and romantic situation; and there it still stands in its beauty, save that the stream and pond have been filled up, trees and bushes cut down, and houses built all about them; so that much of the former loveliness of the scene has been destroyed.

Malden lies about five miles due north of Boston, and has a very picturesque situation. Young Haven's eyes must have early grown familiar with the aspect of the distant capital city, surmounted by the swelling dome of the State House, and with nearer Charlestown, capped with the rounded crest of Bunker Hill. He had only to climb Waitt's Mount in order to extend his vision on the south-west to classic Cambridge, where stood Washington's temporary home, soon to become doubly dear to America as the home of the poet Longfellow; there, too, was the famous elm, whose boughs once shut in and overarched the cradle of the Nation:

"Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who on that summer morn
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword, whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first, but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that makes us what we are."

If he turned his inquisitive eyes southward they would range onward to well-famed Dorchester Heights. In his daily sports and hasty errands he could often see distinctly enough the spire of the old North Church, made famous by Longfellow and Paul Revere as the spot where the light of warning was flashed across the imperiled land:

"He said to his friend, If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,
One if by land, and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and arm."

Thus he could hardly set his foot outdoors without encountering some scene which recalled proud memories of a still recent but immortal history. Nor could he visit many of the neighboring towns without coming

upon the theater of imperishable exploits or the haunts of heroic minds. His very surroundings soon taught him the high lesson that life comes to its best consecration only when turned to unselfish uses.

The picturesque scenery which lay around his early home must have aroused his native sensibility for the beautiful in nature to an unusual degree, since we encounter abundant traces of this sensibility in his earliest writings. While he was still an untraveled boy he used to conduct visitors to the long line of hills that rises eastwardly from Malden, running northward toward Melrose, that they might drink in the varied glories of a vast panorama, composed of hills and vales, dotted far and near with smiling villages and majestic cities, and of the far-sweeping fields of ocean, bestrewn with sunny ships. He felt an intense pleasure in the delight which the sublime scene never failed to provoke. When he had visited Scotland, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Switzerland he was still wont to say that five minutes from his mother's door stood a mount of vision which revealed a scene that might well hold its own among the most famous landscapes of the world. No man could think this opinion extravagant who had slowly turned his own eyes over that splendid array of beautiful views. The poet Lowell once declared of a similar landscape but a few miles distant, that Italy itself had nothing finer to offer.

But while we have been looking around the region in which he was born, we have left the hapless babe just arrived there on September 19, 1821, quite to him-

self. His mother describes him as a vigorous child, energetically kicking, pushing, and driving, while yet in her lap and arms. He was named for his father, simply Gilbert Haven, while the other children rejoiced, some in two and some in three Christian names. Stoutly resenting at one period this parsimony toward himself, he wrote himself, and required others to write him, Gilbert R. Haven. When asked what the R. might mean, he said it might mean *rex*, rogue, or rascal; but he finally returned to Gilbert Haven.

From such accounts of his boyish days as have come to our knowledge, it may fairly be inferred that he had a far better and more comfortable time of it than his fond mother did during his boyhood. There was an intense fire and energy in his character which found vent in all sorts of childish escapades. He drove hoop, played marbles, fished, swam, skated, climbed trees, and snowballed with a spirit that sometimes imperiled life or limb. His was the gift of leadership even in such sports. Such a child inevitably gives the maternal heart many a startling anxiety and panic terror. Yet somehow the good providence of God keeps guard over such hare-brained heroes in all their perilous ways, and brings them but the more fully to man's estate for their vehement juvenile proceedings. If possible it would be most profitable to learn how much of the very best training of such boys for their later work comes from careful teachers and watchful parents, and how much from the severer but self-appointed tasks of childhood. The latter steady the nerves and string the muscles,

make ear and eye quick and wise, and gradually turn reckless daring into cool and alert vigilance, and they have the notable advantage of being the child's own work and exclusive responsibility. Perhaps Gilbert Haven owed more than most men do to such voluntary discipline.

Throughout a long life Gilbert Haven did honor to his mother for the care and love which she unsparingly lavished upon him. Few men have ever held a mother in higher regard than he did his. A long series of letters to her show the unfailing tenderness of his affection for her and his interest in her welfare. How she gained her strong and permanent hold upon him is best revealed in the accounts which creep into his letters and journals of early scenes in his life in which hers was the central figure. As a specimen of many such passages we produce one from a letter written home near the close of his college life :

I am always homesick Sabbath nights, why I know not, unless the memories of olden days come rushing up more powerfully and vividly than at other times, the memory of remotest hours when all of us, from Sarah to the littlest, used to sit and sing with father, and, after he had gone to meeting, read the Bible (the first chapters of Proverbs for me) and pray with you. You don't know how deeply those hours and acts are impressed on my life. . . . I have often wished that I could leap back with the *other* girls to those days of babyhood, and live and laugh away my days."

Like other Massachusetts towns, Malden had certain humble temples of learning which the law requires all children and youth to frequent. One of these stood

nearly opposite the present Methodist Episcopal Church. It was afterward known as the "old brick school-house," though it must have been nearly a "new brick school-house" when young Haven first entered it. When four or five years old he entered the lowest of the three graded schools taught there. His first school-teacher was a certain Miss Dexter. We know little of her, but doubtless she duly taught the bright-witted youngster his a b c's, and such other lore as suited his boyish capacity. There he probably heard the Bible read with reverence, and prayer offered in the terms known as the Lord's Prayer. Whether Miss Dexter ruled her humble kingdom through fear or kindness is unknown. With such devices for disturbing infant schools as the infant mind is so fertile in devising, it would be no wonder if she had ample chance for exercising all her Christian graces. Whether Gilbert Haven and Miss Dexter were sworn friends or sworn foes cannot now be told, nor can it be well conjectured without more testimony concerning that young lady.

Miss Martha Goodwin was his next teacher. Of her only this is on record, that she afterward went to Tuscumbia, Alabama, as teacher, and there became wife to Rev. Chauncey Richardson. Whence we infer, if the Rev. Chauncey Richardson chose wisely, that Miss Goodwin was a pious person of good teaching abilities. This inference is inevitably shaded with some uncertainty, since we have no vouchers for Mr. Richardson's discretion, and a minister in love is as blind as any other mortal man.

In due time young Haven made his way to the highest school in the building and town, taught by Mr. Allard. Not very much is known about this gentleman. Probably he was a teacher respectable for his knowledge and powers of communication. In his room occurred the far-heralded incident of young Haven's defense of the poor colored girl. Among Master Allard's pupils was one in such circumstances as to appeal strongly to his care and sympathy. She came from the poor-house to the school-house. Probably she had been used only to hard fare, poor raiment, and disagreeable companions. In New England people rarely come to the poor-house, unless they have been unusually unfortunate in business, vicious, or mentally weak. The child was probably there rather through such faults or misfortunes of her kindred than her own; but, however there, her condition should have challenged pity and respect. To complete her misery she was black; her very hue was a sign that spoke against her as one of a servile race.

Perhaps Master Allard found her an uneasy and troublesome pupil, for the black inmate of the poor-house may have been wonted to greater freedom in her movements than comported with good order in school. On one occasion he punished her with considerable severity. We do not know her offense, nor whether the teacher really was too severe. Little Gilbert Haven had witnessed the scene in a tumult of indignation; he felt every swift blow as if its sting was piercing his own flesh, and he at least remembered the special misfor-

tunes of his hapless companion. Hence he lingered after school to fling at heedless Master Allard the taunting remark, "If that girl had not been from the poor-house and black, you wouldn't have dared to whip her as you did."

From childhood till the close of life he was fond of rehearsing to his mother, in her humble kitchen, the events of his daily life, and asking her advice about any thing which troubled or perplexed his mind. He reported this incident to her at night, and awaited her comments with interest. She flashed out the honest and indignant declaration, "Gilbert, that little black girl is just as good as you are, if she is black, and you ought to take her part."

This authoritative confirmation of his own instinctive opinion relieved him of any rising doubts of the wisdom of his conduct in this particular case, and shed great light on his duty in similar matters of social wrongdoing. So vigorous was his protection of his little black schoolmate from the poor-house that she had a much easier lot under the changed circumstances, and the wit of the meaner and more careless lads avenged itself upon him by styling the new friend "Gil Haven's wife." This incident and its accompanying lessons made a lasting impression on his mind. He used to say afterward that "his mother and the Bible had made him an Abolitionist."

Whether the taunt flung at Master Allard was merited or not, it was surely a high-hearted little champion of twelve that tossed it into the teeth of his own school-

master. Such a step shows not only a deep-rooted instinct for justice and a quick sympathy for the suffering, but it shows further the high courage which always prompted Gilbert Haven to appeal to wrong-doers themselves against their own wrong-doing.

It should be borne in mind that this act had no prompter but the boy's own heart. The agitation concerning the negro and his rights had not yet gone abroad much, and people in general were apathetic about the topic. Within a year of this act of heroism another incident befell at Newton in the school of a now famous school-master, Theodore Parker, which deserves to be recited in order to illustrate the condition of the public sentiment of that day. Mr. Frothingham tells the story thus:

A colored girl applied, and was admitted by the teacher without misgiving; he knew no distinction of persons, but the parents of his other pupils did. They made objections, prophesying injury to the school, and the black inmate was dismissed. It was not a generous thing to do; on the contrary, it was a shabby thing. The young man confessed it afterward with mortification, and made ample amends to her persecuted race; but it was pardonable in a youth who had lived in the seclusion of thoughts, whose conscience had never been touched by the wrongs of the negro North or South, and who regarded race merely as he would have done any other disturbing element.

This palliation must serve for Master Allard as well as Theodore Parker; but plainly Gilbert Haven was not of their kind. Another incident shows that boyish heedlessness sometimes prevailed over these nobler im-

pulses in such matters. As a respectable colored woman approached a group of boys, of whom Gilbert Haven was one, he cried out rudely, "Boys, I think there's going to be a shower; I see a thunder-storm rising." The woman retorted, "Gilbert, I never expected to hear any thing like that from you!" "You never shall again, auntie," was his response; a promise he sacredly kept. When, after his conversion, he was serving as clerk in a Boston store a companion sneeringly demanded, "Who was that nigger to whom you gave so much attention to-day?" He answered gravely, "She was my sister." This rapid intuitive perception of the practical bearing of his own oneness in Christ with all men on his conduct toward them was the key to his entire relation to all such social questions. His entire simplicity was perfect wisdom on such points.

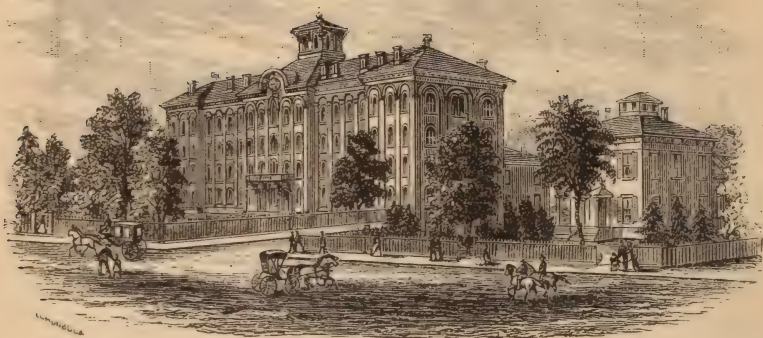
When young Haven had finished his studies with Master Allard, it seemed best that he should be put to some business whereby he could win his daily bread. Accordingly he became a clerk when he was fourteen years old, in the dry-goods store of Mr. James Richardson, which stood then where the Malden Town Hall now stands. Here he was remarkable not only for the steadiness with which he mastered the details of his business, but likewise for some things which rarely occupy such clerks. He kept up an extensive course of reading. His books were always ready to be used whenever he found spare hours or moments on his hands. He sought the acquaintance of people who were reputed aristocratic or learned, that he might obtain

from them the books whose perusal he coveted. In this desultory manner he contrived to read a great many novels and books of travel, and some historical works of considerable scope.

His natural power of making friends showed itself even in this early stage of his career. William H. Richardson, a fellow-clerk in the establishment, remained one of Haven's staunchest friends until death ended their connection. He always found time to visit Haven in later years wherever he might chance to be appointed pastor. Getting off once at the railroad station in Westfield, Mass., Mr. Richardson asked the driver who took him over to the parsonage whether he conducted many passengers there. That worthy promptly responded, "O yes, lots of them! but most of 'em are niggers." Another lad in the same store was Joseph Ames. He was destined to become well known to the public afterward as a portrait painter. It appears that young Ames had begun to practice his art in those early days on such subjects as offered. He painted two portraits of his companion in the store. One of these portraits is the picture of a chubby-cheeked, rosy-faced, red-haired boy by an unskilled beginner in the pictorial art; the other is the portrait of Gilbert Haven in his ripe maturity, coming, when he was doing his best work as editor of "Zion's Herald," from the easel of an artist who had attained eminence in his profession. Mr. Ames was near the tragic end of his own life when the second portrait was executed. Between himself and Gilbert Haven there had been no intimacy, but each

had retained a kindly feeling for the other from the years of childhood and youth. Notwithstanding this portrait was not well liked by many of Bishop Haven's friends, it is the one which will be the favorite hereafter, since in it the subject saw his own most successful presentment to the eye.

The sister next older than Gilbert, Bethiah Gardner Haven, was a young lady of an intellectual turn of mind, who had given considerable attention to the study of French and Latin. One of her instructors in these tongues had been the Rev. Edward Otheman, now residing in Chelsea, Mass. This sister had become an excellent scholar in these languages, and Gilbert put himself under her tuition. This is the first authentic sign we have encountered that the young Malden clerk has aspirations for something better than selling and buying to get gain as his earthly vocation. No very precise details are given in regard to his studies and reading of that date. The natural result of it soon appeared in the awakening of a strong desire in the ambitious youth for a better education than could be had in Malden. And so it at last fell out that Gilbert Haven, with such an outfit as we have described, was enrolled in the spring of 1839 one of the students of Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Mass.



BOARDING HOUSE, WILBRAHAM ACADEMY.



ACADEMY BUILDING, WILBRAHAM, MASS.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL LIFE.

At Wilbraham—The School—His Studies—Companions—Attitude toward Religion—Good Traits and Bad—Bethiah's Sickness—A Revival in School—Haven's Conversion—Joy and Fidelity—End of the Term—Happy Thanksgiving.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY is one of the earliest and most successful academies established under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. Its name shows its ecclesiastical relations. Wesley's well-known Kingswood School was its chief model, though that model had not been closely followed in details. It was always free from that multitude of rules which were so often found at Kingswood a sore burden to teachers and pupils alike. This change was the result in part of differences between the countries in which the schools exist.

While the English school was open from the beginning only for boys, the Wilbraham one was open to both sexes. This feature was probably taken from the public schools around it, where persons of either sex studied and taught together. Since this seminary served as a model for many others, it naturally claims the proud distinction of a position in the vanguard of the great movement which is now opening the doors of the most famous colleges of the land to women.

The atmosphere of the school was deeply religious.

It was intended to develop piety as well as scholarship, and its work would have been deemed defective if either aim had been missed. Still, moral suasion was mainly employed for the attainment of the religious purposes of the school. The regulations only demanded daily attendance on morning and evening prayers in chapel, and on two church services of a Sunday. Those who desired could also attend Sunday-school, and a weekly class-meeting and prayer-meeting. Besides these, Sunday morning prayer-meetings and meetings in private rooms for pious conversation were sometimes held by zealously religious students.

The school was then new. It had not yet the advantages of spacious and well-kept grounds, large and fine buildings, ample libraries, cabinets and scientific apparatus, which have since been so munificently provided through the generosity of its patrons. Its internal organization was not then so complete nor its corps of instructors so large and efficient as at present. Yet it deservedly held a high position among institutions of its grade forty years ago. Such was the school in which Gilbert Haven was a pupil during the spring and fall terms of 1839.

We have no very full accounts on which to found the story of his school-life at Wilbraham. Certain statements of his own, the clear recollections of several of his school-fellows, and some letters of that period from his own hand, are all the data that remain to us from that critical season. The books of the academy do not show what studies he pursued during those two

terms. We know from other sources that he studied French, and was counted proficient enough to give an address in that tongue in certain public exercises of his society, "The Union Philosophical," at the close of the fall term. Mrs. C. L. Rice, of Springfield, Massachusetts, remembers him as one of the best declaimers in the school, with an easy and effective style of address. He was a ready debater, and warmed up when school topics were introduced, though he did not take a leading part in his society.

The only school composition of his preserved to these days, considers the fitness of certain limitations put upon the association of the sexes in the school. One of his letters says that the principal, Mr. Patten, had been talking to the students on that subject, but no good result had come of it. Haven was in favor of greater freedom. He always was, and hence reported somewhat hotly in one of his letters home: "They talk of making some new rules, stricter than the old 'blue laws' of Connecticut." His natural liking for relief from all such restrictions shows itself in a letter wherein he serio-comically sets forth the advantages of having to care for a sick chum: "I don't have to get up for prayers and hardly to breakfast, so I get along first-rate. I also fare first-rate, having custards, pie, cake, lemonade, rum punch, etc."

It seems, however, that young Haven was counted from the outset among the irreligious men of the school. His first letter home shows that he had accepted this position without much thought or compunction. He

says: "I have been listening for the last half hour to a long sermon on religion by one of the most pious students in the school, and I can't tell how much good it has done, perhaps some." The bare fact that he consented to be treated in this way shows the bent of his mind to carelessness and irreligion. He had not the fixed character which makes school-life morally safe. Of quick social feelings, eager for popularity, fond of easy pleasures, Gilbert Haven found his path beset with snares. Among his companions were some who combined good scholarship and showy personal qualities with freedom from moral restraints. With some of these he was hail-fellow well met.

It admits of no doubt that young Haven's course at Wilbraham was for a time discreditable. Dr. Wentworth is correct in saying: "He was for a brief season 'fast,' making associates of 'fast' young men, making companions, says Dr. Rice, a schoolmate, of the best of the bad boys." This declaration is not only justified by what Haven himself wrote just after his conversion, when he might be suspected of unconscious exaggeration, but also by an entry made in his Journal during his pastorate at Wilbraham, in 1853: "I have got back to an old home, the birth-place of my soul, of much of my mind, Wilbraham. Have enjoyed it some, though not so much as I might, had not the ghastly forms of boyish pleasure flitted before the memory, and a painful sense of loss marred the joyful one of gain."

During this evil period he was making a sad record of irregularities and deficiencies in school, which taxed

sorely the patient kindness of those who hoped better things for him. His own judgment, then and afterward, was that he had come to the verge of expulsion from school. He was characteristically frank in recognizing his own wickedness, and never tried to deck out his bad ways with any beautifying colors.

But, of course, he was not wholly bad, nor was he entirely given over to bad companionships. His letters home show, even at the worst period, a very affectionate nature. His father and mother, brothers and sisters, are all remembered quite tenderly at the very moment that he was keeping back from them facts which would have aroused their worst fears. He went boldly with his comrades upon some of his most desperate deeds of impiety, when he must have been smarting keenly under the reproaches of that faithful "home-god," his own conscience.

While he was in this condition of growing wickedness and danger, word was brought him from home that his sister Bethiah was on the verge of death. The letter in which Gilbert acknowledges the receipt of these sorrowful tidings is filled with outbursts of intense grief. He sends words of tenderness and kisses of love to the dying girl. He confesses his evil ways, and promises to become a better boy, so that the hope of a future re-union may brighten her closing days. There is reason to fear that this penitence was only that sorrow of the world, which worketh death, since the duty of beginning the new life was not entered upon. He who adjourns duty to God insults his own conscience as well as the divine

authority, since the intent to repent to-morrow involves the purpose to sin to-day. In Gilbert Haven's case it did not check him even in the worst practices into which he had fallen. Whatever penitential moods he may have passed through his companions saw nothing but his wonted daring in transgression.

But God still had thoughts of mercy for the youth who seemed to be so recklessly throwing away his best opportunities, spiritual and intellectual. A religious revival, under the ministry of Rev. William Livesey, broke out in the town and school. Haven's attitude toward the movement at first was partly one of dislike but mainly of indifference. He went to the religious services held in the village church only when the preacher had the credit of being an eloquent speaker. Some of the ministers thus won their way through his ears to his heart. The following letter, with which he soon gladdened his troubled parents, tells the unexpected story of his sudden conversion to Christ. We omit and abridge what requires it. The letter is not dated, but was written on October 21, 1839, the third day after the memorable conversion it records. It is addressed to his "Ever dear parents," and after explaining the reason for writing again so soon, continues :

I was afraid Bethiah might be taken suddenly away, and I never have the opportunity of informing her of the glorious news that I have some hopes of meeting her in heaven. . . . I feel it my delight to tell her that I too can say, God is good. I know you will be surprised, aye, overwhelmed with astonishment and delight, to hear that the prodigal has returned to his Father's arms. But

I hope and trust that such is the case. I feel the blessed assurance of sins forgiven, that my sins, which were as scarlet, have become as white as snow through the blood of the Lamb. . . . Little did I think, and less did I care, that I should become a recipient of these joys. . . . Wednesday afternoon I attended meeting, because I wished to hear the preacher, second to but one or two that I ever heard in delivery. . . . He preached a beautiful sermon, but I had no particular impressions at the time. His text was, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." His name, I forgot to mention, is Rosser, [since Bishop Rosser of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,] a name which will long be treasured in my memory. . . . That evening, Mr. Rice, of Springfield, one of the two mentioned above as equal to Mr. Rosser, preached, but I slept under his sermon. Friday afternoon and evening Mr. Rosser preached. I liked him very well in the afternoon. His text was "Preach the Word;" I liked him because he was so eloquent, not because I felt that he did "preach the Word." In the evening he preached from the words, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," a beautiful sermon. I felt some slight compunctions of conscience during the evening, but nothing very particular until after meeting, when I went to walk with Mr. R., the wildest fellow here, except myself, and one who was warned once to go home. No doubt we should both have been sent home if we had not taken the step we have. We had a long conversation, and at last came to the conclusion to go to the inquiry-meeting in the morning at any rate, if we proceeded no further. Well, we went; and I bless the Lord that I was enabled to take up my cross and go forward. We were unexpectedly joined by another of our companions, and we three went forward. And that afternoon I believe the Lord spoke peace to my soul. I felt—I cannot describe my feelings; they were a mixture of joy and sorrow, of gladness and mourning. . . . The next day, almost for the first time, with delight I hailed the music of the bells. Mr. Livesey preached in the morning, Mr. Patten in the afternoon, and Mr. Miner Raymond in the evening. O, I have spent one good Sabbath! . . . Monday I did not feel so well

in mind until evening, when I was happy, superlatively happy. We had a glorious prayer-meeting previous to the evening services. . . . Then I heard Mr. Rice. His text was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" the best text and the best sermon that it was ever my lot to hear. O, I never was so happy, even in anticipation! I never thought such could be the enjoyment of religion. . . . Tell Bethiah I hope now if I should never see her again on earth, I may behold her in heaven. I must write to William Richardson. Pray for me, that I may have strength to take up my cross. I have also three other letters to answer from wild fellows here. . . . It is one o'clock and I must begin to think of retiring. Good-night, kind parents; good-night, beloved brother and sisters; good-night, dear friends, all, all.

The prodigal son,

GILBERT.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," said Jesus of Nazareth. Thus, through the divine mercy, did that great change come to pass for Gilbert Haven, through which men are made new creatures in Christ Jesus. The same Master also said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." We shall find this boyish conversion followed up by forty years of humble and faithful discipleship. No pretense was ever set up by Gilbert Haven that he was a model in his conduct up to the hour of his conversion. He had not lived in "all good conscience" under the blessings which God had given him. He was such a sinner that he could put no confidence in his own righteousness. But he turned to God with childlike faith in the promises, and instantly found what holy Herbert had found before him:

"Hungrie I was and had no meat :
I did conceit a most delicious feast ;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome guest.

"There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here :
That apprehension cured so well my foot,
That I can walk to heaven well neare.

"I owed thousands and much more ;
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly ; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

"Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred storie ;
And where sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

"If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger ?
Faith puts me there with him who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

"If blisse had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gained it ;
Where now by faith all arms are of a length,
One size doth all conditions fit."

We have no further remark to make on this wonderful conversion, save to note Gilbert Haven's instant endeavors to bring others to a like experience. That affectionate spirit which would not let him seek his own salvation alone, flashes out afresh in his eagerness to write at once to his friend Richardson about religion, and to answer the "wild fellows," whom he cannot

readily give up to evil. Such he was life long ; his loving nature clung fast to multitudes whom he would fain compel to turn with him to Christ. He was all the more zealous because the close of the term was just at hand, and men live fast in revivals. We only know that he was very assiduous in his religious duties, while his school-work was done with a patience and care such as he had never before shown.

The term closed so that he could return home in time for Thanksgiving, the great annual feast of our Puritan New England. We can readily imagine the higher zest wherewith the Haven household kept those memorable hours of festivity. Beyond all the temporal mercies which crowned the year, above the ordinary domestic felicity of their circle, was the crowning gift of the divine compassion, the recovery of a beloved son and brother from the gravest spiritual peril, and his surrender to God's will. Bethiah still lingered to welcome her favorite brother, talk over with him the new life he had begun, exchange pledges of future meetings above, and show him how a Christian ought to suffer and die. About a month later God blessed her with a happy end.

CHAPTER III.

BUSINESS AND STUDY.

At Home—Business in Boston—Begins a Journal—Its Value—Petty Vexations—Becomes a Clerk at Tenney's—His City Home—Trials and Success as Clerk—Estimate of him by Employer and Associates—Religious Life—Religious Home—Preachers Heard—Social Meetings—Piety—Temptations—Study of Greek and Geometry—Rev. William Rice—Reading—Returns to Wilbraham—Preparation for College.

WE have no record of Gilbert Haven's doings for nine months after his return from Wilbraham. With that event the call for correspondence with his family ceased. He mentions a few other correspondents; but, alas! either hungry oblivion has swallowed them up, so that their memorial has perished with them, or they have not preserved the letters which would shed a twinkle of welcome light upon those months now grown as dull and opaque for us as they were once bright and happy for him.

That he kept up his old habit of much and various reading, with a religious and theological element added, was a matter of course. That he was true to his new habit of much prayer, pious meditations on the Bible and his personal experiences, and that his devotion was fed by the worship of the sanctuary and social meetings, admits no question. He remained at home during the winter, witnessed the happy end of Bethiah's pilgrimage, and helped his father about his work. Efforts were made to procure him a start in business in Boston.

Accordingly we find that he became a clerk in the store of L. W. & C. H. Nichols, at No. 14 Tremont-st., Boston, the fourth of March, 1840. We have no accounts of his life there until six months had passed; then, on September 1, Gilbert Haven began a Journal, giving an almost daily notice of his affairs until September 18, 1841. The Journal then ends so abruptly that one suspects the rest must have been lost. Of this Journal the author wrote afterward:

I had just lost Bethiah, and my mind was deeply affected. I had a few months before begun the Christian life, and its novelty, solemnity, and grandeur engaged my whole heart. I was placed under a disagreeable master in a disagreeable store, which tended to drive me still further inward in my search after peace and pleasure. I had an intense thirst for knowledge, which increased my distaste for society and business. These circumstances tended to characterize my writings with sadness, solitariness and religious sensibility.

We have been informed that this record afterward seemed to its writer somewhat unreal and extravagant. But whatever its faults, it enables us to obtain an insight into these formative years which is invaluable. For one thing, it sheds much light on his business life in his new grapple with the world.

When he had been six months in the store he makes this entry:

Charles [the junior partner] was rather out of sorts, and vented his feelings on us clerks, finding fault continually, while I was laughing. I do not feel much condemnation, because I did not do it for revenge or scorn, but because of the grotesqueness of his conduct,

Here is another touch :

This morning, preparing to obey a command of Mr. Nichols, I was suddenly stopped by Charles, and the article I was to carry demanded. I refused, and though afterward I was severely tried about my conduct, at last I felt no condemnation, and Mr. Nichols afterward approved it.

Charles was evidently a sore cross to young Haven. He taxed the two clerks with want of interest in the business, and subjected them to a jealous surveillance. On one occasion he hid away the books which Haven had on hand for use in moments of leisure.

The business itself was petty. To sell fifteen or twenty dollars' worth a day for each salesman was prosperity. Gilbert frequently records that business is "dull," or "so-so." Once he says: "There is little doing in the mercantile line except in the Elssler cuffs." These cuffs were named in honor of the famous *danseuse*, who was just then charming Puritan Boston by her bewildering pirouettes, and by subscribing \$1,000 to the Bunker Hill Monument. It seems now incredible to recall the sensation produced by the too volatile Fanny in staid New England. Some wag hit off the popular madness by putting Emerson and Margaret Fuller among her spectators on one occasion. They came, saw, and were conquered. "O Ralph, this is poetry!" "No, Margaret, it is religion!" they exclaimed in turn.

The speedy consequence of the bad state of affairs in the store was that young Haven began to look about for some more eligible position when his year should

expire. He denies the justice of the charges brought against him. His connection with the Nichols firm was not severed without some bad feeling on their part. Characteristic of the clerk was it that he took pains to visit them afterward, and rested not until good feeling was quite restored. There is not a sign of bad temper in any record in the Journal on that subject. Three months later he enters without comment the following virtual vindication :

Received a note from Charles Nichols, requesting an interview. I went to-day. He proposed to have me come back to the store, offering me, indirectly and inferentially, a partnership. I declined, believing I should be much better situated as I am.

On March 4, 1841, he became clerk in the carpet store of Tenney & Co. This was then the largest concern of its kind in Boston. Haven was to have \$275 the first year. Tenney & Co. did business on the corner of Salem and Prince Streets. Haven found a pleasant home with a Mrs. Goddard, who lived at No. 3 Stillman Street, a street leading from Charlestown Street to Salem Street. These places are all in what is known as the North End, but were then in the very heart of the best business quarter of the city. Here Haven found himself among a set of alert and ambitious young men in one of the best-appointed stores of the city. His time was pretty closely occupied with his business. When trade was brisk so many goods would be tumbled in course of the day that the clerks would sometimes be kept busy until ten o'clock at night in getting them into proper order. But the place pleased him.

He liked its air of life and success, its polite and affable clerks, and its opportunities for advancement. The Journal shows that he was successful as a salesman. Here are some entries of his daily sales: "March 12, \$175; April 26, \$42; September 17, \$1,500." The record broke off before the year was half out.

We find no trace of any of the persons who were Haven's associates at Nichols & Son's, but two of his companions at Tenney & Co.'s are well-known citizens of Boston. One of them, John M. Clark, has held for many years the office of Sheriff of Suffolk County, the other is the merchant-prince, Eben Jordan, senior partner in the great firm of Jordan & Marsh. These men report that young Haven was one of the most esteemed and successful clerks in the establishment. He was spoken of among them as one who knew every thing that was going on in the newspapers, and was posted on all political questions and reformatory movements. He was a cheerful comrade, and furnished a flood of stories and anecdotes for the entertainment of the company on those stormy days when trade was at an end, and all odd jobs had been exhausted. He was generous of money and time; but nobody thought him likely to live a business life, so great was his interest in books and study.

Mr. Tenney, the head of the firm, is yet living in old age and want. Rev. John W. Hamilton, who visited him in order to learn what he remembered about Haven, informs us that he still has a clear memory of his former clerk. He not only recalls the fact that

Haven was a favorite in the store, but also that he had a cheery way, which drew people to him, and made those who had once traded with him insist on being waited on by him again. He said Haven was very successful, so that he made him a very good offer to retain his services; but that the clerk's heart was set on books and religion, so that he went off to school. Mr. Tenney states that Haven made a better start than Eben Jordan did. Haven's intimates know that he was wont sometimes to say that he would have given Jordan a stiff race before letting him get the lead if he had only kept on in business.

But how did his religious life progress amid so much business?

It is a matter of course that there was a plenty of church-going, strict Sabbath-keeping, and frequent attendance on social meetings. He usually attended on the Methodist ministry in the city. Bennet Street was his ecclesiastical home, though he frequently visited North Russell Street and Bromfield Street. He records the sermons he heard, and gives his impressions of the preachers. Sometimes he hits the mark neatly: "Heard Bradford K. Peirce preach at Bennet Street, an eloquent and excellent production; text Rom. i, 16." That was September 13, 1840. In the afternoon things went worse: "Heard Brother Porter on Luke xvi, 2, 'Give an account of thy stewardship.' Lost the first part through drowsiness. O that I might overcome this sin! The latter part was very good." Once he listened to "Brother Hascall" on the text, "The Lord is not slack

concerning his promise." He reports this very good, indeed, so that he had no sleepiness to mourn over; a notable hint for preachers. His landlady was a Baptist, and sometimes he went with her to hear Mr. Neale and Mr. Hague, who made no great impression on him. But Dr. Kirk did move him. It is a grief to add that Maffit carried him by storm, as he did thousands of other unripe men like young Haven. The accounts he gives of his sermons show that Maffit would very soon have left him dissatisfied.

There was a great deal of going to social meetings in this period. Once he went to a sunrise prayer-meeting. He dropped in on Father Taylor's preaching and prayer meetings, and liked both. He tried other social meetings, but preferred Bennet Street, because they were "so full of the Holy Ghost." Religious reading is not wanting. The "Life of Mrs. Fletcher," "Thomas à Kempis," and Mahan on "Christian Perfection," were read for edification. Surely here was food enough for some spiritual life—between preaching, meetings, and books.

He says of himself, September 1, 1840: "Though not so entirely free as I could wish from sinful desires, I can say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' . . . O for the abiding witness of the Spirit. Grant it, my blessed Saviour!" Again he says: "I cannot positively say that I have the witness of the Spirit, but I think my sins are forgiven." The fault-finding of his first employers marred his religious peace. Perhaps he did notice that such complaints from them usually brought the confession from him, "Not much religion to-day." The main

faults in conduct acknowledged in the Journal are frequent levity, pride, careless speech, impatience, and anger. He is sensible of lacking openness, directness, and courage in his work of faith. We give samples of his entries on such points: "October 27, 1840, wickedness of heart has been my sin to-day. I have felt at times very angry concerning a foolish thing about the store; though I did not express the anger, I felt it. O that I could fully obey the apostle's precept: 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'" Later he writes: "I have enjoyed some peace and happiness to-day, though not all I could wish. I enjoy class-meeting better than aught else."

It would appear that he had much to tempt him to lightness of thought and speech in his surroundings. It is probable, also, that his conscience was sometimes morbidly exacting. In many cases this must remain mere conjecture, because he does not give the details required for a certain decision. When he does give them they are sometimes rather trivial. Political discussion he seems, rather oddly for him, to avoid as disturbing too much his religious peace. Once he wore a decoration which somebody objected to as sinful, and he felt condemnation for it, not on its own account, but because of the way in which he had encountered his adviser. Sometimes he could not avoid hearing "the filthy conversation of the wicked" around him. This

usually vexed his righteous soul, but sometimes he found something within that responded to it, to his intense sorrow and shame. One evening as Haven and Pike, the other clerk, were about shutting up shop, temptation stepped into the store in this shape: "A young lady came in and asked for silks, buying one almost immediately. She was very pretty, and her manner embarrassed and mysterious. I was much attracted by her appearance, and though Pike pronounced her a bad character, I doubt it; I should like to see her again."

The Journal tells no more, but this beautiful "strange woman" had her eyes on him so often, threw herself so frequently across his path, and sought the store at such unusual hours, that Haven was quickly convinced of the correctness of Pike's notion of her. She lost her attraction for the young clerk as soon as he saw that she had lost her virtue, but she so beset him that he began to fear lest some scandal might arise, and it was not without some difficulty that he could keep clear of her. There is not a word in this very unreserved diary which does not show Haven at this time to have lived a blameless life. Those who knew him best can testify to the stern subjection in which he held any passion or impulse whose relaxation would be sin.

The records of these months also reveal in Gilbert Haven a strong yearning for scholarship. While in the Nichols store he began the study of Greek, under the tuition of his fellow-clerk, Elvin Pike, though we do not learn of Pike's part in the matter from the Journal;

but in a later letter. September 1, 1840, we find this entry: "I have proceeded as far as parts of speech to-day, in Greek, and like it much." September 30: "Have proceeded as far as numerals in my study, having in a month gone nearly as far as verbs. I like it very much, and hope I shall have the privilege of proceeding much further with my present teacher." A review of all he had done up to October 5 was finished on the 13th, when he "began the study of verbs and purchased a Delectus." This shows a pretty strenuous devotion of spare hours to study. On November 6 his "Greek grammar and Delectus disappeared mysteriously from the store," and study was interrupted. Ten days later he notes down this: "Ascertained where my Greek books are, and also that Charles hid them. Shall renew my studies to-morrow." It is remarkable that these records are perfectly free from any invectives against those who troubled him. Similar entries concerning study appear until the student-clerk has got far on with his grammar and begun to read short lessons in the Delectus, showing an unmistakable purpose to master the famous Greek language.

While at Tenney's the eager student purchased a geometry, and studied it to such purpose that he was one of the best men in his college class in that branch of study. These facts show a very resolute purpose at work in the merry, story-telling, much-reading seller of carpets.

With all his other employments Gilbert Haven finds time to do considerable reading of a somewhat remark-

able quality. He worked onward gradually through the eight volumes of Mitford's "History of Greece." He plodded his way through Young's "Night Thoughts," not without troublesome suspicions about their poetical value. He read the orations of classic Edward Everett, explored Lord Bacon's Essays, and toiled hard over Dick's works, which last he found a sadly operose task. He borrowed the "Discourses of Chalmers" from Rev. George Landon, and went through them with profitable pleasure. This solid reading was offset with listening to much political speaking and sitting out a great many lectures, some tedious and some instructive, as their way is the world over. But the most noticeable fact in his reading in those days is that he carefully went through Butler's "Analogy." He records his progress to the end of the first part, when he remarks: "I finished the first part of Butler's 'Analogy' yesterday. It is somewhat abstruse, but very instructive. He proves that God's government is moral, that we are in a state of probation, and that we shall receive our just deserts in another world. He is considered a genius of the first order, such as scarcely any in the present age can equal."

It seems that much of this reading was done during his walks in town and country, and also that considerable time was devoted to improvement in composition. His mind was evidently turning toward the ministry as his future profession. Rev. William Rice was then stationed at North Malden, (now Melrose,) and was sure to exercise a large and wise influence over him. When

Gilbert goes home to Malden he is apt to go up to North Malden to see William Rice; when an exchange brings Mr. Rice within pedestrian range of Stillman Street, he persuades a companion or two to go with him to hear the preaching of a youth of such great promise that his friendly hearer hopes he will surely be "a burning and shining light." When William calls on Gilbert in the store, the latter's record is: "Had a visit from Brother Rice. He was very pleasant and communicative." I suspect this communicative friend had much to do with sending Gilbert away to prepare for the ministry, and the lost Journal (for there was one) would doubtless have revealed the facts.

Gilbert Haven shows the motives which moved him at this time in words penned seven years later: "Driven by dislike for my employment, intense hankering after knowledge, ambition to make a noise in the world, and perhaps a humble desire to be a preacher, though I almost doubt the humility of the desire, I escaped from Boston and business and buried myself in books. Then my Journal assumed a new shade."

The first result of this change in his plans for life was that Haven went to Wilbraham in March, 1842, to complete his preparation for college. He was quite alive now to the importance of making the most of his opportunities. He reports to his home friends that Rev. Charles Adams, the successor of Rev. David Patten as principal of the school, was very strict in enforcing obedience to all the rules of the institution, and hence was more feared and less loved than his

predecessor. He gives the following statement of his daily routine :

I make progress in study, having attempted lately to take Cicero with my other studies. My time is so divided that I can employ it to better advantage. I generally rise about five, and take my morning exercise before prayers, which come at six o'clock. Then I engage in the study of Cicero till nine o'clock; until ten I read something not connected with my studies, as poetry. From ten to eleven I either continue my reading or review the lessons preparatory to reciting at eleven or one. From two to three I reread that part of Virgil which is to be recited at three, write my diary and read the papers. From four to five the Greek lesson that is to be taken the next day. From tea time until about seven take exercise; the evening time is given to translating Virgil, sixty-five or seventy lines being the daily task. I generally retire about ten or ten and a half o'clock. . . . Criticise freely. If you think I waste any of the hours, please say so, and also state how matters might be mended.

One can see at a glance that small margin was left here for idleness. The man who could give two hours to the daily study of Cicero, while carrying a full quota of regular work and giving some hours to reading books and papers, must have been a much-occupied student. He conducted his preparatory work at Wilbraham with such vigor that he was able to enter Wesleyan University in the judgment of his classmates well prepared for his college course.

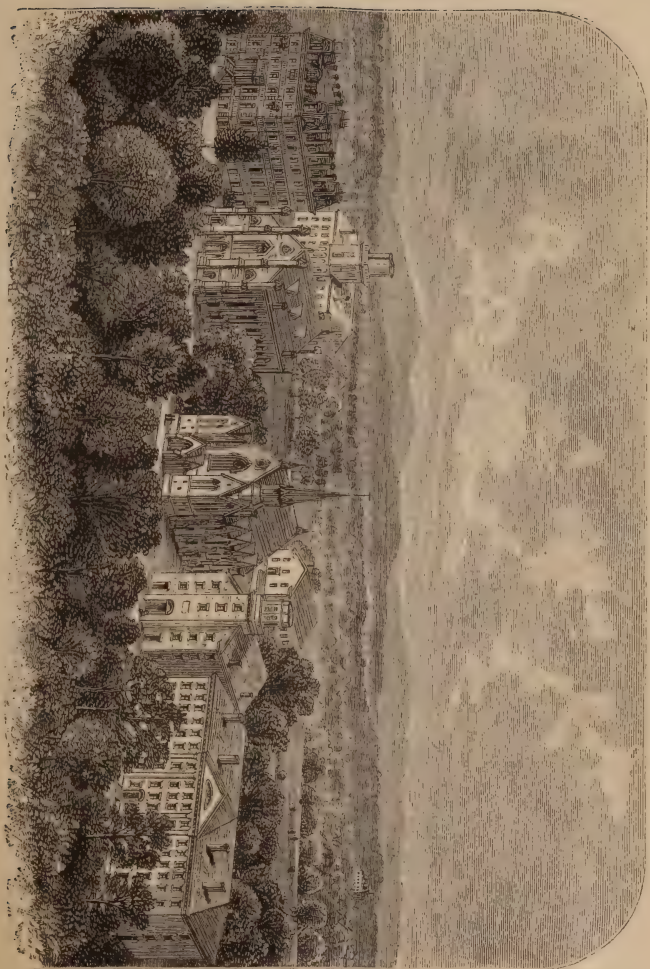
CHAPTER IV.

COLLEGE.

Enters Wesleyan University—First Impressions—Extra Studies—Beautiful Middletown—Dr. Whedon—Dr. Olin's Influence—Dr. Smith—Ardor in Work—Standing in Class—The Junior Exhibition—The Eclectic Society—Reading—College Friends—Class Pride—Gentleness in Judgment—Opinion of Himself—Teaching in Saugus—The Rice Household—F. H. Newhall—Social Life—A Revival—Emerson at Middletown—Emerson's Influence—Lectures Heard—Prospects—Graduation.

GILBERT HAVEN entered the Freshman class of Wesleyan University at the opening of the fall term in 1842. As the requirements for admission were quite up to the average standard of the New England colleges of that period, the impression has somehow gone abroad that his preparation was "rushed." This notion cannot be harmonized with the fact, to which his classmates bear witness, that he ranked from the outset among the leaders of the class. The facts which we have already stated concerning his studies in the French, Latin, and Greek languages show that he had given time enough to this work to do it with thoroughness. These indications are drawn from fragmentary records of his attention to such subjects; had we his complete Journal, no doubt there would be found full proof of excellent preparation for college. Only one reference to the study of mathematics is found in the data in our hands, and that merely records the purchase of a geometry. Yet was he expert in such sciences, so that some

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of his college friends deemed that his strong point, and Professor Smith (afterward President of the University) who then taught the mathematics, recommended him for the mathematical chair in a Southern college.

The correctness of these statements is confirmed by one of his first letters from the University to friends at home: "I have three daily recitations, of which geometry is but a review, so that I have much leisure time, which I devote to other studies, having three longer than the regular ones. I read one hundred lines daily in Virgil, while we only get sixty in Ovid in the recitation; a chapter in the Greek Testament often longer than the one in mythology which I recite to Professor Whedon, five pages of French, and about seventy pages of Plutarch's Lives." Of course, the Freshman who finds one of his studies a review, and who sets up a course of private study in his early residence within college walls, could not have brought a defective preliminary training there, however rapidly his preparation may have been gained. It would, perhaps, be reasonable to conjecture that one who had done so much of his preparatory study by himself would be weak in those portions of scholarship whose dryness makes their attainment an unwelcome drudgery. One might have conjectured that he would be more brilliant in translation than exact in grammatical skill. Mrs. C. L. Rice affirms this to have been the case at Wilbraham, his address in French given there, in 1839, points the same way, and Bishop E. O. Haven affirms that his cousin created an enthusiasm in his

classical students at Amenia, but was not strong in the refinements of scholarship. Perhaps the most conclusive, because involuntary, testimony here is that of a classmate who, being so ill that he expected to die, requested that Haven might be asked to prepare his epitaph, and then added: "But let it be done in English, Haven never did know his Latin grammar."

In our hands are thirty-four letters from his own pen during his residence in college, besides a very full Journal covering the lost fourteen months of his course. From these we shall produce such extracts as will afford a clear notion of his growth in scholarship and character, or shed some light upon his peculiarities.

The beautiful place itself enchanted him at the outset, and it retained its enchantments for him to the close of his life. In one of his first letters to friends at home he says: "This is one of the most beautiful places you can conceive. I wish you could sail down this elegant river and wander along these shady streets adorned with superb dwellings." Such references to the beauty of the natural scenery of Middletown and vicinity are scattered through his letters and Journal. Now it is the enchanting river which is mirrored in his swift, light sentences, when he has been with his classmates on an excursion by water to Haddam or Hartford; now it is the splendid view from the White Rocks which makes him despise the minerals which he has gone there to seek with his class, under the lead of Professor Johnston; and now it is some evanescent phase of earth

or sky which he reproduces. The account of the evening before the Fourth of July, in 1845, will serve as an example :

Preceded by four or five days of continued rain, the day was the most beautiful imaginable. It opened gloriously, preceded by the most gorgeous sunset I have ever seen—black velvet, fringed with gold—the western heavens variegated with sublimity ; the eastern spanned with rainbows, light and dark ; the southern floating in bluest azure ; the earth with her robe of green and brown ; the dark serpentine river ; the enameled houses, dripping with tears and sunshine ; the whole scene was a worthy prelude to our nation's birthday.

Some of his friends of later date used to conjecture that his taste for beautiful natural scenery grew out of his study of Wordsworth ; but these passages show that the poet must have charmed him as he did largely because he fed an instinctive appreciation for natural beauty of every variety.

In one of his first letters from college he gives his earliest impressions of the institution that was now his home :

I enjoy myself among my new friends. Our lives pass pleasantly in the acquisition of knowledge. Professors very gentlemanly and great in their departments, excelling as a body any other college in New England, except Yale and Harvard. President Olin arrived here about a fortnight ago. He is a fine-looking man, much about the size and appearance of your honored father. He appears very sickly, having officiated at prayers but thrice since his arrival. His advent was hailed with great joy by the students, and the star-spangled banner waved proudly from the tower of the chapel. We expect great additions in consequence of this change in our officers.

If this should appear to any the judgment of an enthusiastic Freshman, it should be borne in mind that Bishop Haven retained the same opinion of his college instructors as long as he lived. The names of Olin, Smith, Johnston, and Whedon on the faculty roll of that period go far to justify this honorable opinion. It is remarkable that the two men who made the deepest impression upon him were the two with whom he had the least to do. Professor Whedon left the college at the close of Mr. Haven's first year, though meanwhile he had given daily instruction to the Freshmen. Yet so profound had been the sense of his great ability in the young student's mind, that he always counted him among the ablest thinkers and writers of this generation. President Olin's health was such that he was unable to give instruction in the class-room during Mr. Haven's undergraduate years. Nearly all that he saw of that remarkable man was seen while the president was conducting prayers in the chapel, making brief addresses to the students on matters of college discipline, and occasionally preaching sermons of the highest order. Dr. Olin's memoir shows that these years often appeared to himself barren and unfruitful seasons in a weary life; but there must have been many around him then to whom his life and work were as real an inspiration as they were to Mr. Haven. We are glad to show this beneficent action of a masterly intellect and a noble heart upon the plastic soul of a young student in a note written during the last days of the college year of 1845:

The Baccalaureate of Dr. Olin was the greatest intellectual effort I ever listened to. His text was, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill it in the lusts thereof." It was a sublime, metaphysical, poetical, practical, pious discourse, by far the ablest that I have ever heard from him. He treated of the effects of making Christ the All-in-all, the guide, director, sustainer, in a most sublime manner. Such, he said, "are carried forward on the surge of faith by almost a predestination of the affections. They, if sluggish, are stirred up by the sight of the crowns and the nodding plumes that rise up behind the high battlements they are to overleap." He then spoke of Neology, or Transcendentalism—a refined aristocratic religion—in terribly sarcastic language; of the errors imbibed by those who lay aside Christ at the beginning of their course with the expectation of taking up the cross at its termination, discarding him because of a dreaded interference with their ambitious hopes. It was the mighty production of a mighty mind.

And this is complemented by what he says on reading Olin's sermon, "The Relation of Christian Principle to Mental Culture:"

What a sermon! How crowded—jammed almost to a state of suffocation—are its fiery thoughts! What fullness and power! Of all the preachers I have ever heard he is the only one that always "seems superior in his thoughts." No matter how grand, lofty, or weighty, he takes them up as a "very little thing," and handles them as mere toys. He seems to see 'way round his subject, to comprehend at a glance the whole, and its bearings, minute or weighty, to every other subject. What a force he applies to these weapons of the brain in discharging them—the roar and shaking attendant on the discharge of heavy artillery, the fire and smoke and impetuosity—all appear in his utterance of mighty truths. They fall not cold and calm from his lips, but seem hurled thence by the explosive action of the soul, driven forth with fury and fire, and yet

with a directness of aim that is sure of sending them through and through the mark.

It would be unjust to suppose that Mr. Haven did not value very highly other professors, concerning whom less is said in his papers. His opinion of Professor Smith was so high that he instantly wrote to some of the trustees in favor of his exaltation to the presidency, when the sudden death of the lamented Olin left that responsible position vacant. These circumstances combine to show that Mr. Haven was happy, and felt his happiness, in the instructors of his college years.

Of his own diligence in using his opportunities there can be no doubt. His classmates have borne the most honorable testimony to the zeal and success with which were performed the tasks to which he was put. Nor does the Journal, wherein he minutes down his daily defeats and successes, yield even the suspicion of any neglect of this nature in Middletown. On the contrary, it bears witness more than once to the fact that his application and steadiness had been such that he had no reproaches on that head to undergo from any quarter. Among the faults which he repeatedly confesses this is never mentioned. Self-blame arises only when he reflects that the mainspring of his devotion to work has oftener been ambition than consecration to Christ, that he has sometimes aimed rather to excel others in scholarship than to gain this treasure for its own sake.

That he did not rate his diligence or attainments too highly appears from the fact that the college authorities

agreed with him in their estimate of his standing. His first appearance in the public exercises of the University was in the junior exhibition. In one of his letters he sets the matter forth with some detail :

It was my first appearance before a Middletown audience, and I tried to do justice to my aristocratic breeding and family position. We had a great audience, great pieces, great acting, great music, and great honors. It was pronounced by the Faculty the best exhibition that has ever occurred here. Our music was superb, as it should be, being Bostonian. My colloquy was not acted, to the great joy of its author and the great sorrow of the auditory, if their assertions are true; the lateness of the hour and the unreadiness of some of the speakers being effectual drawbacks. I don't claim the authorship on the scheme, such is my extreme modesty. The honor of writing a colloquy is generally assigned to one of the witty rather than one of the scholarly students, and therefore is not considered so much of a college as class honor. Fales Newhall gained great applause by his oration, the third in honor, and by some placed higher in composition. For myself, I don't know how I succeeded unless an invitation to a couple of large parties at two professors' houses be an indication. . . . I received some congratulations and complaints from some who did not hear me, and mingled praise and blame from those who did hear me, mixing in their judgments charges of poetry and pedantry. One fellow said it was the best he had ever heard here, (a foolish friend this,) and another said it was all stolen, (a false friend this,) so that between them all I found myself about the same as ever.

The subject of this "classical oration" was "The Adaptation of Grecian Genius to Universal Taste." The colloquy was entitled "Humbug." A few weeks later he spoke Whittier's "Fratricide," "a terrific piece," in the annual contest in declamation between the Sophomores and Juniors.

It would be interesting could we give a full and detailed account of Mr. Haven's reading and incidental lines of study during his college residence ; but this can only be done in an approximative way. There is reason to think that he did not continue long his extra studies in French, Latin, or Greek, as he had pushed them in his freshman year. The reason is that his knowledge of French never was much wider than it must have become as early as that, while his Latin literature never ranged much beyond what he must have read before graduation. This becomes yet more likely on considering that he was a member of one secret and one public literary society during his undergraduate days. By his own repeated statements he gave a great deal of time and work to the exercises of the Eclectic Society. His general reading was something immense, even to unwisdom.

We shall merely record the books which he notes as read in his Journal for the year beginning May, 1845, and ending May, 1846. There is no declaration that this list is full ; but, from the nature of the case, it must be nearly so. It includes Mrs. Child's *Philothea*, Dickens' *Little Nell*, Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, *Diary of Lady Willoughby*, Emerson's *Essays*, Brougham on the *Eloquence of the Ancients*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia*, *The Letters of Eloise and Abelard*, Hood's *Poems*, Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, Heyne's *Life*, *Life of Dr. Arnold*, Bailey's *Festus*, Bush on *Swedenborgianism*, Junius' *Letters*, Cheever's *Lectures*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's*

Progress, Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, Shakspeare's Plays, Beecher's Lectures to Young Men, Vestiges of Creation, Carlyle's French Revolution, Upham's Life of Faith, and Coleridge's works.

It will be seen that here was a remarkable amount of valuable reading going on. There is no ground for thinking that he perused books more diligently this year than during any other part of his residence in the University, for he sometimes complains that neither his study nor his reading has quite its once perfect relish. Thus we have the amplest reason for saying that during his college days he confirmed his old habit of much reading, and widened his already considerable acquaintance with standard English authors. But one can hardly credit the idea that so much reading could have been done in the most profitable way, or that such a medley of literary productions could have been healthy fare, or that chance did not dictate much that he read; for assuredly no wise teacher would think such a combination of books desirable.

A man's relation to his classmates is apt to show some important aspects of his character. Mr. Haven had the respect of all his classmates, and the sincere affection of the ablest and purest. His special friends appear to have been Mr. A. B. Hyde, now Greek Professor in Alleghany College; L. F. Jones, now a lawyer in California; Oliver Marcy, now Professor of Natural History in the North Western University; Fales H. Newhall, formerly Professor in Wesleyan University, and then President-elect of Ohio Wesleyan University;

and W. M. Ingraham, now a lawyer in Brooklyn, N. Y., whose sister, Mary, afterward became Mr. Haven's wife. The man who could live four years in the close intimacy and frequent rivalry which college life almost compels, and retain the respect and affection of such men, cannot have been undeserving of high regard. Gilbert Haven had a habit of proclaiming his class the greatest of those which have left the halls of Wesleyan; a habit which has sometimes led to a mistaken notion of its relative scholarship. But his Journal shows that the class of '45 was more brilliant in scholarship than his own. Yet he diligently made the most of all the virtues of his own class, while he as diligently concealed its faults. One amusing illustration of this occurs as we write. Some of his friends must have heard him tell of his efforts to keep a certain classmate from intoxication. One evening the weak but much-tempted man insisted upon going down town, and Mr. Haven rather forced his somewhat unwelcome companionship upon his friend, and took care that another acquaintance should join them. But unhappily the ally went over to the enemy in the presence of temptation, so that the young collegian had two rather tipsy fellows to guide home that evening. Often as he used to tell the tale it may well be doubted whether any body ever heard him drop the name of either of his companions on that unhappy lark. This fact also reveals his early possession of that remarkable gift of loving men in spite of their vices, and trying to appeal to their slumbering consciences against their vicious propensities. Men

cling instinctively to those who are at once morally stronger than they and sympathetic with the noblest side of their nature.

The letters and Journal of Mr. Haven may be searched through in vain for an ill-natured remark about any classmate ; and even that depreciating criticism which so abounds in colleges has no place there ; he does not reach the same point by repeating the nipping remarks of others. This account applies to all his Journals from the first, in 1840, to the last, in 1879. This guarded refusal to judge others stands in the most striking contrast with the full, free, and often accusatory criticism which he bestows on himself. One of these may be cited for its revelation of his own perception of his personal faults :

I am often led to bemoan my life and search for the peculiarities of my nature that so color my conduct. One peculiar trait is a jocosose, yet half-earnest conceit, a concealment of real interest under a merry mask. My vanity, to speak in plain terms, although perhaps inferior to my pride, is far from being rightly subjected. Every man should possess vanity, yet not enough to render him tender upon subjects where virtue only should shine. My love of applause combined with freedom of expression sometimes leads me into open error, an overweening desire of and fastidious reverence for the good opinion of others. My pride was once a more powerful principle. Yet this pride, when exhibited, I am wont to let take the form of arrogance, which has a tendency to excite envy and anger. Another fault is freedom of discussing characters which, though it seldom makes me any enemies, does prevent me from forming some friendships. Persons of less loquacity and sauciness dislike such strictures and wage eternal war against the maker of them. These three are my most mortal faults.

That he still kept up his early habits of drawing others about him appears incidentally from a letter written home in 1845 :

Our class have nearly all returned, and being altogether the best class in college, keeps me from being as lonesome as I had expected. I have never seen the time when I was exceedingly lonely or heart-sick since I have been here. Fales Henry Newhall and myself passed the first two weeks very pleasantly together, though he has sought and found another person to share his joys and sorrows, and has left me alone in my glory, *not undisturbed with visitants, for they cluster in and around myself as they did around the mad singer in ancient times.*

There is the true Havenesque touch of unconscious self-revelation, graphic and beautiful.

One of the consequences of having the long vacation fall in the eight weeks succeeding the first of December, as was then the custom at Wesleyan University, was that many of the students made additions to their funds, often an indispensable necessity, by teaching winter schools. It appears that Mr. Haven shared these duties and gains in his Sophomore and Senior years. But he was probably not absent from the regular work of the University more than six weeks all told for the two years in question. Hence it conveys rather a false impression to speak of him as "keeping up with his class" while engaged in pedagogical duties, since the class itself was doing nothing in the shape of college studies during more than two thirds of those periods.

His first school was in the town of Saugus, Mass., and was kept in the winter of 1843, '44. Here most likely he

formed the acquaintance of Fales H. Newhall, himself a Saugus boy, and destined to be one of Mr. Haven's most beloved and life-long friends. Many were the evenings they spent together in the humble East Saugus parsonage, then occupied by Rev. William Rice. Mr. Rice had been recently united in marriage with Miss Catharine L. North, of Lowell, Mass., an old school friend of Mr. Haven in the Wilbraham period. She was worthy to be the wife of the brilliant young clergyman whom she had married, alike through her intellectual gifts and her perfectly amiable character. Such is her intellectual force that, throughout a married life of now nearly two-score years, and with a group of magnificent children about her table, she has ever been the peerless queen of a most loyal realm there; and such her wise affection, that never could loyalty be more utterly free and spontaneous. Fortunate young men, to whom such a charming household was to give such a hearty welcome through so many years of mingled joy and sadness! Happy home, to welcome among its earliest intimates two such royal young men as Fales Henry Newhall and Gilbert Haven!

Brilliant, indeed, must the talk have been around the parsonage fire in the wintry nights so long since lapsed into silence and oblivion. Literature, education, theology, reform in Church and State; fun without end, and hope as yet undimmed, made those fierce months sweet and wholesome. It does one good to reflect how bright and merry the scene must have been, while the dancing fires contrasted so cozily with the pattering rain

or snow against the pane, and the little candle, perchance, warmed the heart of some weather-beaten mariner as his ship drove onward along its dreary ocean pathway.

It was a matter of course that a great many books were read or talked over in that humble parsonage at East Saugus; the most entertaining conversation went on concerning all sorts of novelties in science and literature, while graver thoughts would be called out by the theological questions that chanced to be uppermost. The host was very certain to feed with fresh facts and arguments the bright flame of devotion to all the true reforms then challenging the general attention of the country and Church.

During the last year of Mr. Haven's college life another influence began to attract and mold and repel him, which continued to operate upon him in these different manners until the end of his career: R. W. Emerson's poetry and skepticism. It seems that Mr. Emerson, who then had friends residing in Middletown, had been invited, through Mr. Haven's influence, to deliver an oration at Wesleyan University during commencement week in 1845. Perhaps Mr. Haven's record of that event is the only one written at the very time which has yet gone abroad. This is his report:

But the greatest treat was a lecture by Ralph W. Emerson, on the "Function of the Scholar," most epicurean, full of rare, exquisite specimens, adorned with touches of eloquence, wit, humor, and pathos. It was a most brilliant discourse, every way worthy of the orator. I was much surprised at his originality, felicity of expres-

sion. He caused more laughter than he himself desired or than suited the nature of his topic. Dr. Olin participated in the mirth too freely for his dignity.

The next winter Mr. Haven was teaching at Chelsea Point, a long walk, though a short ride, from Boston. It was, no doubt, the relish he had acquired for that wonderful genius the preceding summer and earlier, which drew the young schoolmaster from his suburban home to Boston week after week to hear a course of lectures Emerson was then giving in succession on Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Bonaparte, Shakspeare, and Goethe. How persuasive was the lecturer's fascination for Mr. Haven may be guessed from the fact that he makes the following statement concerning the final one: "In spite of the terribly fierce and cold winds and snow that filled and froze the air, I determined to go to Boston and hear Emerson's last lecture, on 'Goethe; or, The Writer.'"

Of course nothing was more natural than that the themes chosen for these lectures should have attracted the young collegian, though he could not have known enough about Goethe and Montaigne to have appreciated the exact value of the eloquent lecturer's statements on and his appreciations of these subjects. It should be remembered that Emerson had not then soared up to his own exalted position in the empyrean of letters. He was still trying his wings and seeking his path to the sun, and meantime the race had not yet died out that described him as a prophet of misty incoherency. In such circumstances, it is something remarkable that

an undergraduate should detect his transcendent merits as a writer, and rank him immeasurably above Choate, Everett, Whipple and Hillard. As worthy of note, moreover, is the fullness of the reports given in the Journal. One has only to read these swift memoranda and compare them with the essays themselves to perceive that the hearer has easily caught up the most salient points in each lecture, and has even noted down the most striking touches and phrases. And this record had been carried out of the Odeon amid the excited hum of conversation, out into the icy wind sweeping every rod of the homeward way, or into the tumultuous privacy of the snow storm, and in some cases through the visions of the night and the din of school hours, before the reporter could command ink and paper for his deliverance. The lecture on Plato is reported more fully and with more details than any other. One can see that the lecture must have made an overwhelming impression on a sympathetic mind, to be carried around and delivered in this way so safely. Mr. Haven was inclined to pronounce the discourse on Goethe the best of the series, a fact which alone shows that he did not know enough of the great German to form a wise judgment. But when the reporter gives his own criticisms on the lecturer's account of Shakspeare, we see at once that he knows where he stands. He says: "The lecture was sparkling, sagacious, eloquent, but unsatisfactory. Emerson fell below his subject, and failed to grasp Shakspeare in his largeness of intellect. This inferiority was striking, and great Shakspeare felt the

effects of it, not being half so ably treated as he merited. Yet the lecturer abundantly surpassed common talkers; he is wonderful for his perspicuity and vernacular speech."

It is worth noting that Mr. Haven showed so early that open-hearted hospitality for good thinking, no matter what the repute of him whose thought it was. But another even rarer gift among those who have given cheerful entertainment to Emerson's ideas, was the skill to take only what was good and serviceable to himself. This Journal shows not the faintest sign that Mr. Haven was ever tempted to accept Emerson's estimate of Christianity or join him in turning his back on Jesus Christ. In his long career as a literary man Mr. Haven had frequent occasion to speak of the great essayist's high personal character and characterize his writings. Few authors are quoted so often as he, and none of our age has more unstinted praise. He grew in time to know the sage of Concord personally, and enjoyed the great charm of his conversation.

Notwithstanding all these natural inducements to soft speaking, Mr. Haven invariably regarded Emerson's strange failure to appreciate the superhuman character of our common faith as a serious drawback upon his influence as a writer. He was never tired in the press or the pulpit of showing up this terrible deficiency. Yet his estimate of Emerson grew the more he learned of his extraordinary qualities. He once told his son that he had delivered a favorite lecture before the two greatest men in America—General Grant and R. W. Emer-

son. Those who are familiar with his daily talk know that such an estimate was older than their own knowledge of their friend. Tried by any test the auditor could bring to bear, the brilliant lecturer was ignorant of the real life of Christianity, and to that clear conviction he adhered without swerving.

It should, perhaps, be noted that this winter he listened to much first-class lecturing from men like Professor Bush, E. P. Whipple, Rufus Choate, G. S. Hillard, and young John A. Andrew, the future war-governor of the old Bay State. When Mr. Haven was editor of "Zion's Herald," and Mr. Andrew was governor, their relations were destined to become confidential and for awhile even intimate, so that it is somewhat curious to note his careful balancing of the good and poor qualities of the young lawyer's discourse. He likewise attended a course of lectures on Geology by Sir Charles Lyell. It is curious, in view of his usual indifference to such matters, to observe how full his Journal suddenly becomes of geological facts and theories.

It is plain that he stood firmly by his antislavery convictions during his residence in Middletown. He says during the presidential canvass of 1844: "Politics run high here, with the hottest of Whigs and hotter Democrats. A few, very few Birneyites are here. Derision and scoffing are two strong arguments for young fellows to withstand, and these are the most powerful arguments their opponents here propose. Yet as a whole, I think students are calmer listeners to truth than any

other class of men ; it may be because they are not involved in action through such discussions."

About a year later he says : "Anti-abolitionism reigns so strong here that I am accounted a ranting, fanatical Abolitionist by the students, and ranked with another Bay-State fellow as the most fanatical students in college. So you need not be afraid, mother, that I shall become pro-slavery. My position has been assigned me by the students, and I don't intend to dishonor it."

It is plain that all this implies a good deal of earnest discussion with his fellow-students upon the general question of slavery, and the duty of Christian men respecting it. Mr. Haven was a man who drew others around him without effort on either side, so that any views he held were pretty sure to become widely known ; meantime his high personal character and his excellent scholarship won him favorable attention. He hoped to make some converts, or at least to make men feel that this was no light and easy question of a passing hour. He asked his mother to forward regularly one of the best antislavery papers, so that it might be kept quietly on the files of the reading-room. "It may do some good," was his remark to her.

Like many other northern cities, Middletown had a small colony of black people ; some free-born, and some fugitives from southern bondage. After the mean way of those days, they were left to build a church for themselves, and worship God in isolation. It was like young Haven that he should feel his soul drawn out in special kindness toward people left so coldly outside the pale

of Christian fellowship. Under date of April 26, 1846, the Journal says: "Attended Sabbath-school at the African Church, where I had a fine class of young ladies of color, who were ready and piquant." One feels from the tone of this remark that the young collegian had so borne himself toward his class that they must all have felt in all his ways the fulfillment of the royal law: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That he was thinking all around the question at that early date appears from a letter to his mother concerning this matter:

I must inform you of the elevation to which I have been raised, nothing less than head teacher in the Sabbath-school of the African Church. Isn't that Abolitionism enough? Harboring negroes and mingling with them. The class is a fine, large collection of ladies of various ages, colors, and faces. Some are handsome and some are not; of all shades, from the color of this ink to nearly that of this paper. I shouldn't wonder if I should bring one of them home with me next August as a bride. They think very much of me and I of them. Hope you will prepare to receive her with great affection. Stranger things have happened.

It is pretty evident that our young Abolitionist had been asking himself just how Christ would like to have those poor, outcast, and disfranchised children of His treated, and how he himself would like to be received were he black of hue and a political and social alien. The answer was not dubious to Haven, and henceforward he seems to have kept in mind the memorable "Inasmuch" of the supreme Judge in the great day. With swiftly darting intuition he saw that many who

were Abolitionists would be startled and perhaps scandalized by any logical thoroughness in the application of their own principles. Perhaps the note of miscegenation was sounded in the letter to his mother partly in order to see what sort of an answer would be returned from so thorough an Abolitionist as she.

One of the points about which our light is most abundant during Mr. Haven's stay in college is his religious condition. He writes concerning that in nearly every letter home, and especially is he full and minute in epistolary correspondence with his mother. The student who had such a jaunty and rollicking air to those who only encountered him casually on the street or in society had, nevertheless, profound religious convictions to shape and mold his earthly life. His papers show that he was always a diligent and pious attendant on the preaching of God's word, on the social prayer and class-meetings in college, and on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He carefully read the Scriptures in private for his own edification and comfort, and he was careful to find time for pious meditation and private prayer. Those who have been misled, by his frank, open, unconventional character, into thinking him either irreligious or undevout would only need to read his letters and Journal to see how utterly this idea is a mistake. He shows, in the most unconstrained way, the depths of a soul singularly religious; much even of his college life was a panting after the living God.

During the greater part of that period he was in

a condition not wholly satisfactory to himself; though most of the trouble was the result of his intense devotion to the regular and extraordinary lines of study he followed. He had somehow acquired the habit of doing several apparently conflicting things at the same time. His room was one of the most frequented ones in college, and yet he contrived to do his work with fidelity while men were coming and going. So he contrived to find time for his religious duties amid a throng of studies and readings. It would seem but natural that he must sometimes have suffered under distraction of heart and head in such shifting circumstances, but there was something in his make-up through which he could pass to the most diverse employments without mental friction or moral jar. In later years he used to bring his joking and praying nearer together than fastidious people liked, but, nevertheless, he was wholly in the prayer as well as wholly in the jest. It seems that he deemed himself too apt to avoid directly condemning sin in others, partly because he had a horror of any thing Pharisaical, and partly because that course fell in with his instincts. Sometimes he suspected himself of caring too greatly for the favorable opinion of evil-doers. Ambition was sometimes so powerful in his breast that he questioned his own willingness to obey God in all things.

During the last term of his Junior year religion was at a very low ebb in college, a state of things which he describes in a deeply interesting letter to his mother in these words:

Spiritually I cannot assert great increase or complete healthiness. The engrossing character of my studies, that laxness which any slackening in them produces, together with the general declension among the students, have a great tendency to deprive me of perfect peace and purity. The difference between this term and a year ago is marked. Men who then professed to enjoy the blessing of sanctification and manifested that enjoyment with something better than words, now attend ball-rooms and dancing schools, and converse freely on subjects as far from holiness and heavenly mindedness as the lowest devil is from the loftiest angel. Great darkness overhangs and infests the souls of most of the professors of religion. Accustomed from our conversational associations to discuss such subjects, we probably discern our own faithlessness better than most churches like gloomily situated. I would not have you infer from my remarks that I have visited these interdicted places, for I have thus far avoided them, but some among us have. My heart, though deficient in practical holiness, is not, I hope, entirely depraved. Sometimes I have clear visions of God and religion, and feel greatly encouraged.

Things went on in this general style for several months longer. When Mr. Haven returned to college after the conclusion of his winter's teaching at Chelsea Point, the term was about three weeks under way, and suddenly a wonderful change in the situation showed itself. We cite his own account from letters to the home circle:

I arrived here at noon, and about half an hour later attended a general class-meeting, where the strangest sights and sounds assailed my senses. I saw and heard those who had been esteemed leaders in the ranks of sin avowing their love for God and their faith in Christ. I had received no intimation of such a spiritual earthquake till just before I got here, when I found the power of sin

almost entirely destroyed in college. A great revival, by far the greatest, it is said, that has ever occurred in college, is in progress. About twenty-five of the students out of forty nonprofessors have embraced religion, and among them all who had been eminent in vice, and who were the popular leaders in wickedness. You may be assured the news was startling, and came across my lukewarm heart like streams of intensest heat. The revival has extended through the town, and about fifty are forward for prayers every night. The church and college are all alive with spirituality. Prayer-meetings crowded every noon, and preaching and prayers every night at the church; religion the only subject of thought and conversation, and spiritual enjoyment the life of every soul. Such a scene might have tempted me to write home sooner, but I was occupied with duties which I knew were necessary for me to perform in order to obtain my right place before God and those who had their eyes open to the omissions as well as the misdoings of Christians.

These words tell their own story too plainly to need any addition, except to say that this marvelous revival went forward for some weeks more. On April 10, 1846, he writes:

The revival has not yet ceased, having continued for over two months with nightly meetings, convictions, and conversions. Over two hundred have been converted at the Methodist Church, and about three fourths of these have joined the church. A work of such power and depth I have never seen. The whole revival has been attributable under God to the efforts of Christian students. The college has been its center.

This deepening of his religious life gave fresh intensity to another question, which had for months and months been haunting the thoughts of the ripening student. What should he do with the education so nearly

and dearly won? How great his perplexity was appears in one of his letters to his parents :

My desire for a theological course has never been strong, indulged only as a last resort. I should prefer some business, or academic teaching, or something that would introduce me to my profession either by education or practice. The knowledge I have gained here has not been of a theological character, so that I am no more fit to teach Christians than when I first graduated from Wilbraham or Tenney's. If I could become a teacher where I could improve my talents it would satisfy me, but to join Conference to-morrow, to take charge of a church, to go to leading old men and women, young men and maidens, in the ways of holiness seems altogether too serious business. I think often and solemnly, but never decisively, on these questions. Would I could be driven into something I could engage in eagerly and delightfully ! If I preach (how strange that sounds !) where shall I go ? To the New England Conference ? I couldn't quite do that. I shall run out West, or perhaps South, and turn slave-holding preacher. I should not stay around home in such circumstances. You can form no idea of my indecision ; it torments me day and night. Shall I be a merchant, lawyer, preacher, or teacher ?

While in this condition of perplexity he was invited by his cousin, E. O. Haven, now (not now, alas !) Bishop Haven, to take the position of teacher of Greek in Amenia Seminary, where the latter was then principal, on a salary of \$300 a year, with free bed and board. He reports this offer to his parents, and dutifully asks their counsel :

Now what shall I do ? Shall I teach, preach, or talk law and politics ? Shall I become president of a college, bishop, or president of the country. These are the ends and aims of the three professions.

When I see what a glorious field is open for the display of talent and the diffusion of righteous principles in the nation, I confess I wish to be a statesman—this, I am free to say, is the devouring propensity—to be a good, efficient, and great statesman. When I see how greatly superior are the necessities and claims of the soul . . . I am drawn to the ministry, not called. I have never felt what some call “inspired” to be a minister. Nothing more than a moral duty. And this duty, from my education or nature, always appears less than the moral duty connected with politics. . . . The faculty at Amenia I know. One is my classmate, William M. Ingraham, and one, Cousin Otis, glorious fellows.

With these somewhat novel views about the relative importance of the two fields of labor which mainly claimed his attention, and free from any authoritative summons to ministerial duties such as would have left him no option between instant obedience and conscious disobedience, the position in Amenia naturally attracted him. It would furnish him a useful and happy field of toil; it would give him pleasant and profitable companions, and it would enable him to study himself and his work with due caution before making the great decision. He was also attracted to the department proposed to him, saying of it: “The department is the pleasantest, I think, and is the one I should prefer. For, though I could not shine in that as I could in mathematics and English studies, yet it would benefit me more, and be greatly superior in its pleasures.” So he resolved to go to Amenia as Greek teacher.

It is manifest from several indications that Mr. Haven had strong hopes of leading his class in scholarship. Fales Henry Newhall seems to have been the rival he

chiefly feared. In March, 1844, he wrote to his sister: "I will give you my position in the class last term. Haven was first, Newhall second, and S. F. Beach, the little fourteen-years old boy, our usual leader, was third. The same Haven was alone in the first division in Professor Holdich's department, speaking and writing." When the appointments for commencement came out, however, the "little boy" was still ahead, and Mr. Haven comments in his next epistle in these terms:

The fate of us youthfals, at least so far as commencement goes, is decided. Beach, valedictorian; Fales, salutatorian; and I take the same place Otis occupied, the Philosophical Oration. The arrangement surprised the class and college, and is pronounced by all unjust. It makes but little difference, however. The hours are numbered, the days departing, and I must be something or nothing. College positions avail nothing if education has not been gained. That I have not misimproved my time intellectually my progress in extra studies, greater than that of any other in the class, will testify. I have read so much that I can continue without a teacher in French, German, Hebrew, and Italian, besides knowing as much about my text-books as any other. The rivalry has been close, with a difference of but one or two on the whole course between us three.

This was written to friends who might be grieved that he had not snatched the highest honor in the rivalries of college life. The private Journal is pitched in another key:

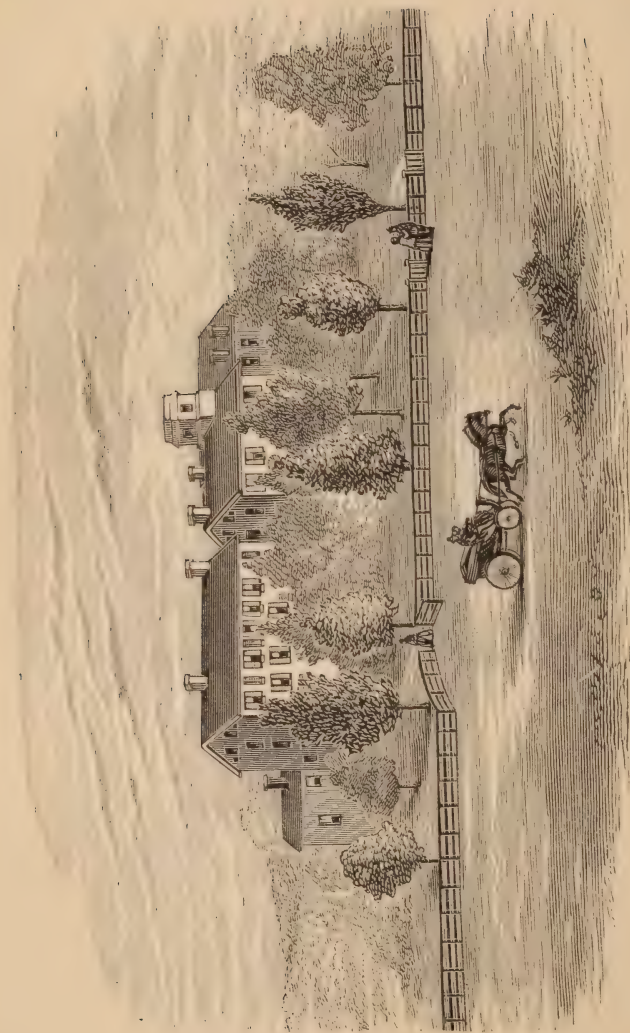
No one has studied harder, easier, accomplished or wasted more. Intellectually, I condemn not myself; religiously, I mark but slight advance. My soul has been outstripped by my intellect, ambition has swallowed up grace. Vain must be my acquire-

ments, honors, or dishonors, if holy love and fear do not rule and reign in the heart.

This closing disappointment left not a touch of bitterness in his own memory, since the final entry in the Journal is in this tone :

I have delighted greatly in the social intercourse I have enjoyed. It has been of a high order. Some of the fellow-talkers have been as subtle, original, humorous, amiable, jovial, whole-souled fellows as this world is honored with ; such as Hyde, Newhall, Brigham, Jones, Ingraham, Martindale, Genung, and little Sam Beach, with others, will cling to my memory while time allows. And the utter freedom from care has been no small ingredient in my cup of pleasure, and then the jocose scrapes, harmless and mirthful, the spicy conversations, and the pleasant rambles and the campus lounges did not make our happiness less. Yesterday the *grande finale* occurred. The speeches, lauded to the skies by the hearers, went off gracefully. The music played divinely, and all went spiritedly from Fales to Sam. . . . To God I commit my spirit. Rocked and tossed as I have been, to him would I look for direction, in him would I trust for support. But wherever tossed, I shall ever place highest in memory, sacrest in my heart, frequentest in my recollections, the days that have just terminated. In the light of this epoch I shall walk through whatever darkness may inclose my future pathway.

Mr. Haven was graduated on August 5, 1846 ; his was the Philosophical Oration, and his theme, " The Identity of Philosophy."



AMENIA SEMINARY, AMENIA, N. Y.

CHAPTER V.

TEACHER AND PRINCIPAL.

Amenia Seminary—Teaching Greek—His Associates—Social Life—Out of Doors—Made Principal—Success and Difficulties—Growth in Scholarship—Reading—Theology—The Life Spiritual—His Vocation—First Preaching—License to Preach—Vacation Days and Society—Death of Friends—Leaves Ameniam.

TEN days after his graduation at Wesleyan University Mr. Haven was discharging the duties of teacher of Greek and German in Ameniam Seminary, at Ameniam, Dutchess County, N. Y. It has been so often stated that he was teacher of Latin and Greek, that we quote from a private letter of Bishop E. O. Haven respecting his cousin's position in the school: "I procured his services as teacher of Greek. He did not teach Latin, but gave some instruction in German, and now and then took an extra class in some other department."

Ameniam Seminary was an institution of about the same grade, general aims, and organization as Wilbraham Academy, where Mr. Haven had been converted. Its chief founders and patrons were found among certain Methodist families of the region—the Ingrahams, the Reynolds, the Hunts, and the Vails. Most conspicuous among these was Mr. George Ingraham, Esq., then President of the Board of Trustees. He was the father of a large and intelligent family of children, of whom William Murphy Ingraham had been Mr. Ha-

ven's classmate in college, and was now to be his associate in teaching, and life-long friend, while a daughter, Mary, then fifteen years old, was yet to be a fit wife for the young stranger. The seminary had then enjoyed the services, as teacher or principal, of some of the noblest young men in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop D. W. Clark had been principal there from 1837 to 1843; Dr. Joseph Cummings, for many years President of Wesleyan University, held this position from 1843 to 1846; Bishop Erastus Otis Haven became his successor in 1846, and continued principal until 1848; Bishop Gilbert Haven followed his cousin, and retained the office until 1851; in that year the office passed into the hands of Dr. John W. Beach, the actual President of Wesleyan University, who was to be followed by Bishop Cyrus David Foss. The fact that so many very able men have been connected with the school evinces its high character, and shows that Mr. Haven was now invited to a position where high ability, tact, and character would be needful for success. Few such schools can show a similar array of eminent names among their instructors.

Meantime the young teacher of Greek and German, all unconscious of the social and professional destinies impending over him under the sure hand of a loving God, was standing there in Amenia, on August 17, 1846, applying his own eyes to the novel scenes before him in order to reproduce them vividly in his Journal, not without some troublesome touches and flashes of home-sickness:

I am driven away from home scenes to engage in an entirely new business, in an entirely new region. Here I am, pushed down into this Sleepy Hollow, embosomed in high wheat and oat-crowned hills, resting in drowsy magnificence amid beauties of every natural order. The place is very pleasant, and little troubled by the vandal or connoisseur hand. It is engirt with high hills, which shut in the vision and contract it within limits so narrow that, to one used to the wider range of Middletown, it seems cell-like; still it is pleasant. Rolling hills covered with vegetation, the loftiest peaks cultivated like a garden, tall forests and green meadows, make the scene very delightful if it were only a little more active and prosperous. I have indulged in some home-sickness, the close stillness contrasting so greatly with the wide activity at home. Yet I think I shall get used to it. The school is pleasant, but rather small—about seventy-five. I have looked in on my numerous classes with much pleasure. The building is large, a hotel in the center of a little village, made up of little houses; every thing on a diminutive scale, except the hills, the landscape, and the seminary. It is a delightful rolling country—meadows, hills, knolls, mountains crowned with grand forests, with wheat, corn, sheep, and pigs, and here and there a farm-house full of life and love. Such a retired place, a little baby of towns put out into the country to be brought up, I never got into.

The papers of Mr. Haven, dating from the days of his earlier connection with the place, show that he had many and persistent doubts as to his probable relish for his new style of existence. College life had been for him such a scene of almost unmingled pleasure and success that there was serious danger lest any exacting routine of duty should prove irksome. Too clear-headed to suppose it possible to continue longer that care-free and merry period, he was so sensitive to any thing disagreeable in his external world as to make the transition

from one position to the other perilous. He put his own feeling as he looked out on the prospects before him in the seminary into Virgil's line :

"Superanda fortuna omnis ferendo est."

He speaks of his days as wanting the free, merry, and manifold delights he had known at Middletown, and "gradually changing their brightness into the natural gloom of care-ridden earth." The six hours of teaching for five days in the week, the social demands which were made upon his time, the accumulation of work, and a certain want of strict order in his labors, made him feel somewhat overcrowded with employment and poor in time. Saturday was a free day ; but it was not so easy to take care of it ; for he says of one : " I have spent the day amid old and new Blackwoods', Eras, Shakspeare, and Horace. Truly my leisure days produce no more fruit than my busy ones, passing recklessly, with due regard to the present moment, but with supreme contempt for the future. So I go—*labuntur anni fugaces*—but I heed them not." For some time the utmost he ventured to hope for was a warm after-glow of the lost splendors of his university career, with a diminished satisfaction in his crowding activities ; and once he thought he had reached that condition : " The light of college bliss has faded into this twilight—a peaceful Indian summer after the intense heat of joy."

But gradually there dawned upon him a hope of making the new life even superior to the old one. The first suggestion seems to have come from the better ac-

quaintance he now gained with his cousin, E. O. Haven, and the deepening of his affection for Mr. W. M. Ingraham. The former had not before this period been much within the reach of Gilbert's interest or sympathy. The two had seen little of one another, and that only in a cursory manner; now for the first time they had the opportunity for such thorough knowledge of each other as served to turn a somewhat dim liking into strong and life-long affection. Mr. E. O. Haven had recently married a charming daughter of Rev. George Coles, of the New York Conference. The gifts of his new kinswoman in conversation, literary chitchat, and music made Cousin Gilbert's days brighter and less monotonous. He teased her for music, and was drawn out into many an hour of sportive badinage. He was immensely delighted one day on hearing that some bumpkin of the neighborhood had been making inquiries concerning "Old Mr. Haven at the seminary, and his son the teacher." It is easy to fancy the *filial* sentiments which the waggish teacher must have addressed in lavish abundance to his new mother, who was several years younger than himself.

If any body wishes to know what sort of a man Erastus Otis Haven was in those days of his unfolding powers he should study the papers of Bishop Gilbert Haven. Soon after his arrival in the seminary the Journal begins to be dotted with entries like this: "Otis preached a beautiful sermon to-day on 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation.' It was very solemn and effective." Records of walks in company with Otis

appear, telling where they went, and the main points of their talk along the roads and through the solemn old woods. There are frequent remarks that show a high estimate of his cousin's eminence as a scholar, brilliancy as a preacher or orator, and fine social gifts. In these natural and familiar reports of their relations with each other one comes gradually to a pretty distinct conception of the future Chancellor of the University of Michigan, and Bishop. It is noticeable that this is done slowly, one detail coming in here and another there, but evidently all together involved in Gilbert's notion of his beloved cousin. Take a sample :

Enjoyed a very delightful conversation, fringed with very agreeable music, in Otis' room. Sister Anna read *Evangeline*. In the course of the evening we got to talking of emotions of sublimity. Underwood asserted that there is no sublimity equal to that of astronomy. Otis contended for the superiority of the imagination as a creative faculty over that function which explored creations, in producing emotions of sublimity. He talked long and eloquently on the theme, arguing subtilely and convincingly, and advancing many fresh and striking thoughts. The conversation was one of that earnest and yet social cast that keeps every body awake and interested, joined, of course, with the jesting and music which make our conversations so agreeable.

When he hears that Otis is going to leave the seminary he gives vent to his feelings as follows : " To add to my cup of bitterness, my Cousin Otis leaves also. A better man never wore earth about him. His body is almost translucent, so radiant is the inner fire ; he has active and very warm sympathies, keen and finely trained intellect, abundant information and fluent

expression, subtle and quaintest humor, and a fondness for acute reasoning and vigorous declamation. I am desperately sorry that he is going." And later he says: "Otis delivered his farewell speech Tuesday evening in great weakness of body. He came near fainting, and was so weak before and after it that he could not attend to his duties."

As Mr. William M. Ingraham had been a classmate at Middletown, we have no accounts of the growth of their intimacy. The earliest records and letters show it to have been of long standing, and of the most delicate character. When he reaches Amenia Mr. Haven goes out to call on the Ingraham family, and is delighted with them all; he at once fancies a strong resemblance between their mother and his own. The earliest mention of this friend in the Journal is pitched in this key:

Last Saturday and Sunday I went with my bosom and brain friend, William M. Ingraham, to Poughkeepsie and La Grange. We took a delightful ride through a farming region to Mr. Jackson's, an uncle of his, with whom we spent the Sabbath. Their place is very fine; large rolling farms, with shaggy hills covered with forests, meadows waving with grass and grain, fine horses cantering about the fields, the air full of life and song and fragrance. I was inoculated with the desire for a farmer's life, and vowed eternal devotion to its pursuits. We laid away the day in lavender, so delightfully did it glide past. . . . At sunset we started for home, twenty-five miles away. "The moon was full and shining clearly," and the air so warm and balmy and cheerful, that I was almost tempted to pass the night outdoors.

Mr. Haven's favorite and most frequent companion on such excursions and in his frequent rambles around

beautiful Amenia was this same friend of his heart. Their relation was touched off once for all in the earliest of his letters from Amenia to the family at Malden: "My old classmate and I go sauntering here and there, visiting his mother, eating his pears, and seeing his—I'll not say what—for Mrs. C. will be sending it back within a week, and put me in a beautiful predicament."

When an illness forced Mr. Ingraham to give up teaching, his friend writes:

I did feel bad to have him go, for he has been a connecting link between the present and the past, has kept the better features of college days ever before me, and afforded me rich pleasure independently of common memories. We have walked hundreds of miles in company, lain together hours upon hours beside brooks, or in solemn forests, and read and talked on every subject of a spiritual or intellectual character. The richness of his mind was but half disclosed at Middletown, and he has been constantly opening new mines, and disclosing yet purer and richer veins, or amassing from reading or reflection fresh treasures. Through him and Otis I have lost all yearnings for college life. What need of sighing? Could any place out of Eden afford more high and pure delight?

Two or three other times Mr. Ingraham was able to render brief additional services as teacher in the seminary, and it is fine to see what a delicious June-morning atmosphere floods the pathway of Gilbert Haven on each recurrence of such good fortune. Under date of June, 1849, he says: "Underwood has gone, Ingraham is in his place. It was like getting the lost piece of gold back, worth calling in all the neighbors to assist my rejoicings."

Of course, no place could long be dull for a man who

had such an enviable faculty of turning any scene and any company to their highest uses. What he was doing with these chiefest friends he did in a large measure with all around him. Among the teachers of the seminary in those years were such men as Rev. Andrew J. Hunt, Mr. T. P. Underwood, Rev. G. G. Jones, Mr. J. E. Marsh, and Mr. Alexander Winchell, the well-known geologist; and nobody would be so sure as Mr. Haven to make them contribute as greatly to his own happiness as he would be sure of doing to theirs. Here is a specimen of a ramble with Hunt:

This morning, the fairest spring has yet put on, with a cool north wind playing among the leaves, while a warm sun is looking with ardent fondness on the earth, made out-of-doors most enticing. Hunt and myself took advantage of it, wandered off into a nice shady grove, and laid off, I with Blackwood, and he with "Sartor Resartus." We had a delicious time, sweeter than music or the ringing of eagles to the ears of a miser. We wandered back again through most glorious scenery; shaggy mountains, sunny vales, waving grain fields, creeping streamlets, all glowing with sunlight:

"What a day this is!
Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away
At the sight of the great sky,
And the silence, as it stood,
In the glory's golden flood,
Audibly did bud and bud."

No doubt Mr. Haven was succeeding in his work as a teacher during this period, or his days would not have been so cheerful as they were; but he does not dwell upon such topics enough to show what his strong and

weak points in teaching were. We see that the school was in a prosperous condition under the firm and wise guidance of Principal E. O. Haven. The variations of the patronage in numbers and character are noted, and likewise the distracting and evil influences sometimes felt there; and one gladly notices that a high religious spirit prevails, often re-enforced by pervading revivals of religion. It is stated in general phrases that the usual examinations and exhibitions go off well; but on two occasions something more definite is set down in the most impartial manner. In July, 1848, he says: "The examination went off well. Brother Cummings was the principal examiner, though not properly on the committee. They gave me some credit for the appearance of my classes, though they took the edge off some of it by suspicious remarks." A year later he writes: "The examination was very good according to the opinion of the committee, of whom was Professor Smith of Wesleyan University. Foss [William Jay, a younger brother of Bishop Foss,] gave a fine valedictory; he is one of the most promising scholars I have seen."

The best evidence of his high success as teacher is found in the fact that he was made principal when ill health forced his cousin Otis to resign the position, in 1848. When the suggestion was made, Mr. Haven, while relishing the honor of such an offer within two years after his graduation, and conscious of the high dignity of the place, hesitated somewhat at assuming such responsibilities, since it would detract from his ease and add to his cares. The Journal says, May 9, 1848:

To-day the trustees offered me the principalship. I accepted it for this time ; and, if I please and they also, for an indefinite time. I shrink from accepting the office. The burdens are great, the pleasures few. It confers some reputation, but is only useful as a passport, not as a permanency. I hope I shall do well in it, for my own sake, and for the school's sake. It will bring out what talents I possess. I feel stricken in heart while looking at it and the future. O may I ever apply to God for direction, and find safety and success through him ! Grief at the loss of my old associates wears away my soul. May God bless these old friends ! My shrinking at coming responsibilities deepens the gloom. Winchell is coming, and A. J. Hunt is to take Ingraham's place.

Of course there could be nothing very novel or unexpected in the work of his new office for Mr. Haven. He had seen the working of the school for two years in a subordinate position ; but he had been on such confidential terms with his cousin that he must have become familiar with all the details of its administration. His talents for business would find full play, and his tact in moving men with him would make admirable success possible. Young as he was, and without experience in such business, he had the rare art of making every body about him work easily and with pleasure. He formed the most cordial relations with all the other teachers, and gave them all possible encouragement in their work. The attendance of students was unusually large during the years Mr. Haven was principal. More than one hundred were enrolled in the fall term of 1848. The next term the school was the largest that had then been known there—one hundred and eighty-three in all. Many applications were rejected for want of room. In

the winter term of 1850 the number of students was one hundred and seventy. The other terms of the year were always marked by a diminished school, though it was never small. His success was so marked that when he expressed a desire to lay down his duties, in 1850, the trustees resolutely set their faces against it, and increased his salary to secure his services for the future. Much of his skill lay in the power to create a genial atmosphere in the entire school. He writes to his cousin Otis in the autumn of 1848 :

I make out to replace you by new compeers as fine as fine can be after the perfect. We have quite social seasons, as merry as larks and grave as owls. I suspect the gladness diffused through our circle spreads to hearts beyond the charmed line, for the students appear as happy as the teachers. Every body seems to be in good-humor, and some take joyfully the spoiling of their rooms, which cannot be ascribed to any other cause than the central one ; all these satellites and planets lift their sides toward the sun, and are never in eclipse. Some are always in conjunction, not with the sun, but with each other.

In speaking in these glowing terms of the condition and work of the school under Mr. Haven's management we do not affirm that he escaped all difficulties. He could not so rob students of their faults as to escape the burden of rebuking the evil, scolding the idle, and stimulating the lazy. Now and then he has to write something like this: "The last part of the term has been rather troublesome. Some troubles were generated concerning the exhibition and music, but all passed off pleasantly." Once it even takes this shape: "I have

had to dismiss three boys for throwing a stove down stairs. It has given me lots of energy, and so has done me good like a medicine." Yet he was obliged to confess before long that this stimulus failed him: "Some troubles arose about the expelled boys. They disturbed me very much. I have been very anxious and care-worn, but feel better now." The prospects for the next term were not very flattering, and some thought the fault was his. Though he did not admit the justice of their blame, he suffered under it. His real piety shows its brightness at such times. No mention of his foes by name, no eagerness to vindicate himself to others, but merely a naked statement of the facts, and a prayer or two. "I hope things will turn out well. I pray for wisdom, grace, and humility." Such things always left a shadow spread over the heart of Mr. Haven; hence it is no surprise to find him writing a little afterward: "I have felt very desponding most of the term. I hardly know why, but it is sadly so. O that I might find comfort in Christ!" We gratefully record that these troubles crossed his path but rarely at Amenia, where he mostly found things congenial to his mind and heart.

Concerning Mr. Haven's intellectual progress during his five years' residence in Amenia, it is impossible to give a very adequate account. His reading appears to have been as diversified as ever, but his accounts thereof become more meager. This is not to be taken as a proof that he read less, but rather that he grew to write less about reading in his Journal; and the latter itself shows long fits of interruption in these years. He had

the wise habit of going more than once over books that fed his mind. He deemed Cousin, Jeremy Taylor, Shakspeare, and Emerson worthy of such distinction. He mentions perusing Dickens' "Italy," "The Tale of a Tub," Stevens' "Greece and Russia," Southey's Poems, Thirlwall's "History of Greece," Shelley, Michelet's "Roman Republic," and many articles from the English Reviews and the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. Any body who has had much intimacy with Mr. Haven must have been astonished at the wide range of his reading and the fullness and freshness of his recollection of the matters it covered. It made him a delightful companion and talker, but was not one of his most commendable characteristics.

In the way of classical study he did something more than respectable during the two years he was instructor in Greek and German. He taught a class in Cicero one term, read Horace entire, and remembered him pretty well, while the rest of his Latin grew dim after a while. He read twelve books of Homer during the first term, and all of him the first year, lured on by the undecaying charm of that immortal verse. While at work on this task he notes down this fact: "Had a curious dream last night of conversing with Homer. He appeared a bluff, hearty, sea-captainish old fellow, wearing no traces of his want and genius. He talked about his birthplace. It arose from reading Stevens' beautiful description of Scio, and from reading the blind old beggar." One spring vacation he read the last thirty pages of Plato's *Gorgias*, and thirty of the

tenth book of the Laws. Here again he does not give very exact or full accounts of his serious work. He always made the impression of having retained a considerable acquaintance with Greek to the end. He surely reread the Greek New Testament and all Homer more than once on the cars after he was made Bishop.

He had secured considerable more knowledge of German than good students usually do when in college. He read a few plays of Schiller's and some miscellaneous pieces. At the seminary he speaks of doing his usual German duties; but whether he means private reading or preparation for his classes is not clear. What he does say about the study of German authors rather shows a purpose to master than any real mastery. In April, 1847, he says: "Tholuck has a splendid essay on the style of St. Paul, running somehow thus:" A page of supposed translation follows, as to which he afterward obtained fresh light, for he wrote in pencil at the bottom: "I had better have translated this into English, August 24, 1848." Yet later he observes: "I have been trying for the last hour or two to probe the thick darkness which enclouds German, but without success." The last record the Journal yields on the topic is dated October 22, 1847:

I have just closed Faust, after poring with strange fascination over its subtile and truthful pages. I find but little time to devote to it, so that my feelings cool down between the feast days; but, even in my dim, dull translation, I cannot fail of falling under the all-subduing influence of Goethe's language. The far-reaching thoughts of Faust, his clear insight and expression of the harrowing

impulses of our manifold nature, the crafty and common address of the devil are real, fearfully real.

It is easy to see that rare penetration in these remarks with which Mr. Haven was wont to touch the inmost essence of many a thing from which he was somehow excluded, as here by his ignorance of the language. He never grew at home in that. He once laughingly said that he made his last effort to speak German in Bremen at the Methodist Church or Mission Institute; Dr. Jacoby asked him if he could speak German. He responded cheerfully, "O yes, one small!" (*ein klein*.)

In the way of devotional and theological literature he read Melville's Sermons, Upham's "Life of Faith," Southey's "Life of Wesley," Harris' "Preadamite Earth," Watson's "Institutes," Channing's Works, Stuart on Channing, and Wesley's Sermons. His comments are worth noting for their unconventional freedom:

Have commenced to-day the Institutes of Watson. He begins with a clear exposition of the character of a moral action and moral agent. And he contends that natural religion could neither have made known the law which moralizes the action nor have enforced its observance. He proves the weakness or insufficiency of human reason. . . . He makes out a strong case. Yet it seems to me that the pure reason, the inner sense, the intuitive faculties, do impart such knowledge immediately. Wesley in his sermons disappoints me. He is too superficial on great subjects. His sermon on the Trinity is a perfect sham.

It is pretty plain that our young-school-master sees with his own eyes, and is not restrained by the repute

of great names from saying what they do see. About this time he began to study the Septuagint with care.

If we ask how the inner life of the soul, religion in its strictest definition, was flourishing in Mr. Haven, his papers yield ample response. It will be remembered that one reason why he went to teaching was that he might have ample time for preparation for his profession, and might maturely consider whether he was to enter the ministry. He was very faithful to the routine of daily religious observances all the time he was at Amenia; he waited on God in all the ordinances of his house. The prevailing condition of his soul is best depicted in his own words:

Only on quiet, dreamy days, when thoughts of a better world come like a fire over the drowsy spirit, do I love to talk with myself in this Journal. To speak to these inner thoughts and ask them where they are traveling, "to look into my own soul and write" of its progress or regress in piety, purity, faith, or fear. O how dark is the sky too generally! brightened by no sun, no moon, scarcely a star glimmering through its gloom profound. But through this night of distrust, of unbelief, of sorrowful regrets, come some flashes of light. Sometimes joy fills, or partly fills, the soul, directing it from its own blackness and coldness to God, its light and life. . . . Theoretically and in sober thought I feel generally uncondemned. But this unbelief, this hardness, this coldness; O that the spirit of Christ might consume it utterly! O that God may convert me deeply, wholly! Nothing else will answer, will satisfy. May I know the truth of that saying, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

There is no royal road to piety, and so Mr. Haven quite naturally fell into that which the psalmist had

taken many centuries since: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" This private Journal of Gilbert Haven, meant for no eye save his own and that of the Most Merciful, is in very many parts of it simply the outpourings of a soul that really panted for God. Yet this man was deemed by many a narrow, and by many a shallow mind, wanting in whole-hearted piety.

His religious life in Ameniam was greatly colored by the still unsettled question, whether he should enter the ministry. He talked the matter over with his friends, especially with his cousin Otis and Mr. W. M. Ingraham. The case was the harder to decide, because he never had a clear and conscious summons to the ministry as his sole permitted employment. He thought he might glorify God in law and statesmanship or in business. How could he do most for God and mankind? We have already seen that he sometimes coveted the field of law and politics as the best for him. The perusal of his papers shows a gradually developed conviction that duty would nevertheless take him into the pulpit; and presently this appeared to him a far more solemn and weighty business than he had dreamed. Yet this change in his views did not enable him at once to resolve the personal question. He patiently heard the opinions of others about the nature of a vocation to the ministry, but could form none for himself. In October, 1846, he writes:

The Spirit of God has not yet moved upon the waters of my soul. I exclude him by my coldness and negligence. I look onward with fear and hope, not trustfully. My greatest lack is faith; am much disturbed about my duty—delay the performance of what may seem duty. I have tried my hand at writing sermons, but my heart is too black and distrustful. God give me grace and strength!

Tossed by so many conflicting hopes and fears, he resolved to attempt occasional preaching. His first sermon was delivered in the school chapel November 18, 1846. Here is his record of the occasion:

Last Sunday I read a sermon in chapel on the text, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." *Psa. xcvi, 11*. It was a great trial of spirit, and greatly, I fear, unsuccessful. O that I could rid myself of the fear and love of man's opinion! God give me grace!

Yet he begins now to dread and believe that it may be his calling to preach the Gospel with no clearer vocation than he already has. Six months after this notion shapes itself thus:

Am I not moving in as high, active, and beneficial a course as I can? Vain regrets produce nothing, it is true; but vain ambition may destroy, which is worse. Let me wage my battle of life honorably here; and if called, or if venturing uncalled, into a more active sphere, may God's grace and innate courage sustain me!

However, he was now fully bent on testing the matter by looking men in the face while he spoke to them in the name of God. In December, 1846, he preached again in some school-house, and a letter to his sister gives us a glimpse of the service:

Will it be written on my tombstone, Used up by not preaching ? Said preacher did try to talk in a school-house once this term. Words came fast enough, and appropriate enough, perhaps, but he was lamentably deficient in soul. I saw that he did not love to talk, although he rattled away ever so fluently. He is going to try again next Sunday in a little church at Lime Rock, ten miles away. Hope he'll feel better ; if not, I am afraid he will back out of his calling.

The lightness of the tone here, notwithstanding the gravity of the topic, and his own absorbing interest in the religious settlement of it, is a characteristic touch in the story. Then as always he could pass from the most pathetic and solemn subjects to lightness and merriment without the least sense of jarring contrast. He continued to speak in country school-houses and churches whenever a call reached him ; but his criticism on his own performances continued jealously severe. The object of his consuming scrutiny was not his literary qualities or defects in speaking, but the moral and spiritual character of his work. On May 10, 1848, he preached at Pine Plains on " Pray without ceasing," and on the next Sunday at Separate on " The greatest of these is charity." He remarks :

The truth is, my soul is not in the work. I do not love it as I ought. I shrink and stagger and dread every time I speak. I have no lack of words, of ideas, of easy and ready expression and gesture ; but I have no unction, not even the wicked one of ambition. I lack the desire, the strong endeavor, the earnest fullness of soul which is the base, shaft, and capital of every pillar of fame or goodness left standing in the wastes of time. My soul is loosened in every muscle, paralyzed in every nerve, and I go puling and faint-hearted, when I should be animated with energy and life. O that

"The star of the unconquered will
Might rise within my breast !
Serene and resolute and still ;
And calm and self-possessed."

Still more do I pray that I may be swallowed up in God, filled with the inspiration and energy of the Holy Ghost.

"My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed,
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest."

Through all these embarrassments his eye had become at last fixed on the ministry as his highest work. We have clear evidence of this in his seeking a local preacher's license of the Quarterly Conference on June 12, 1847:

Went to Quarterly Conference to get a license. Felt very down-hearted and diffident. Was asked a few questions, and received. I felt it a very solemn time, and though dreading, yet desiring the sacred duties I had drawn upon me. O for grace to perform them ! "God be merciful to me, and cause thy face to shine upon me !"

It would be needless to trace out all the changing phases of Mr. Haven's feelings in these initial stages of his ministry ; they went on in the same general style already noted until he joined the New England Conference, in 1851. Yet it may be said in general terms that the drift of the entries in the Journal shows that he was gradually coming to a much better feeling in his pulpit services. Now we find such remarks as this: "Rode to Bangall and talked to the good and bad people there on 'To you which believe He is precious.' Had a pretty

good time—felt the preciousness of Christ, yet not as I wish." On Sunday, July 4, 1847, he opened another very important part of his work as a preacher of righteousness in a sermon "On Christian Politics, comparing the Passover of the Israelites with the Independence of our Nation." Henceforth the notices of preaching are usually accompanied by the statement that he spoke "with some comfort," or "with some freedom," and sometimes he had a "real good time." His way had gradually cleared up before him as he went on in duty, and yet he had some temptations to recede as late as 1848, when he accepted the principalship at Amenia. He says :

I love to preach usually, probably better than others like to hear. Yet I shrink from taking the title Rev. Some of my old college mates may attribute my call to a desire to secure such a berth as this, but nothing could be farther from the truth. Nothing but a most solemn conscientiousness and unwavering conviction of duty could have led me to the pulpit. And though I may never be a preacher, and may, perhaps, go back to merchandise, I should do so in violation of what I often feel urging me forward.

It need not be said that the life at Amenia was not all of this high and heroic type. The Journal shows that in the main Mr. Haven's life was as exuberant in delights as ever. He had established there the habit, which clung to him throughout his life, of walking much in the open air, in order to work off any excess of animal spirits or strain of weary nerves. Few men can be so given to nocturnal rambles, or familiar with all the diversities of night-time scenery. He literally reveled

in it. The beautiful hills, vales, and forests of Amenia constantly invited such wanderings. Then, too, he had become acquainted with a young lady, whom he styled the Rose of the Sweet-scented Valley. His engagement to Miss Mary Ingraham took place on May 8, 1848. The engagement was kept secret from the town, and even confidential friends, as we shall presently see, knew of it only by vague rumor. One may fancy that the charmed lover could not well be very unhappy as he stole past field and wood to his charmer.

Mr. Haven drew much delight from his vacation days in these years. These took him home to Malden as often as he could manage it, since he was not one who cooled off in his old friendships as he took up new ones. His correspondence with the home circle was frequent, cordial, and interesting. Then he made use of these visits to hear preachers who were making a stir. In Boston he heard Bartol, Robbins, and Huntingdon. He also listened to Dr. Dewey, and was moved to read some of his sermons. His remarks about these show that his deep searchings of heart had given him a keener spiritual discernment: "Find some rich passages and beautiful thoughts, and much good reasoning, though marred by a total ignorance of that experimental religion he attempts to discuss."

At home they sometimes complained that the old-time merry, light-hearted Gilbert had become a serious person; but they were rather apt to have all the fun they wanted, after making such a suggestion. Here is one rather comical escapade:

I surprised the good folks by getting home at about twelve o'clock at night, having been detained on the route till ten o'clock, and obliged to walk out. I banged them up. Father came to the window, and, after some conversation, refused me a lodging, because I would not give my name, telling me to go to a tavern or the poor-house. He shut the window so suddenly that I could not reveal myself. Creeping around I got into the back parlor window, crawled up stairs, and lay there till they came to the top for the purpose of coming down, when I sprang up and scattered them. Had a great laugh over it, and a small scolding.

He always went to see and hear Brothers Rice and Cummings, if possible, for he then rated them among the ablest men in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and never varied from this opinion. He records several times the fact that he had passed delightful hours or evenings chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Rice or Mr. and Mrs. Cummings; and once he spent the evening with the two families together, and pronounced the talk very rich; a statement as probable as it is tantalizing in its vagueness. On one occasion he chanced on Brother Rice, and told him he was going to hear a certain Mr. Nichols preach. Whereupon he makes the verisimilar statement: "Brother Rice dissuaded me, and so I spent the time talking with him." In the summer of 1848 he writes: "Sunday I preached for Brother Rice in the morning, and for Brother Cummings in the P. M. at Chelsea. Had a moderate time, not excellent. The familiar countenances of some of the audience somewhat confused me."

Meanwhile he was conscious of a great interior

change going on in his own character. The love for a free and careless life had lost its hold. He began to long to be about his life-work. He suspected that he had made a mistake in deferring so long entrance upon the regular pastoral work; for he professed to have learned from much study of his own nature that he never could settle questions by merely thinking about them, while he always adjusted himself to the inevitable and irreparable, and that more time for thinking was only more room for irresolution.

His religious feelings were heightened by the death of several choice friends, but especially by the end of Mr. George Ingraham, the father of his beautiful *fiancée*, and that of Miss Emily B. Hunt, and finally of Mr. George Ingraham, Jr. The father was not long ill. The elder Ingraham was conscious that life on earth was ending; was resigned to the pleasure of God, and very affectionate in parting with his companion and children. The peace of his last hours made a great impression on the future son-in-law. Miss Hunt was a sister of the Rev. Andrew J. Hunt, and of Rev. A. S. Hunt, D.D., now one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society. She had been one of Mr. Haven's warmest and most intimate friends in Amenia. She was taken ill in the autumn of 1850, and died on the 18th of the next February. The Journal says:

She was very cheerful and playful through her sickness—perfectly resigned to the will of God, perfectly happy in view of death. The last days were especially full of the peace and joy of believing. On Sunday she began to fail rapidly, and then her soul displayed the

beauty of holiness, the power of Christ. While awake she talked incessantly of God and heaven, and always when she awoke from sleep, said first of all, "I am happy;" made her brother sing her the most beautiful songs; and said while lying in his arms,

"The arms of faith and wings of love
Shall bear me conqueror through."

Tuesday morning she roused from a torpor, providentially, as it seemed, to talk with Rev. Andrew J. Hunt, who had arrived in the night. She talked freely with him about heaven; was full of longing desires to go; prayed for patience to wait the hour of her release; spoke of seeing many of her old associates, among them Mary Barber; took messages to them from Andrew; and, full of inexpressible delight, sprang from her earthly cell to the light and glory of eternal day. What an enviable death!

I tried to preach her funeral sermon from John xvii, 24: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." I found great difficulty in proceeding, and more than once thought I should have to give up; but I was enabled with many tears to finish my task. It seemed like preaching the funeral sermon of a sister in my father's parlor.

Six weeks later another familiar friend, Mr. George Ingraham, his prospective brother-in-law, soared up out the earthly gloom to the home of the angels and of God. He had been well-beloved by all, and especially an object of Mr. Haven's affection. Mr. George Ingraham had long been an invalid, so that his departure was not a surprise. Yet the mourner writes:

This is the saddest of my Amenias, perhaps of my earthly, experience. My most beloved associate, my dearest friend, has ascended to heaven. When I first saw him he was in the greatest distress.

He spoke the first words to me, "Most there!" I asked, "Can you trust Christ?" "Yes," was his reply. He has long been ripening for the end, and his virtues shone the brighter as the light of heaven was thrown more clearly around them. God help me to emulate his example!

This is the third heavy loss I have suffered here: Mr. Ingraham, George, and Emily. I have shed more tears in Amenias than elsewhere. Amid these extraordinary sorrows and joys I have been advancing, I trust, in knowledge, holiness, practical wisdom, mental power, spiritual purity. My duties here have been beneficial. My studies have enlarged my knowledge; reflection, my ideas. Prayer and meditation have drawn me nearer to Christ. I go forth in the name of my Saviour. Heaven is all that is valuable. Christ is all that is supremely lovely. I feel that I am willing to be any thing or nothing, so that I may win Christ. My profession sometimes seems dark, but beyond I see light. O how I thank God for his goodness to me—for his preventing and pardoning grace! How great a sinner I am! How great a Saviour he is! May I be humble, faithful, holy, happy, now and forever. May I ever live in Christ, and may I hear at the close of my career the voice of Christ saying:

"Servant of God, well done!"

Where I shall begin my new duties I know not. I shall postpone writing here until I am ushered into my new office and assume my new responsibility.

These words were written March 30, 1851, the last evening that he spent in Amenias. The next day he started for home, with the purpose of joining the New England Conference at its session, opening on April 23, at Newburyport, Mass.

CHAPTER VI.

N O R T H A M P T O N .

Joins Conference—Stationed at Northampton—Reads Edwards—The Place and his Work—Salary—Becomes one of the School Committee—A Debt Paid—Value of this Experience—Letter to Rev. A. Gould—Marriage—Love and Courtship—The Wedding Journey—The Northampton Paradise—Mrs. Haven—Letters.

REV. GILBERT HAVEN was admitted to the New England Conference on trial the last week in April, 1851. When the session was concluded he found himself stationed at Northampton, Mass. He opened his pastorate there the first Sunday in May, full of youthful hopes. His first impressions of the new home and his plans for labor there are given a fortnight after his arrival:

I have been here two weeks last Saturday, but hardly felt settled until to-day. I have just finished arranging my books, and their old familiar faces are very agreeable companions. They are the only connecting link I have with the past, and no slight tie are they. I have a pleasant room, the front parlor of the house of Mr. Osborn, on Pleasant Street, well furnished and situated. My church is a comfortable, pleasant edifice; membership good and active, but poor in wealth and numbers; the congregation fair, and will, I hope, increase. Here I am for a year at least, and I expect it will be a pleasant year. The place is beautiful in every respect, and will be a glorious place to wander through. I have designs to enter somewhat largely upon my studies, but may be interrupted. I have enjoyed much religion since I came here. Have felt Christ very precious at times.

We may take the record of one day as an example of the manner in 'which he spent many :

I have begun Plato in the original, read five pages, find it easy and interesting. Also commenced Bush's "Commentary on Genesis." This, with Alexander on the Psalms, which I am now reading, with the Septuagint and Bloomfield, will occupy my leisure. Made three pastoral calls to-day. Do not yet feel quite at home in this duty, but hope, by God's grace, to be faithful in it.

Living in the magnificent old town which Jonathan Edwards had once hoped to turn into a sort of suburb of the New Jerusalem, to the great discomfort of his parishioners and his own sore disappointment, the young minister naturally read and studied the writings of that heroic thinker with much care. He remarks :

I have read Edwards on the Affections, and admire his thought and spirit. What a holy man ! I have tried to apply his tests of true Christianity to myself, with satisfaction as to their existence, but with much shame and sorrow at their feebleness and indistinctness. O may I be filled with the spirit of humility, love, and holiness ! I think he lays too much stress on the continual recognition of ungodliness in the heart. Not too much for myself or ordinary Christians ; but I am inclined to believe in a conscious cleansing of the heart from its foulness by the power of Christ. I do not feel clear upon the point as yet ; if I did, I should not rest until I had entered that state. His delineations of spiritual pride and mock humility are very clear and close. I feel my spiritual state improved by the study of his works.

The membership of the Northampton Church was less than seventy, so that his social position was inferior to that he enjoyed at Amenia. The soil was not

deemed favorable to Methodism, and a faint-hearted man might have felt that his position required success under conditions which hardly permitted it. But not a trace of such a feeling appears in the Journal and letters of Gilbert Haven. Yet while he uniformly ignores the unpleasant features of his appointment, he insists regularly upon its brighter aspects. His salary was small, and somewhat irregularly paid, and part of that was a domestic missionary appropriation. He was not the man to complain to parishioners more frugal and self-denying than himself. He used to say that the Church was "the bride, the Lamb's wife;" and insisted that ministers should bear themselves toward her with the most honorable and delicate respect. And nothing so sharply aroused his suspicions concerning the entire devotion of clergymen to their calling as any selfish or indecorous conduct toward any church, however lowly. Nor were these extravagant ideas, taken up at a period when he would have no opportunity to exemplify his own teachings. His way of thinking and speaking on this subject may be seen in a letter written about this time to Mr. Alexander Winchell, the eminent geologist:

What little experience I have had in my profession has been of a very pleasant nature, and I fancy that I shall find the path far more abundantly strown with roses than with thorns. Though I am not so foolish as to expect constant sunshine here, I hope I shall be wise enough to see the beauties in the clouds and darkness, and to co-operate with them in the production of their designed effect, to loosen the bonds of earth and strengthen those of heaven. I have a beautiful spot, the finest village in Massachusetts, full of wealth and taste, and the finest of natural scenery.

One incident, which reveals this sentiment in the poorest charge he ever had, was first told after his death by a member of the official board at Northampton. Conversing with one of his members, he said :

We were speaking of salaries at our last ministers' meeting. The brethren were telling how much, or rather how little, they had received for their year's work thus far, but they did not get any such information out of me.

Just what he did receive the minutes of the next Conference would show. The sum was so small that he was at a loss whether he ought to come back the second year to exist on such a pittance, though the entire Church greatly desired his return. What added to his perplexity was his opinion that the congregation ought to take full care of him as its minister, and refuse the domestic missionary appropriation made to them. The relief of this perplexity came about in a way very honorable to himself. He writes about this episode to his father thus :

They elected me unanimously to the very dignified office of school committee, as I happened to be on both tickets. And the school committee, with equal unanimity, I presume, in consequence of the example set them by the town, appointed me superintendent of the district schools, and associate superintendent of the high schools. These offices will require some attention, as the general oversight of all the schools is deputed to me ; but they will bring in over \$200 salary, a very respectable addition to the mite that I received before. The principal advantage is that it gives our society a little more prominence in the place, and helps to do away with the most absurd prejudices against us, such as probably flourished in Malden when you first joined our Church. One thing which assisted in this work

was an invitation to give the Friday evening lecture before the First Church, which I gave awhile ago, an event as wonderful as it would have been forty years ago for a Methodist preacher to have been invited to conduct the services at the Old South. Fast Day I preached in the old church a sermon, half-way antislavery in language, and wholly so in tendency, to the great joy of the Abolitionists, and the great rage of the Websterian portion of the audience.

About this period an obligation of the trustees, amounting to several hundred dollars, became due. They were not able to meet it, and tried to procure an extension of credit. The holder of the note said he must have the money, perhaps a little roughly. Mr. Haven's business tact at once came into play. He called on the creditor, and saw at a glance that the man meant to have his money, not because he needed it, but because he had lost faith in the trustees. The pastor proposed one arrangement and then another, only to have them rejected. At last he looked the creditor coolly in the eyes and said, "I will assume the responsibility for that money, and see that it is paid over soon." The man of business responded, "I will accept your pledge, and you can have as much time for getting the funds as you think reasonable."

Mr. Haven did not in the least know where the money was to be had, but set about the task he had drawn upon himself with his wonted cheerfulness and skill. The General Conference was held, in 1852, at Bromfield Street, in Boston. He went home to Malden and picked up such sums as he could from laymen whom he encountered there and at the General Con-

ference. He pushed the business elsewhere also with such keenness that he presently wrote home him to his father :

You know probably that I have been to New York on a similar errand to that which brought me to Boston last spring, a mixture of love and business, a sort of bitter-sweet draught daily swallowed. We stayed there about a fortnight, though we were absent from home about four weeks, visiting William Rice's, Middletown, and New Haven, *en route*. I picked their pockets of about \$250, and gave them their money's worth in sermons.

The experience he gained from this piece of business was very useful to him afterward. In due time he became a very successful and diligent pleader for all sorts of good works with the readiest kind of answers for the consenting or parrying responses he called out. It is said that a wealthy merchant, to whom he had applied in aid of one of his enterprises, gave him some eagles at a time when gold was at a high premium. He took the money with a pleased look, thanked the donor with grateful courtesy, and added, "I hope your prayers will follow your gift." "Prayers!" said the other, "prayers! No, I am not good at prayers; I would rather give you more eagles. Take your pick between more eagles and as many prayers." Mr. Haven took the eagles; whereupon the giver said, "So you think the eagles better than my prayers, do you?" Said Haven, "The eagles are above par, but reluctant prayers are always at a heavy discount." He was once heard to say to a Methodist millionaire, who complained that he always went armed with subscription books, "Yes, Brother Snow,

we are like doctors who let blood to save life. That's the only hope sometimes."

This business also suggested the formation of the New England Conference Church Aid Society, of which he was a leading originator.

While at Northampton he exchanged in the region all around, and his facile pen touched off the most striking accounts of places and men. Here is one about a ride from Greenfield to Shelburne Falls on an exchange with Rev. William Butler, afterward the famous missionary: "We had a splendid ride up a high mountain, through a gorge formed by a torrent, which gives rich mountain and forest views; and then in a moment opens up a vast area, around which stand hills innumerable, into which the road runs, ending in a delicious little village cuddling around a waterfall."

Of course, the memories of this earliest of his pastoral charges were sweet beyond description to Mr. Haven in his later years. Here is his reply to an invitation to attend a memorial service at Northampton, written as he was unconsciously drawing near to welcome release from all earthly cares and burdens:

NEW YORK, *Nov. 21, 1877.*

REV. ALBERT GOULD:

DEAR BROTHER—I should have been glad to have given you reminiscences of my pastorate at Northampton had not sickness and the imperative orders of physicians prevented. As your invitation lay before me, visions of that first ministerial experience came up before me. The little cluster of happy souls gathered in that vestry of a Sabbath, and especially of a week-day night; the small, though larger congregation, in the church; the songs and testimonies and

ardent prayers; the simple faith, strong and clear, of the elect few that in poverty and social contumely, laid the foundation of our church; these are not forgotten in my recollections, and come up yet, I believe, in remembrance before God.

I vividly recall a prayer-meeting on a very stormy night, when only six were present. Such power I do not remember to have seen and felt in any other prayer-meeting in my entire pastorate.

"God came down our souls to great,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

It seemed as if tongues like as of fire sat on each of that little assembly. We had troubles, sore and thick, in those days. Troubles with creditors especially; troubles among the brethren, not so peculiar; but out of them all the Lord delivered us. I trust he still delivers.

I remember one incident in connection with a choir difficulty that illustrates the influence which Jonathan Edwards still has in that town, though dead for more than a century. While we were debating how to reconcile their feuds, a young brother, a broom-maker, (I have forgotten his name,) usually our most silent member, spoke and said, "I think I have discovered the origin of evil. Lucifer was leader of the choir in heaven. Of course, riot broke out, and the fall came naturally about." Dr. Theodore Cuyler this summer declared that this was the brightest saying he had ever heard. It came from the old Edwards' seed.

So did the spiritual life and power of that little company. They, too, were heirs of that faith and zeal which characterized the good men of Northampton. With a less fatalistic creed, they had greater Christian love and power. May their successors still more abound in those graces!

The beauty of that grand old town, the most beautiful of all American towns, which are the most beautiful towns in the world, like Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," passes into the "purer mind with tranquil restoration." It will never leave my memory.

I hope your success and that of your followers, and of the Church, will be greater than that of all your forerunners. It will afford me

joy always to hear that this church of my first ministry walks in the truth, and flourishes in the faith of the Gospel.

Ever faithfully yours,

G. HAVEN.

On September 17, 1851, Gilbert Haven was married at Amenia, N. Y., to Miss Mary Ingraham.* The newly married pair took a short wedding trip through Northern New York and Vermont, and were soon settled down to begin their married life in Northampton. The first note of the event itself, recorded in the Journal under date of October 12, of the same year, says: "As it was but the open avowal and life-long confession and expression of a state long ago spiritually consummated, my feelings underwent no change comparable with that passed through almost four years since, as hinted in a previous part of this Journal."

* The parents of Mary Ingraham Haven were:

George Ingraham, born in Bristol, R. I., October 8, 1793, died in Amenia September 24, 1849.

Mary Michelle, born in New York city, March 11, 1798, died in Amenia, February 18, 1858.

They were married in Amenia, November 16, 1816. Their children were:

Samuel Ingraham, born March 25, 1818.

Infant son, born September 8, 1819; died the next day.

Timothy Murphy Ingraham, born January 12, 1821.

Richard Ingraham, born July 8, 1823.

William Murphy Ingraham, born February 2, 1827.

George Ingraham, born September 30, 1829; died March 26, 1851.

Mary Ingraham, born October 2, 1831; died April 3, 1860.

Sally Ann Ingraham, born November 2, 1833.

Henry C. Murphy Ingraham, born May 2, 1838.

Jane Augusta Ingraham, born January 13, 1843.

Obeying the suggestion of a reference to the previous pages of the Journal, we are struck with the fact that, down to a certain date, that document shows almost no trace of any thing like special interest in ladies. The Journal and letters in our hands from 1839 onward to 1847 show no tokens of any thing like love for any lady on Mr. Haven's part. He frequently speaks of meeting ladies here and there, notes their appearance and manners, and gives accounts of their accomplishments and conversation. He sometimes sends messages to particular ladies, or responds gayly to messages which had come to him; and some of his letters to young ladies, dating back to his early manhood, may still be read. But these topics are described with as much interest as he shows in narrating his general adventures or describing so many gentlemen. The last statement is not quite true, since he shows no such interest in or admiration for any ladies as he expresses for William Rice and Fales Henry Newhall, for W. M. Ingraham and E. O. Haven. The first intimation of some change of this nature may perhaps be found foreshadowed in a sentence or two, under date of March 19, 1848: "The last three weeks have been too full of feeling to need commemoration in order to recollect; the two before the last the happiest, the last the saddest of my life." His letters at this period show that no change in his previous circumstances had arisen to account for such a prodigious and sudden transition from extreme joy to utter misery; so that we must needs conclude that some dearly beloved creature had smiled or seemed to smile upon

him, and then frowned or seemed to frown. This appears more probable, because on the same page stands a quotation from Queen Mab, such as would be likely to arrest the attention of a lover, the first of the kind in the Journal :

“ Joy to the Spirit came,
Such joy as when a lover sees
The chosen of his soul in happiness,
And witnesses her peace
Whose woe to him were bitterer than death ;
Sees her unfaded cheek
Glow mantling in first luxury of health,
Thrills with her lovely eyes,
Which, like two stars amid the heaving main,
Sparkle through liquid bliss.”

Perhaps he would have gone on in this style of alternating happiness and despair for many months if the trustees of the seminary had not decided early in May to offer him the principalship ; and he would not decide what to do about that until he had got a certain previous question settled. Unless Mary Ingraham should look benignly upon him, the sooner he could turn his back on Amenia and all it contained the better for him. To be sure, he does not name her as yet in the lightest whisper, but says May 9, 1848 :

This has been rather an eventful day for me. Last night I spent two hours in very earnest and solemn conversation on a subject which vitally concerns my temporal welfare and happiness, if not my eternal.

What came of the conversation he does not even hint, but we may conjecture something from the fact

that he took the principalship. About six weeks afterward comes a passage which all who would know Gilbert Haven should read with care :

I never want my life disunited, to feel a great gulf fixed between the present and the past. I don't think it is so. I feel as gleeful at times as I ever did. I hope to enjoy these olden memories and link them with kindred feelings in the present. As Wordsworth says :

“ My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So let it be when I am old,
Or let me die.
The child is father of the man,
And I could wish my days might be
Joined each to each in natural piety.”

Anna says I am soberer this term than she has ever seen me before. The thoughts of coming duties creep over my shrinking soul and sober my flighty fancies. . . . I have been greatly changed the past three months in my thoughts and feelings. I know there has been almost a new creation within my soul ; yes, really a new creation. I don't feel like expressing the thoughts that burn so constantly within me. . . . I don't fear that I shall ever forget them, neither in this world nor any other ; and I don't desire to. What sources of exquisite, of maddening bliss and misery they have been to me ! Strange, very strange it is that so powerful an element in my soul lay supine so long, so fathomless and boundless a sea lay hidden from my consciousness, so vast and rich a continent remained undiscovered there ! And perhaps the awakener of that power, the first navigator and sounder of those hitherto sunless and trackless depths, the discoverer of that new world, may have been unaware at the time, though not now, of her own agency in this business. I know my feelings have been remarkably purified, my views exalted,

my thoughts expanded, my passions strengthened and concentrated, not ignobly, no, the farthest, the very farthest from that. I know too that, as the Bible seemed a new book when I opened it after my conversion, as I was surprised at the fitness of its expressions for my novel state, and at the exact portraiture of every feeling, the exact supply for every necessity which my new state exhibited and demanded, so much that was hitherto untranslatable, which awoke no response in me, and was enjoyed for minor graces only, and not for what it was designed to express, has appeared in a new light, the light in which it was created and designed to shine.

What if there should be other faculties or resources in our soul which may never be revealed here? How do we know but the fall of Adam buried some nascent power so deeply that it can never spring up in our earthly house? How do we know but that this garb of flesh has concealed certain faculties of the soul so completely that they cannot be brought to view in our mortal state? How do we know but the little principles and functions we perceive and nurture may be as plants and animals which, in their early stages, have a form and an apparent nature very different from what they afterward assume? So may these shoot out in another world into something so different from what characterized them here that they shall seem of an opposite nature, and so lead on to sublimer knowledge and feelings.

For some unstated reason it was deemed best to keep the engagement a close secret. Remembering that Amenia Seminary was attended by young people of either sex, it becomes probable that one reason for this course was that the new principal would be better able to govern the school in some points through such silence. Then he would hinder a great deal of needless chatter and gossip among the students themselves through this precaution. But close as the lovers strove to keep their fond mystery, some whispered suspicion

stole around a circle of intimate acquaintances. Mrs. E. O. Haven goes to Ameniam, hears the current conjectures, and turns home to convey her own uncertainties to her husband as the only possible tidings. It is probable also that she was followed home by a letter from Gilbert in reply to one making certain natural queries. Under these conditions one passage in Gilbert's letter is deliciously adroit :

You ask if my heart is whole? I can assure you that it is. Probably you will have been assured before you get this that it is wholly given up to idolatry, though my worship and sacrifice at the idolatrous shrine are not as clear as some could desire to confirm their suspicions of my state. You may place the most implicit confidence in the news you will hear before bed-time, for you never could distrust one so deserving.

These rumors travel homeward to his sister Anna from her Ameniam correspondents, and similar conjectures probably reach Mrs. Rev. Joseph Cummings, a former resident at the seminary, to strengthen the others. In one of his letters to Anna, Gilbert refers to these rumors jocosely, and finally gives her news of the young lady in this way :

I suppose I mustn't omit Mary Ingraham, because all of 'em would say it was because I dare not talk of her. I should, of course, be *very happy* to talk of or to her, but as the latter hasn't been allowed me yet, I can't indulge myself greatly in the first. I have only had half a glimpse at her, and perhaps half a word with her. The glimpse disclosed her usual healthy (don't you want me to say handsome?) appearance. The half word was fractionized into inquiries about you, descriptions of herself, and I don't know what else.

More than a year later he wishes to say something about his idol, and mixes the news for his sister in this nonchalant way :

As to your friends : Lib. and Jule are comfortable when not beside too hot a fire. Emily Miles is as poetic as ever, studies herself to death, to the great vexation of her easily vexed chum, Sarah Ingraham. The latter is as rosy and as jolly and as fiery as ever. Her sister (isn't this a quiet way of coming at it) is as full of health and spirits—not blue, but of the brightest sort—as the Elysian Fields.

Of course, times would come when something very near like a revelation of his condition leaped from his pen. One of his sisters, now dead, had an offer of marriage, concerning which she sought advice at home, and finally declined. Writing to her, Gilbert says :

Your very course was enough to convince me that you ought not to marry. When you *asked advice* on such a subject it showed a want of the love which overleaps all advice, never thinks of asking hardly its own heart, and much less thinks of confiding such queries to others' cold opinions. No, no ! Unless your heart leaped for joy at sight of him, unless your thoughts dwelt in tenderness constantly upon him, unless your dreams delighted to keep him before you, it was no use to attempt to throw off old-maidship at the expense of every joy, and with the sure expectancy of coldness and dislike. As Miss Barrett, who remained single until over forty, and has just married a poet, Browning by name, says of a woman's love, so say I of both man's and woman's. You will have to read it carefully and several times to get its full force and beauty :

“Go, lady, lean to the night guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer ;
Then smile as sweetly when he is far,
At the voice of an in-door singer ;

Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes,
Glance lightly on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries,
But dare not call it loving!
Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can think when the song is done
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel when left by one
That all men beside go with him;
Unless you can know when unpraised by his breath
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—For life—For death!
O fear to call it loving!
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
O never call it loving."

Perhaps you will think I am in love myself, I write and quote so passionately. Well, when I am, it will be as I write and quote; and you will never hear of it from me. I am going to write to Lydia all about it in a day or two, and refer you for particulars to her letter.

Of course, Lydia never got the promised letter, and the bright home circle knew at once that he had managed to let them read between the lines all that he intended them to know—his engagement without consulting them, and his deliberate silence about it. More information on the subject they were unable to gain. What people might dream about them was perfectly indifferent to this pair of fond lovers, who walked the

happy earth tranced in quite unspeakable rapture. The time so long waited and ardently longed for came at last, and the expectant bridegroom sent the family at Malden an invitation to be present at the ceremony couched in these terms :

I suppose you will not believe a hint, if you take it, and so I must speak plainly. The prophecies are to be fulfilled, the perplexities which have vexed some of my friends (Mrs. Cummings in particular) are to be brought to a perpetual end, the wishes are to be gratified, the half-hidden secret is to be proclaimed on the house-tops, at Amenia on Wednesday, September 17, 1851. Will you be there to see and be seen? I should be glad to have you go and see your daughter come into your family, and she would be happy to have you present on the occasion. I presume you would like to see what sort of a daughter you are to have. . . . You shall be gratified in every sense, I warrant you, if you take me for a judge ; and I am somewhat acquainted with your taste in the matter of daughters. We shall creep around home by way of Lake George and Champlain.

The young lady who went to Northampton as Mrs. Gilbert Haven was every way fitted to make her husband happy by her personal qualities as well as by her eminent fitness for the important duties of an itinerant minister's wife. Two or three years afterward she fell under the writer's observation at Wilbraham, during her husband's pastorate in that delightful old town. She was slight in figure, graceful in her movements and attitudes ; had a dark but fair complexion, well proportioned features, the rosy hue of perfect health flushing her cheeks, and her deep black eyes radiating light when she spoke to any body ; and a sort of gentle shyness, a kind of delicate reserve, protected her from over-hasty

intrusion from people she did not fancy. These may sometimes have thought her cool and indifferent, but she knew how to overcome such impressions when any important purpose required it. She was very quiet in manner, not given to much or rash speech, and yet easy and ready enough in conversation. She had a well-disciplined mind, great natural penetration, an intuitive knowledge of men, and a well-poised independence in her judgments. In all their parishes she showed great interest in her husband's success, both as pastor and preacher; and she aided him with wise counsel and fruitful sympathy. She had the art of making friends, and perhaps never lost one she had won. She made their successive parsonages real homes for her husband and his friends. She encouraged him to fidelity to every duty and to all his convictions. Among the rest, many colored people were guests in her house, and all of them received as hearty kindness at her hands as if they had been aristocrats in manners and position.

One incident which she tells one of her friends to explain an unwonted pause in her correspondence will show that she won her good name as a pastor's wife legitimately. She found a family whose natural heads and guides were both ill; the father with a slowly wasting consumption, the mother with some temporary disease. Their friends were far away, and poverty was their hard lot. As Mrs. Haven was not housekeeping, she immediately felt called on to devote herself to them, and see that they were carried safely beyond this season of special affliction. She says simply enough,

"I could go and care for them, and I could not let them suffer alone." Thus had she unostentatiously joined the true army of the living God, "whose names are enrolled in heaven."

"And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's crown,
And safe in God repose ;
The saints of many a jarring creed
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where self the feet have spurned.

"And, as the mystic aisles I pace
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the cross I trace
Alike through gloom and guilt ;
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes,
With spikenard one, and both are sweet,
For both are sacrifice."

That the young wife contrived to have a right cheerful time of it is apparent from her own letters. One, addressed to Miss Elizabeth Vail, soon afterward the wife of Rev. J. W. Beach, gives us a glimpse or two of their joint lives :

Believe me, then, that I am happy and contented. All things combine to make this my *home*. A beautiful country round about, a pleasant boarding-place, plenty of good things for soul and body, a loving parish, (of blacks and whites,) a good library, three lively songsters, and a spunky husband. Let the queen boast if she can. It would have done you good to have heard the rich exhortation our presiding elder gave me last night at class. He began by trying to impress

me with a sense of my duties, responsibilities, etc. Then he told how often his wife had been a ministering angel to him, and hoped I might be the same to my husband, holding up his hands as did Moses' sister his. Just fancy how I sat under such a benediction. . . . I have been trying to keep Gilbert's hands at a proper height to-day, but think it will take more than Brother Baker to make me believe it is my duty to do it longer.

We went to spend Thanksgiving with the good friends at Malden. Showed them that a Yorker couldn't be beaten by a Yankee at table. I confess, however, the exceeding glory of the feast. Had a good visit at Mr. Cummings's; heard him preach not so "big" a sermon as I anticipated, still above the ordinary. Mrs. Cummings retains all her former vivacity and keenness.

Some letters may be the best possible close to this chapter. The two that follow first were written to his sisters; the one as a farewell before marriage, the other as a proof of continued interest in them after marriage. The last of the two, though dated naturally enough at "Canaan," was written in Northampton.

To the Home Folks, Malden, Mass.

NORTHAMPTON, *September 12, 1851.*

MY DEAR UNLOVING AND UNLOVED: I ought to bid you a last adieu, as I leave the scene of my solitary and wilderness existence (where we have wandered toward forty years) and enter upon the land flowing with milk and honey. I know we have kept together these many years; we have scorned the pleasures and vanities of that state into which beardless boys and vain girls have gone because it was fashionable; and we have declared how much happier we were than they all, how much better off in every respect, and how impossible it would be for them to overcome our aversion to an exchange of conditions, however much they might wish it.

Well, my sweet ones, I was one of the chiefest of transgressors in

that way of sin ; I was one of the boldest and loudest ; but I have undergone a change—a change of heart, I may penitently and yet rejoicingly say—and that always requires a change of conduct. But as the first duty connected with this conduct is to renounce old follies, and to declare to old companions the wisdom you have acquired, so I shall, with great brevity and plainness of speech, declare to you the folly of your present course of thinking and acting, and urge to a speedy repentance and abandonment of transgression.

I threw in a few lines carelessly and casually at the end of my last letter on what I supposed might have a little interest, when lo, all the rest of the letter is forgotten—its sweet and holy memories, its sweeter and holier hopes—and the mustard-seed becomes instantaneously a tree, in whose branches lodge the fowls of heaven ; conversations, letters, and I presume universal gossip, on the topic. Ah, my girls, you show your nature there, as the wicked in their talks of virtue and goodness. You are without excuse, I see, and I advise you to be without the need of any. The last hours of this single man are near. Soon will the noose be drawn, and I shall leave you behind. Do you want to know my feelings ? You can't if you would, and you shouldn't if you could. I shall have to bid you a long, I fear, long farewell. Thronging memories crowd themselves into these last hours, and look as sadly and reproachfully upon me as the angels of the forests and the waters did on Adam and Eve, as they were about to leave Paradise. Poor things ! (both the angels and the memories.) They couldn't see the mercy and goodness which led them out ; that a higher Paradise opened before them as they left the lower behind. Well, my dears, don't grieve. I shall only try to forsake the valueless, the disagreeable ; and though I shall change the mold, yet the same substances can be wrought into shapes of greater beauty. But I beg pardon for this long, sober talk. I suppose you will think coming events cast a very heavy shadow before. Well, the depth of the shadow depends on the amount of light that falls on the event—and this very gloom through which I am trying to lead you has this Egyptian darkness simply from the intensity of the light that floods its other disk.

*To the Home Folks, Malden, Mass.**CANAAN, Monday Evening, half-past nine o'clock,**October 13, 1851.*

MY COMRADES THROUGH THE WILDERNESS, who haven't yet entered the promised land, don't think I'm forgetful of you, or no longer sympathize with your griefs, your loneliness, your longings. Though I have crossed over Jordan, I remember my "partners in distress," and would be very willing to lend a helping hand to guide them to its banks, and to steady them over. But I will confess that some of the longings which arose in my wanderings in the desert of sin and celibacy have ceased. The yearnings for the leeks and onions of Egypt, the flesh-pots of mother's pantry and oven, have ceased amid the rich fare of my present abiding place; the Sunday evening longings for heaven-bringing music are partially relieved by the gentle fingers and the unsinging accents that express heaven-reaching and heaven-dwelling thoughts. The sisters' hands which my helpless clothes daily cried for, the sisters' voices which my weary moments sighed for, the mother's food which my hungry stomach sought for, the manly harangue which my disputatious propensities longed for, have all subsided; the rents are healed, the hunger satiated, the silence resonant, the combativeness gratified, and I am left without desire.

Do you think that this is a confession of utter forgetfulness, a verification of the prophecy so often made, that I should now lose all love for home and "fixin's;" don't be alarmed, nor go into hysterics at my forgetfulness. Because I have ceased to pine uselessly, as I have done so many years, I have not therefore ceased to feel. Because I don't wet my handkerchief daytimes and my pillow in the night with the overflowing of unsatisfied desires, don't suspect that I am unmindful of your existence, and void of feeling with regard to those who then made me so womanish. I have not forgotten that I am a son and a brother, and probably shall not so long as there is a home and Thanksgiving. I have been waiting to hear from you, and finding no tokens of your remembrance, I have been fearing that my example was working like a violent epidemic upon you, and you

were so completely prostrated by the disease, and father and mother so busy in waiting upon you and applying the remedies, that none could write.

I have been pressed with duties, domestic and professional, and have in vain commanded Mary to take my yoke on her. The refusal to obey introduces anarchy into the social government, and I fear she will have to be arraigned with the Christiania and Syracuse mobocrats as guilty of high treason. With such rebellion here, and such demands upon my time elsewhere, I haven't had time to let you know my state and standing.

To William M. Ingraham, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORTHAMPTON, *October 16, 1851.*

BROTHER BILL: I have been trying for half an hour to extract some sweets from the writings of Mr. Moses—who, like Cæsar, is eminent as a general and an author—but the extra heat, got up by the mistress of the place, as an accompaniment to some washing she is doing, rather relaxes the nerves which the study of that author demands; and I have fallen back through half a dozen intermediate duties and delights into a little talk with you. Don't get provoked at the inferior position you occupy. You would be the first to declare its low and trivial character if you were engaged in it; and though I indulge in it more freely and frequently, still I have about the same opinion of it that lesser transgressors maintain. Pleasant and profitable as social intercourse is, whether oral or written, it is like eating or smoking—only good in its place—a dainty dish for the soul, that derives its real strength and durable pleasure from more substantial fare. So I descend from the heights of Moses and his compeers, of original meditations on similar subjects—through pulpit preparation, pastoral activity, literary reading, politics, poetry, novels, and newspapers—down in'to the low but sunny nook of private, personal conference. You will prefer, I guess, to leave the splutter and spatter of the washroom, and take a walk through the beautiful streets and woods that are now rather extra fine, tricked

out like a Timbuctoo belle for conquest, or as a victim. Would that you were more sensible to the beauties of nature that flourish and decay outside of Amenia and Dutchess County! Were you not so desperately infected with that *nosmetism*, of which you once found a mote or two in my eye, I might have some pleasure in showing off the scenery—its fixings and movings—that surrounds us.

I might write you a business letter, or an item one. Tell how fine the Hudson looked to the sea-sick Molly; how sweet was Saratoga Lake, and bitter Saratoga water, and flat Saratoga landscapes, and slow Saratoga locomotives; how exquisite was Lake George—the most paradisaical spot I ever saw—though it lacked one feature of the paradise—a garden, or room for one, it being all hills and water; how enchanting were Lake Champlain and Vanity Fair, which we devoured together, the former being ahead of the Hudson as a place wherein or whereat to exhibit the humanity of the other; how Bishop Hopkins preached in Burlington, and the railroad in its run through a narrow valley, threaded by streams, and bounded on both sides by high but the greenest kind of mountains, preached more eloquently and profitably during the next forenoon; how Boston haughtily looked down on the opinions and feelings of the New York pettifogger, entertaining as high notions of her wealth, learning, enterprise, elegance, and piety as ever, and, perched on her trio of hills, looked most truly self-satisfied; how Malden was up in arms to receive us; and how the good friends filled us with love and luxuries till we were forced to run for our lives and our flock.

CHAPTER VII.

WILBRAHAM.

The Ipswich Conference—Full Connection—Sent to Wilbraham—The First Service—Early Preaching—Preparation for the Pulpit—Advice to a Minister—Spiritualism—A *Seance*—Pastor Haven with the Young—Missionary Spirit—Judson's Example—Birth and Death of the First Child—New Friends.

MR. HAVEN left Northampton to attend the session of the New England Conference in Ipswich, opening April 27, 1853, under the presidency of Bishop Janes. Some bits of interesting information may be gleaned from letters to Mrs. Haven, at Northampton, throwing light on the man as well as the occasion:

Brothers Rice, Newhall, Steele, and Haven have taken possession of a house, and are as quiet as the members of a happy converts' meeting on the camp ground. I shall be as happy during the week as you are. We were put through to-day, finishing up the two years' course of study with an examination of eight hours.

Examination being safely over, Mr. Haven and Fales H. Newhall write, each to his wife, an account of the day's events, and provoke some chaffing thereby:

Fales is writing to Netty, and they are all laughing at us for our uxoriousness. We grin and bear it; said Fales filling the whole room with laughter, while the other boys are as the hills which

"Did rejoice at a young earthquake's birth."

Fales offers to speak for me, as I sit here trying to think what to say; but he is too busy now himself.

As this will be Mrs. Haven's first appointment at the hands of the Bishop, there was a lively curiosity in at least two bosoms as to where it should be. The letters contain all the rumors that are afloat concerning that point :

On the cars it was reported that I was going to Warren, and then it was stated that Shelburne Falls had taken us into its arms ; and here the East Winders are locating us among their fogs.

Thursday morning he was admitted into full connection with the Conference, and elected to deacons' orders. In accordance with the custom of the Church, the young ministers were called to the altar, and addressed by Bishop Janes. Another letter gives us a welcome glance at that interesting hour :

Your letter came yesterday forenoon, and was received and read by me as I was sitting on the front seat in the church, with six other anxious boys, waiting for the Bishop to give us a long lecture and admit us into full connection. It was devoured as greedily and unceremoniously as a starving beggar would eat a snatched morsel in the presence of royalty. After feasting my human heart upon tidbits that would have been tasteless to any other there, we were called up and stood through a long and eloquent harangue on the duties and responsibilities of the ministry. Its eloquence and power made it agreeable, even under such tiresome circumstances.

The "six other anxious boys" were the Revs. E. S. Best, Judah Crosby, W. C. High, Fales H. Newhall, G. M. Steele, and H. P. Andrews.

While his time and thoughts had been closely occupied with the business and pleasures of the session, the young minister has been keeping open ears for tidings

of the new appointment. That was before the Bishops had introduced the custom of saying something to nearly every body concerning his probable appointment. Methodist ministers who date back to that period of awful silence will smile to find in these letters what their own of the same date sometimes contained :

Things look now as if a long jaunt were before you. The presiding elders are as dumb as the grave, but there is a demand for preachers greater than the supply, and the consequences will be unexpected upturnings and scatterings. Brother Butler says they have asked for Brother and Sister Haven at Shelburne Falls, so they may carry the day. There or Greenfield, if we stay under Brother Baker ; South Street, Lynn, or Salem if we come this way ; and Wilbraham as a compromise, which, as such things are fashionable now-a-days, may turn up.

And so it was.

Among those who listened to Pastor Haven's introductory sermon in the new charge was the writer of this biography, then a student in Wesleyan Academy. The text was Acts v, 20, " Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." While no very full account can now be given of the discourse, one hearer has a most keen and vivid impression of the general air and spirit of the service. The school was unusually full at that time, and as the church was not a very large one, it was packed to repletion on that cool, bright Sunday in May. Among the hearers who were sure to appreciate all the good points in his preaching were the teachers of the academy. The principal of the school was Rev. Miner Raymond, a princely preacher,

while chief among the teachers were Mr. Haven's college classmates, Oliver Marcy and Fales H. Newhall. Near them sat G. M. Steele, another Middletown boy, whose quick wits were as appreciative as they were critical. For perhaps three minutes after the bell had ceased its solemn, sad vibrations the audience sat hushed and expectant, when up the aisle marched a stranger's figure, with a cool and trig look, followed by a little woman, trim and sprightly as a bird. There was a suggestion of affectionate pride in the new pastor's bearing as he showed his wife into the pew, a sort of fond though momentary lingering over the ceremony. The sermon was neat and clean in its conception, and was given in a tender and fervid though not eloquent manner. There was some question in some hearers how they should like the preacher, but probably all felt that they should like the man.

Perhaps no better occasion than this will occur for speaking at some length about the characteristics of Mr. Haven's early style of preaching. The man was of middle height and size, with well proportioned, clearly but not sharply cut features, with pleasant but not striking eyes, of neat but not clerical appearance, cool and assured in bearing. His hair was always somewhat carelessly dressed, and of such a shade that he used to say, "People call it auburn when they wish to be complimentary, and red when they tell the truth." The entire appearance as he stood in the pulpit was pleasant but not impressive. His voice was not a good one for public speaking. It was agreeable and sweet if kept

within its natural range; but, unfortunately, he did not keep it there very carefully. If he was under any particular excitement or anxiety he was apt to pitch his voice too high as he began to speak, and that defect would then run through the entire sermon. Then he spoke too rapidly at all times, a fault which was aggravated by the one just mentioned. To overcome such faults the preacher should have had every sermon well in hand, and been able to keep his voice under full control. But he was just then full of the notion that the best way to manage extempore preaching is to keep the mind busy with general literature and theological studies through the week, and then make a brief and hot preparation for the Sunday service on Saturday. This he did in general with much fidelity, but too often he was in the fix he describes in a Saturday morning letter to Rev. G. M. Steele in 1854: "I cannot write more, as I have only two sermons to preach to-morrow, and two ideas to be worked up into perfect sixty-minute speeches in these few hours."

On such hasty preparation he would sometimes improvise remarkably well, for he had an imagination which kindled easily and yielded marvelous results. But sometimes his fancy seemed utterly inactive, and then, instead of a "perfect sixty-minute speech," we got a long-winded floundering around the text. And this sometimes resulted in his worst early pulpit fault; for at times he would become entangled so completely in a sentence with many mutually modifying clauses as to forget how he had started it off, and either he

would halt with the business visibly incomplete, or make an end that had no conceivable connection with the beginning. But it should be borne in mind that such aggravated faults were rare, though he would somewhat frequently indulge in sins against grammar and rhetoric, which provoked the dull wits of school-boy critics to universal and tiresome activity. Enough of this kind of talk reached him to lead him to write to his cousin Otis soon after he came to Wilbraham :

I like here pretty well ; a fine congregation, but too much student, and hence too unsympathetic, superficial, and supercilious ; still a good place to mortify pride and vanity in.

This feeling attended him as long as he remained there, for in another place he says :

My Wilbraham sojourn is about over. Two years of sun and shower ; not the pleasantest possible in my Church relations. The contraries of school and town here as every-where breed difficulty. Though much harmony outwardly exists, there is great dissimilarity of tastes. And the great requisite for preaching, sympathy with the audience, is disturbed if not destroyed by this opposition of tastes.

Of course, there is some justice in what Mr. Haven says on this point, and also some exaggeration. He had become weary of the intellectual fastidiousness which is generated in schools and colleges. He had left **Amenia** partly to get away from such an atmosphere, and preach to men rather than students ; and it was this feeling which made him a little too sensitive to the criticism which he had encountered. It was true that he had some of the best qualities of good preaching at that

period. In the first place, he had a very active mind, and was intellectually mature. He had been seven years out of college, and had read very widely in unusual lines of reading. He overflowed with history and biography. He still kept Homer and Horace on his desk for frequent perusal. Shakspeare was familiar to him, while he was now in the flush of his early worship of Wordsworth and the Lake School. Ruskin was just then mastering him, and nothing that came from Carlyle, Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, or Whittier, escaped his eye. All this played into his Sunday preaching, and brightened it amazingly. About this time he fell in love with holy Herbert and Sir Thomas Browne.

His preaching was not often of a doctrinal type. It gave evidence that he had read and compared the current doctrinal systems with strong comprehension rather than great logical acumen. His intuitive powers were very great, and he relied mainly on their light to guide him safely through the tangle of dogmatic discussions. When he did meddle with such topics, he handled them with broad common sense rather than any metaphysical subtilty. Some bright hit, flashed out as he went along, was generally the best spoil the listener carried off. Once he paused in a poorish sermon on fatalism in religion to inject the remark, *sotto voce*, "that one who held to such absurdities must find great comfort in the fact they were not of his own begetting, but were divinely foreordained; for why should a man who preaches a poor sermon be held accountable for what God

renders inevitable any more than for what his neighbor does?" He delighted in the great truths and principles of the Christian scheme, and preached them with the energy of entire belief.

His character shone clear in his preaching. It was religious to the core, and Wesleyan at every point, except that of entire sanctification. He finally settled down to the conviction that Wesley is not consistent with himself at this point. This conviction clung to him to the last, and sometimes led to odd results. In one of his Conferences Bishop Haven was one day asking the candidates for admission the prescribed question of the Discipline, "Are you going on to perfection?" when an elderly brother rose and said,

"Bishop, will you be kind enough to formulate in a few words the doctrine of Christian Perfection for us?"

"Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" was the victoriously swift retort of the unperturbed Bishop.

Every body saw the courage of his convictions coming out in his expositions of Christian doctrine and life. He spared no sin because it was popular, no sinner because he was rich or great. He loved no Church like his own, and he scourged its faults and sins with the terrible severity of love; he loved no nation like our own, and none of her faults and sinfulness escaped his faithful eye; he loved no reforms like those of New England, and no other ever showed up their defects more unsparingly. He kept up the unfashionable usages which he deemed serviceable to the Church.

He always went to camp-meetings with his Church members ; he kept the love-feasts and watch-nights in full play ; he would have restored the circuit system in some parts of his own Conference, and he sometimes sought out trembling penitents in his prayer-meetings for personal appeals, and was assiduous in altar services, where many a sinner was led home to the Lord Jesus. Some of these acts of fidelity cost him so much effort that their appeal to others was rendered only the more telling. He knew how to make the social meetings of the Church interesting and fruitful.

All the interests of his flock were his interests, and he would share the sorest part of any social contempt or neglect that came upon them. A friend in the ministry who wrote him a blue letter about such matters was answered as follows from Wilbraham :

So you have been burning with a blue flame ? You found that a Methodist minister is but a small man in these Puritan communities. I have passed through that experience, have preached great swelling words of vanity to a few sleepy hearers, and met a congregation of a thousand who had been to a genteel church and an orthodox minister. I know what it is as well as St. Paul and other itinerants to be counted as the offscouring—a little better than my members, yet disgraced by association with them. It's a good lesson for you, a first-rate lesson. Your ambition was growing rankly ; you had the misfortune to have an ambitious heart and wife, and both needed abasement. You got it. Be thankful, and you will come out as humble and good and great as my wife and I.

Those were days when Spiritualism had become rampant. This delusion spread somewhat among the less

intelligent and pious portion of the community at Wilbraham. Stories were spread abroad about wonderful doings at the *séances*, as their meetings were styled. A certain Mr. Glover, now styled professor and now doctor, from New York, was the chief apostle of the new necromancy. Rumors were spread all through the town that the ministers and other chief pillars of the churches were Spiritualists. Students in Wilbraham at that date were often told that Mr. Haven was on the point of conversion, and that some of their teachers were secret believers. One of Mr. Haven's letters to his wife shows how baseless such reports really were, and exhibits one of those queer phases of life which show themselves in every pastor's history. To appreciate the citation in its full grotesqueness, it should be remembered that all the parties mentioned in the letter, except the necromancer and his assistants, were the choicest spirits of the Methodist Church in Wilbraham, some of whom must have felt themselves unclean for a month after the session described :

I have another item which you ought to have shared in. Friday I received a rose-colored note, addressed to Rev. Henry Haven and lady, requesting the pleasure of their presence at Dr. Glover's to tea. Thinking I ought to eat and drink with publicans and sinners, and taking Mrs. Henry Haven inside me, I marched over. Found Brother and Sister Pickering, Mother Moody and Lucinda, Mother Virgin, Dr. and Mrs. Rice, and a pale-looking man and wife called Fairfield. We had a fairish supper ; and after tea in marched Uncle Tim, then Rev. Medium Jones, and then Mrs. Olds and her daughter. I talked till meeting time, then excused myself, and was off. As soon as I had gone, Dr. Glover proposed that they should have a

meeting. Dr. Rice and wife, Mother Virgin and Lucinda Moody followed me, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Pickering and Mother Moody as the only outsiders. The Fairfield went through her twitchings, and put Rev. Joseph A. Merrill, the deceased husband of Mrs. Merrill, to preaching through her. Then Lorenzo Dow took possession of the body and spirit of Fairfield, and jerked out some commonplaces. Brother P. left before Dow got through, so that he knows not but my spirit or some other minister's followed their brethren into the same receptacle, and shone forth through it. Mrs. Rice is loud in her flings at their courtesy. I think it was decidedly rich. I only wish they had asked me to preach. I should not have needed Fairfield or Jones for an interpreter. 'Twas as neat a specimen of Spiritualistic politeness as I have seen, asking and expecting us to stay in the evening, and preparing such an entertainment. It was as much as I expected of that New York Yankee.

It seems to have been a grief to Mr. Haven that he was not able to influence more largely the students who waited on his ministry at Wilbraham. Such schools are little worlds by themselves, having their own customs, modes of religious contact and operation, and not very accessible to outside influence. Its interests were then watched over by vigilant shepherds of the Lord's flock, and revivals of marked power occurred in the school. Mr. Haven watched over the fruits of such harvest seasons with great caution. His quick and confident judgments of the religious character and talents of the young people of the school were rarely at fault. He knew more of them than they suspected, until some inquiry or suggestion showed both his interest and penetration. He seemed to know their very thoughts on some personal aims. He sent many a young man out

for the first time to exhort or preach in some out-of-the-way school-house, who might otherwise have remained long unsettled in purpose. Some of these were afterward surprised at the accuracy of his predictions of their subsequent careers.

Nearly the only material for a religious interest in the church at Wilbraham then was a large group of bright and interesting children and youth. Hence he set himself at work to do what he could for their conversion. He gathered them into a children's class, which he conducted himself Sunday afternoons. His affectionate tact was a perfect charm to these young people. They had special gatherings for prayer and religious counsel, through which many of them became real Christians. It was a very pretty scene to see twenty-five or thirty of these young people gathered about him singing the songs of Zion, speaking simply and in a childlike way of religion, and down on their knees in prayer. And all this was kept as far removed from **cant** as possible. A very large proportion of these infant Christians were ever afterward faithful to their vows.

Another point where the Wilbraham Church felt the skill of its pastor was in the success with which he drew from them the full benevolent collections which he thought they ought to make up. He estimated with some care just about what the people ought to pay, made a brief and clear statement of the matter, and rarely was he obliged to say that the amount taken was less than he hoped for. He made a special effort to increase the missionary gifts of his Church, and the col-

lection was \$400, a generous result for so small a society. He was so much stirred by his efforts that he thought seriously of becoming a missionary himself, for in December, 1853, he wrote in the following terms to Rev. A. J. Hunt :

A book that has stirred me like a trumpet is Judson's Life. What a hero ! I had no idea that the greatest American hero was showing his valor for so many years in that distant clime. It put the missionary fire into every drop of my blood. If Malden raised that apostle to the Gentiles, should not the same spot renew, though feebly, the early power ? I have been thinking much and earnestly of pitching my tent in the East, among those to whom Christ, the Gospel, and the Bible are novelties. I get heartily sick of the idea attached to preaching now-a-days. You come with an old story. You must spice your dish for Christian and sinner, young and old, or they will pronounce it flat, stale, and unprofitable. Your whole aim is to arouse the disputatious, the emotional, the imaginative in your hearers. We don't stand where Luther and Wesley stood, with crowds of hearers only anxious for the truth. What is Durbin's, Olin's, or Storrs' fame, but a fame for a certain mode of presenting the Gospel, instead of the Gospel itself ? I have wished a hundred times that I might have weathered the trials of the fathers, that I might have shared their triumph. I have an old, wise, intelligent, orderly church, which makes me feel more than ever the difference between them and their fathers. The most earnest and elaborate discourses preached by bishops or doctors couldn't more than momentarily excite them. They would depart, say a few words about the sermon, and relapse into the ordinary tenor of their lives. So it used to be at Amenia. How often I have pitied B. M. Adams, when the whole soul burst forth out of his eyes, hand, and mouth, and the whole body, to see the undisturbed slumbers of the heads of the church. I talk thus to myself day after day, and Dr. Judson feeds the holy flame. Yet I decide not to become a missionary.

Still later he writes in the same vein:

I have thought much of a missionary life, that this short span may be as completely filled as possible with labors for Christ. I think the marked feature of my spiritual life this year has been the growth of this missionary feeling. Perhaps I may not gratify it. God only knows. May he guide me! May I follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth!

This hot zeal did not consume away into smoke. Not only did he fan powerfully the missionary zeal of his several churches, but he afterward made "Zion's Herald" flame with the same zeal. He was a most zealous promoter of the founding of our missions in Italy and Mexico, and his episcopal visits to the Liberian and Mexican missions were memorable eras in their history.

There was born to Gilbert and Mary Ingraham Haven a son in Wilbraham, October 24, 1853, who died June 12, 1854. These events made the impressions they always make upon loving Christian parents—great happiness, and then great sorrow—but greater comfort in the sorrow. The Journal has this entry:

He was born into heaven Monday night about eight o'clock, as a beautiful day was dying into night. A great, great rending of our hearts; but we tried to say, "Father, thy will be done." We have moved along very cheerfully but sadly in the depths below. Every thing talks of him. How strange the new passion! How strange the giving and removing its object! I wrote a sermon on the subject, but I cannot utter the feelings within.

Thus they strove "to wear the robes of mourning as cheerfully as they could." One cannot help thinking

how much their sorrow was abated by the fact that it was divided between them, and could be talked over. Sometime they should go to him ; but so knit together in love were their souls that no longing to go to him at the expense of parting with each other was thought of. The " we " in those simple sentences is something quite pathetic, when one reflects how soon Gilbert Haven was to adopt for his own the words that seem made to utter his sorrow :

" ' Say whether
They sit all day by the greenwood tree,
The lover and loved, as it wont to be,
When we '—but grief conquered, and altogether
They swelled such weird murmur as haunts a shore
Of some planet dispeopled—' Nevermore.'

" Then from deep in the past, as seemed to me,
The strings gathered sorrow and sang forsaken,
' One lover still waits 'neath the greenwood tree,
But 'tis dark,' and they shuddered, ' Where lieth she—
Dark and cold ! Forever must one be taken ? '
But I groaned, ' O harp of all ruth bereft,
This Scripture is sadder,—the other left ! ' "

Chief among the choice gains of his pastorate in Wilbraham he counted the renewal of his former intimacy with his college classmates, Oliver Marcy and Fales H. Newhall, and the gaining of several new friends. One of the latter was the Rev. Miner Raymond, D.D., now a professor in the North-western University, at Evanston, Ill., for whose personal character, eminent pulpit abilities, and power of original thought, he had the sincerest admiration ; another was the Rev. G. M. Steele, in whom

sense and humor meet in a manner which would be sure to move Mr. Haven's admiration; another was Mr. S. F. Chester, of whose literary taste and discrimination he felt the felicitous charm; and, finally, Rev. H. W. Warren, now Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We shall have frequent occasion to speak again of Messrs. Steele and Newhall as members of a small club for hard study, interspersed with merry sallies—a club known as “The Triangle.”

CHAPTER VIII.

WESTFIELD.

Ordained Elder—Stationed in Westfield—Letter to Hunt—Difficulties in Westfield—Haven and Trafton—Despondency about Preaching—Peril of Scandal—Westfield News—Father Cadwell—A Son Born—A Glimpse of Home Life—Address at Middletown—An Invitation.

IN April, 1855, Bishop Simpson appointed Mr. Haven to the pastorate of the Methodist Society in Westfield. We have no accounts of the session of that Conference, save that Bishop Simpson made his first appearance as presiding Bishop in the New England Conference on that occasion, and carried all hearts by storm through a wonderful sermon on Sunday morning, and that Mr. Haven was ordained an elder on Sunday afternoon. His own account of the new charge and his appointment to it are found in a letter to Rev. A. J. Hunt:

Well, my boy, I see your nose slightly ascends at the mention of Westfield. Your whole body and soul will have to accompany said nose in its ascension if they would reach the plane of excellency on which Westfield stands. I was tossed on a sea of cabinet troubles that whole conference week, thrown like a weaver's shuttle between Lynn and Worcester, Fitchburg, and the Lord and the Bishop know what, until their arms grew weary, and I dropped here. Fales was down for this place, but he swore by the vain gods of Latium that he wouldn't come. Others were equally contumacious on account of the great Know Nothing who reigns here, and so I was made the Curtius to fill the gulf. Whether I shall fill it or only make the gap

worse is yet to be seen. It is one of the finest places in Massachusetts, a village in a garden. I expect to enjoy it hugely, as such a house and society must be enjoyed, if at all. Mary is quite happy.

There were some features of the Westfield Church which would naturally have rendered the appointment of Mr. Haven perilous. In the first place, a large proportion of the members of the Church were Democrats. While he was very candid in conceding every man's duty and right to hold his own opinions and promulgate them, he was a very pronounced Abolitionist, with the clearest convictions about the duty of Christian pastors to discuss political questions as an important branch of Christian living. Yet he had such winning personal qualities, and was so guarded against saying any thing bordering on personal offensiveness, that it is easy to believe that he really anticipated no serious friction over that point. He must expect some difficulty of that sort wherever he might be stationed.

But this was also the period of the Know Nothing movement in American politics. It was one of the most foolish excitements ever got up over false issues in American partisanship. The whole country nearly went mad with excitement concerning the Catholic question. One of Mr. Haven's letters to his friends in Malden from Wilbraham shows that he saw the meanness and unprincipled character of the whole movement in the clearest light. He blamed its war against foreigners and Romanists as a sharp contradiction of the very principles which the Republic is set to defend and dif-

fuse. He foresaw that the new party would prove evanescent. The natural result would be that Mr. Haven would find himself in political sympathy with only a small portion of his flock. Even this would not have obstructed his path to success, since the Westfield Church had always been as remarkable for harmony in sustaining its pastors as the new pastor was for tact in asserting his personal convictions.

The predecessor of Mr. Haven at Westfield was the Rev. and Hon. Mark Trafton, a brilliant preacher, then in the finest flower of his popularity. The Westfield Know Nothings had aided the movement which had made Mr. Trafton the successful candidate of their party for Congress from that district. With the consent of Mr. Trafton, the Westfield stewards tried to bring about an arrangement by which Mr. Haven should exchange every other Sunday with Mr. Trafton, then stationed at Mittineague. Mr. Haven was urged to comply with this proposal, and his kind but firm refusal grieved some of his supporters. Some of the parties to the affair may still remember their embarrassment when the new pastor quietly remarked that he supposed, no doubt, they had taken as much pains to obtain the consent of the Mittineague officials as they had to obtain his own.

This spirited course cost Mr. Haven some good feeling, some friends, and many hours of patient meditation. To aggravate matters, a new Congregational Church was started during the year, under the leadership of a new and popular pastor, though too much

bent on success to be at all times polite and fraternal. "Our own discord and their free seats and pressing entreaties of the congregation, and even of our members, have affected us some for good and for bad. The congregation has fallen off fifty to seventy-five, and the pew rents even more in proportion. But social meetings have improved, and the Church is now in better working order."

The resulting irritation showed itself in an attempt to secure Mr. Haven's removal at the end of the first year. "They got up quite a storm over my return, but the majority was against them, and I submitted without a will." That he submitted without a word need not be believed, however meek his general bearing. One of the stories which held its course about this period was told in the form of a dialogue between Messrs. Trafton and Haven.

Trafton. Brother Haven, I have made up my mind to take a trip to Canada this summer. If you will go along with me, look after the baggage, etc., I will pay your bills.

Haven. Thank you, Brother Trafton, you are very kind. But you must excuse me, I don't think I should enjoy playing second fiddle in Canada any better than I should in Westfield.

But, although there was some keen sparring over the subject, there was no want of kind feeling on either side. Mr. Trafton was always on the most cordial terms with his successor. The latter greatly admired the wit and audacity of his brilliant friend. Agreeing in the main

on public and ecclesiastical questions, they had some points of collision, around which they kept up a continual blaze of argument and repartee. One of these points was the rightfulness of women's voting. Years afterward they used to visit different places together to discuss this question before large and interested audiences. One would open the ball with a statement of his views of the subject, and then the other would follow with either a retort or a counter statement, as he chose. Returning from one of these occasions, Mr. Haven told the following story of their joint labors the night before: "Last evening Trafton and I went off to —, on our duel over Women's Suffrage. I spoke first, and had a tip-top time putting my case. Every point told, and the audience evidently enjoyed it. Just as I was closing I said to myself, 'Wonder how Trafton will manage this thing? He can't answer it, and he will not own up.' So I wound up, and sat down happy."

The sympathetic listener asked, "Well, how did Trafton manage it?"

"Manage it!" said Haven, "manage it! Why, of course, he managed it. I should like to see the thing he couldn't manage. But then, he didn't do it fairly, though; he knew he couldn't answer that argument, and he was a great deal too bright to try. Trafton could give Danton odds in audacity, and beat him every time. I don't think there's another man alive who would dare to play the game he played last night."

"How was it?"

"Why, this is how it was: You see, the old fox

knew he couldn't touch the argument, and that the audience was with me, and so he took a new line. He marched out on the platform, looked no end of pity and scorn out of his flashing eyes, and then said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, did you ever hear such an impotent attempt at argument as that? Some things are so utterly preposterous that the only sensible way to deal with them is to laugh at them, and that is what I am going to do with Brother Haven's speech. I wish you would all join me in laughing at it as it deserves.' Then that old fellow went at it and laughed with all his might, and so naturally, that others began to laugh, too, and in three minutes that entire audience was convulsed with laughter. They laughed like maniacs, and it seemed as if the hideous roar would never end. Why, everybody laughed, and I laughed with them. When the fun was over Trafton complimented the crowd on their good sense, and said there was no need of his showing the logical weakness of a speech which they had shown such contempt for. I told them that Brother Trafton's speech was more logical than it usually was. They laughed some, but I couldn't save the fight. Probably most of that audience didn't see that I was not squarely beaten. Trafton is a cool head."

A man of such qualities could not resist the social charm of Mr. Haven. Personally they were on the best of terms during Haven's Westfield pastorate as well as afterward. Nevertheless, the young pastor was somewhat disturbed over the evident want of pulpit gifts which he supposed to be implied by such an affair.

Such thoughts troubled him a great deal, for the Journal says, May, 1856:

I often have grave doubts as to being in the way of duty. I think I cannot make a successful preacher, having never had any great influence in the pulpit. Whether I ought to stay in it or go to other fields of labor God knows. I shall follow his will so far as I can learn it; and I believe he will declare it to me. I have a very pleasant place and many pleasant people. Yet somehow my intercourse with them, though free, is to myself forced. I do not love it as one ought, to succeed perfectly. It is work, pleasant and faithfully done, but yet work, seen, felt, in its burdensome nature.

It will be noticed that Mr. Haven grounds his judgment that he should never become a successful preacher on his visible want of pulpit success rather than any personal perception of the faults that hindered him. His mind was full of information, and plans of sermons swarmed upon his hands as he studied the Scriptures. The very affluence of his ideas and words made it desirable that he should prepare his sermons with great care. In those times he always did best when he wrote out his sermons in full. Not only do his sermons on political topics show qualities which would make any man a pulpit success, but the earliest of his written sermons on the common themes of the Gospel were much more successful than his extempore ones. Writing kept him from splitting up his theme into too many subdivisions, and held his attention closer to the topic he had to treat. But even the written sermons of that period, except the political ones, show defects which he needed to escape. He composed his discourses with great heat and rapidity.

Not unfrequently a sermon would be thrown off at a single sitting on Saturday and preached the next day, without the firm and careful revision which should always purge such hasty productions. He took the opposite course from that followed by Dr. Bushnell, of whom, in the earlier years of his ministry, his biographer says: "The writing of sermons for Sunday occupied him nearly all the week. In those days he wrote slowly and with a good deal of labor. The work that should have ceased with the morning was too often carried on through the day and into the evening hours." Had Mr. Haven been willing to take similar pains with his work, he might have ranked among the best preachers of our time. Yet he gradually escaped the main faults which marred his early preaching. He grew familiar with theological truth, and shaped it into forms of his own, which frequently recurred in his discourses. Then practice taught him to avoid too great complexity of sermon-plans, and too great detail in executing them. Still the impression clung to him, after he had become editor of "Zion's Herald," that he was weak as a preacher. Turning the theme over with a friend, he said, "I became convinced after a time that I should not make a success in the pulpit. I couldn't see why my preaching wasn't as good as Newhall's or Studley's. Indeed, I thought it was better; only I could not persuade other people that it was. Once, when Newhall was about to leave Bromfield Street, I exchanged with him. I took one of my best sermons, gave it in my best style, and said to myself, 'I wonder if they will not

nibble at my hook?' But those big fish would not even nibble—didn't seem to know that I wished they would. That was about the only time that I ever fished for stewards instead of men, and I fared as I deserved."

Of course, we can see from such statements how intensely the young preacher had longed to match the preaching of such men as Storrs, Bushnell, Olin, and Durbin. He had studied the matter with great diligence and eagerness. His later accounts of such preachers as Spurgeon, Beecher, Cumming, and Punshon show how well he had marked and remembered every element of pulpit excellence he had ever encountered. It was this sort of success that he despaired of reaching. He had many an uncomfortable hour over the subject, and never did accept defeat in his own mind. But it should not be supposed that the feelings we have now described were the ones which generally prevailed as he went about his daily work. His abiding conviction was that the ministry was his true calling, that he had something special to say to the Methodist Church and the world on the kindred sins of slavery and caste, and that he was to have a degree of success in the plodding tasks of a faithful pastor over which he might well be thankful.

It was sometimes remarked among Mr. Haven's friends how wonderful it was that no breath of scandal ever was so much as breathed against his good name from any quarter. He was so free, so approachable, so ready to listen to all kinds of people, that such a mishap would not have been strange. Probably most of his old

parishioners at Westfield will learn with surprise, and for the first time, that he stood on the perilous edge of such a ministerial trial while he was their pastor. The incident on which the peril was founded is told in a letter written to the Malden friends from Westfield on Thanksgiving Day, but whether in 1855 or 1856 cannot be made out :

I think I will go to bed, for I am some tired. Every day this week until to-day I have been at work in the woods, chopping and piling logs. One of my brethren gave me all I would chop down. So I have been as busy as Billy Wait used to be, and accomplished about as much. I have piled up about eight cords in the woods awaiting the coming of sledding. It was very pleasant work these nice warm days. My little paddy *protégé*, (who smiles just like Landon, and is as nice a little Protestant as one can well come across,) and I worked together in the sunny solitudes as happy as the squirrel Adjidaumo.

This nice little paddy, with the Landon-like smile, with whom Pastor Haven worked for three days in the sunny solitudes of the Westfield woods, was a woman. Just fancy how such a story, had it once attracted any body's attention, would have sped through the shops and stores of rumor-loving Westfield. And to think of the good name of one who was blameless as Joseph exposed to such a peril ! Perhaps the reader wonders how such a transaction running on for three days should have escaped every body's attention. It was the most natural thing in the world, however, for the woman was dressed in men's clothing. She had come to Westfield in that disguise, had appeared in the *rôle* of a convert

from Catholicism, and had awakened Mrs. Haven's interest to procure him suitable employment. He worked in the parsonage garden and about the places of some of the Westfield families, and, as he had nothing else to do at the time, had offered his assistance to Mr. Haven in his wood-chopping expedition. Work was afterward procured for the fellow in either a whip shop or a cigar factory; and some months afterward he was discovered to be a woman. She cleared up all doubts as to her story about her antecedents. No stain had ever fallen on her character either at Westfield or elsewhere. The sole motive alleged for her disguise was that she could earn twice the wages as a man that she could as a woman.

Pastor Haven and his wife looked each other in the eyes with amazement when the story reached them. They had both been without a suspicion of the real state of the case. They had no doubt but somebody would recall the joint labors of the minister and his *protégé(e)*, but it seemed to have faded completely out of the recollection of all who knew it. Meanwhile the pure-minded pair at the parsonage walked in the perfect confidence of perfect integrity.

Some glimpses of his Westfield life may be gathered from a letter to his mother-in-law :

You asked me to write you a letter. What in the world you want of a letter of mine is more than I can imagine. Such silly and sinful stuff, so unlike what the old-fashioned Methodist preachers talked and wrote, would only make you more sure that the world is going from bad to worse as fast as time and the wicked One can carry it.

. . . I spent last week at a camp-meeting, and enjoyed it exceedingly. I thought how much you would love to be there, and how this choicest of delights is unprized and unenjoyed by all your children in all their generations. That was the text I meant to have preached this sermon from, and no mere love-sick or nonsensical one ; but the old Adam was too strong for the young Christian. I spent four days in a very beautiful grove, on the top of a high hill, in great peace and quietness, and with enthusiasm enough to make it lively and powerful. I suppose the meetings of to-day are not much like what you have seen, either in the tents or around them. Both the good people and the bad are more quiet in their exercises than of old. The wild crowds around were comparatively harmless, and the companies in the tents corresponded. Yet there was no lack of life ; sermons were good, and full of feeling ; some as much so as any I ever heard in my life. Meetings very melting, uniting, and heavenly. No place like the woods to worship God in ; the singing good, old, earnest, thunderous ; the praying right up into heaven ; preaching, as by Christ, in the open air, with no walls of wood and stone, of fashions and frivolities, for the Spirit to break through.

I suppose you would like a Methodistic talk to wind up this long-linked sweetness, extending from dog days to black frost. The kind of religion called Methodism of the old sort doesn't flourish very much here, though the people called Methodists are quite numerous. We have the materials for the old kind of Methodists, the shouting, weeping, melting sort, but they are dumb and dry. Here and there one remains. Prominent among these is an old man, Father Cadwell, very poor, yet very rich. His talks of God and with God are richer than any I ever heard elsewhere. Not Dr. Olin, in all his glory, had a soul arrayed like this simple-hearted Simeon. Yet his words are often powerless. The people murmur at the length of his talks and prayers. They never see the open heavens which his faith brings near them. You mustn't think we are all dead in trespasses and sins. New souls are added to the Church weekly, and many are active and progressive. But the old-fashioned power, without the noise and with it, is a rare guest at our meetings.

In a biography of Gilbert Haven something more seems required concerning "Father Cadwell." Mr. Haven frequently spoke of him as a remarkable instance of the purifying and inspiring power of a personal experience of religious truth. Before his conversion, Mr. Cadwell was a man of simple habits, living in a hermit-like solitude, somewhat addicted to profanity and strong drink, sad, meditative, and silent before strangers. In a remarkable revival of religion, under the ministry of Rev. Guy Noble, a local preacher, Mr. Cadwell became a professed Christian. This made no change in his external way of living, except that it purged him of his former vices, and made him a regular attendant on the whole round of Methodist religious services. He had no education beyond the simplest rudiments of knowledge, knew nothing of local or national politics, and had no desire to gain secular wisdom. Upon his religious life his entire attention was concentrated. He read the Bible only so far as it spoke to his own mind and heart; the gospels, and the Psalms, and the prophets, he fed upon day by day. He brought an uncaptious mind and a loving heart to the preaching of God's holy word, taking its rebukes to heart as faithfully as its promises. He compared in love-feasts, watch-nights, prayer-meetings, and class-meetings, his own religious life with that of others. So entire was his humility that pride never hindered his growth in piety. Thus he naturally developed a wisdom in the things of God which was a surprise to many.

He had been instructed to take literally the Pauline

text, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation," hence he made confession of his religious experience with the simplest sincerity. His solitary house was the scene of much prayer. He spent many a lonely night-watch in that delightful communion with God, besides his regular seasons of fervid and vocal devotion. In this way he grew wonted to the language as well as the act of prayer. His native dialect was such pure Yankee, that he was a sort of converted Hosea Biglow. This led to a remarkable blending of the simple and grand language of the Scriptures with the racy phrases of the rustic Yankee. Those who appreciated the religious value of the humble man were wont to speak with wonder of the marvelous way in which this simplest of men would interest and move a large vestry full of all sorts of people. Mr. Haven used to say that people would hold their breath in amazement over his most exalted flights. Such was the man who appeared to Mr. Haven a lingering representative of the old-fashioned Methodists.

On the 30th of January, 1856, a second son was born to the pastor and his wife. His advent is narrated to a friend as follows:

We have a new Paul Dombey squaring off at existence and screaming, as the Spaniards say, because of the sharp and painful clutch of Satan. Said child of Adam, therefore sinner, and child of Christ, and therefore saint, till he decides for himself which he will be, appeared among us the 30th of last January, and has sustained his part in the family concert with great effect ever since. He is fat, if not saucy,

keeps up a continual grin at existence, and will undoubtedly achieve his destiny here and hereafter. May it be a holy and blessed one through grace divine! We talk of calling him William, partly after several friends of his parents who bear that prefix, partly because it condenses his character into a word and a title, Will-I-am, and hence like the prophetic ones of Scripture or those posterity appends to developed lives, very judiciously embodies in the person at the start what it is known he will be.

Pleasant days were these at the Westfield parsonage with the darling wife and welcome child. Mr. Haven's happiness over it all went flashing off in letters and journals, and possibly sermons, too. Here is a Teniers-like interior, thrown off for the boy's grandmother Ingraham :

Mary has run away this morning with another chap, (Brother Savage and wife,) as perhaps you have judged from my recommencing this talk. A little after sunrise she started off for the woods chest-nutting, leaving me and the baby to take care of ourselves. It is now noon, and she has not returned yet. I don't know as she ever will. Young America Ingraham Haven has stuck to his bed most of the time, though he is just now squirming in my left arm, while my right makes obeisance to you. You haven't seen the snapping turtle, as William calls him. He's got some snap in him, and the turtle begins to develop more and more as he progresses in his locomotion. He looks as well as you could expect considering his parentage. I hope he will make up in Ingraham "intellect" and caricature for his unfortunately Havenic type of countenance. But Molly has re-appeared, and I must appear grateful, even to the neglect of you.

In the summer of 1856 Mr. Haven visited Middletown, at Commencement, to attend the tenth anniversary of the graduation of his class. He was invited to make

the main address to the class, and performed the task with such tact and felicity as to make quite a stir in college circles. This was a success which had a very especial charm for Mr. Haven. Few men ever have cherished the memories of college life and remembered their classmates more affectionately than he. The invitation to speak on such an occasion on such a theme touched his heart, and so he knew how to touch everybody's heart in turn.

Rev. D. D. Whedon, D.D., the newly elected editor of the "Methodist Quarterly Review," was induced by the quality of this speech to ask Mr. Haven to write for that journal. This result of his Middletown performance was the more welcome to him because some articles of that sort which he had sent to Dr. M'Clintock had been politely declined. This literary and college recognition gratified him the more because it came to him amid his trials in the Westfield pastorate.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRIANGLE.

Successive Friendships—Characteristics as a Friend—The Triangle—The Three Angles—G. Haven, F. H. Newhall, G. M. Steele—The Fourth Angle, D. Steele—Fun and Work—Letter from the 'Cute Angle.

FEW men ever enjoyed the companionship of those they met in the routine of daily life more than Gilbert Haven. There was a democratic element in his feelings as well as convictions which found full and instant expression in a cordial and spontaneous interest in those around him. On first seeing him in such circumstances, one might suppose him perfectly satisfied with such society, so complete would be his apparent absorption in it. Yet there was always a tendency to have a small knot of special intimates with whom his relations would be more free from constraint or reserve. Before his college days this trait showed itself in connection with such men as the Revs. William Rice and George Landon, and the winter he was teaching in Saugus with the same Rev. Mr. Rice and Fales Henry Newhall. In college he was a general favorite with all classes; yet he counted it among the proudest of his undergraduate honors that he was a member of the Eclectic Society. But this habit prevailed even within the circle of that society. In his own class Newhall and Ingraham were his elect Eclectics; and in the class of '45 John W. Beach, as in the class of

'47 Charles H. A. G. Brigham, had a very high place in his esteem. At Amenia E. O. Haven and W. M. Ingraham were his inner companions while they continued there, and then came Alexander Winchell and A. J. Hunt. George M. Steele and Fales Henry Newhall were in similar relations with him during his pastorate at Wilbraham. When they were scattered so widely that such association became impossible, a much younger class of men grew into similar intimacy with him. In a familiar letter to an old friend, written soon after he became editor of "Zion's Herald," he mentions the following new companions, members of the New England Conference: W. F. Mallalieu, S. F. Upham, D. H. Ela, M. M. Parkhurst, J. O. Knowles, L. T. Townsend, and G. Prentice. All these were warm and welcome friends of the new editor, and some of them grew to be as intimate friends as he had ever possessed. He had a much wider circle of welcome acquaintances, who never became, in this higher sense, intimate acquaintances. Any person who had once entered into this closer relationship never dropped out of it. Distance and want of time might render the chances of meeting rare, but all the partners in that goodly fellowship were always ready to renew it. He went on making friends in this way of all the companionable men about him. We should mention more names, but for the risk of not being able to stop. Men who rarely entered into such relations found it almost impossible to resist his cordial presence; and to many a shy and recluse nature his gentle intrusions were welcome as sunrise. Some of his views and ways shocked and re-

pelled Bishop Janes as those of few people could, yet that devout but magisterial man at last grew to love him. There were other Bishops who regarded his elevation to the episcopate as a public calamity, and yet poured out their tears like rain upon his coffin.

Hence the circle of his sincere friends was always growing. It was not possible for the looker-on to say who was only acquaintance and who intimate friend. But there was a tender kindness, a swift and delicate consideration for such, which the recipients could not fail to recognize. For them he was ever on the alert to do or say something to evince his tenderly real regard. With them, too, he felt an irresistible impulse to be nakedly sincere and true. His friendships usually began with some kind and appreciative act on his part. Then would come mutual study, approach, sympathy, and attraction. This would be the time for ceremony and compliment. With many he could never go beyond this point, and these never became really his intimates. He said, like Emerson, "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another."

Without having philosophized about it, Mr. Haven carried these ideas into his connection with his real friends more thoroughly than is common, even among

the sovereigns of this realm. The compliments would presently open the way for the recognition of the whole character of the new friend ; and then it would appear that Haven knew all his bad points just as well as his good ones. But his expression of all this would be so pervaded with kindness that it all seemed the result, not of an effort to know your weaknesses, but to help you against them. These relations once established with any person were kept up with great care. For instance, he had got on such a footing in college days with the Rev. Charles H. A. G. Brigham, who became a Calvinist at the theological school, and was settled over a Congregational Church at Enfield, Conn. They rarely met, except at Commencement, in Middletown, but never failed to encounter each other as men who could afford to say any thing of and to each other. Mr. Haven liked everybody to show respect enough for his own convictions to act on them. Hence he used to tell, with the raciest enjoyment, about Brigham's coming to college, after he was converted to the bluest Calvinism, and reading at chapel prayers the first chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, as if that settled the whole question. We find in the Journal this smiling remark about the same man : " Had a characteristic note from him the other day, in which he berates our side roundly : ' Arminianism is the doctrine of the carnal heart,' etc."

Of all these groups of interior friends, perhaps the one known as " The Triangle " best deserves an extended account ; first, because it ran on from its foundation, in 1854, until it was broken up by the successive elections

of Daniel Steele to the Chair of Greek in Syracuse University in 1862; of Fales H. Newhall, in 1863, to the Chair of Belles-Lettres in Wesleyan University, at Middletown; and of George M. Steele to the presidency of Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wis. Then the persons forming "The Triangle" were at a similar stage of their development. They were all graduates of the same college; they had all been several years out of college; they had all selected the clerical profession; they had all joined the same Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; they were all at the same stage of the endeavor to adjust themselves to its self-sacrificing work, and they were all inspired by similar, if not equal, desires to become skillful in the word of God, masters in the pulpit, and well read in general literature. Such associations cannot be repeated in the experience of the same person; and it follows that a study of Mr. Haven's career gains great illumination from a careful survey of one such elect group. If we needed authority for this course, we should find it in the remark of a prince of recent criticism, that we must carefully note in the case of every study of a talented man, "the first knot, the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his talent broke forth, took form, and became adult. By group I mean, not the fortuitous and artificial assemblage of intellectual people who combine for some purpose; but the natural, and, as it were, spontaneous association of young minds and youthful talents, not exactly similar and of the same family, but of the same brood and the same spring-tide, hatched under the

same star, and who, with varieties of taste and vocation, feel themselves born for a common work."

What they attempted to do in "The Triangle" will be told by a member thereof. But perhaps it would be going too far to expect them to furnish pen sketches of each other as they were in those bright and happy days. An outsider can speak with no dread lest he see them other than they were under the strange mirage of a fond memory.

Fales Henry Newhall was several years younger than Mr. Haven, always his peer, and in college a shade his superior in scholarship. He was a genuine product of the institutions of New England. He had grown up in a country village between Lynn and Boston, but so near the former that his youthful ears must have feasted on the picture-suggesting tones of "The Bells of Lynn" long before they were "heard at Nahant" by Longfellow, and interpreted to the world. He was of the old Lynn Methodist stock, had been trained to be honorable as a matter of course, and to piety as a natural fealty of strong and good minds to God; he was a Christian to the inmost core, and a Methodist by choice as well as ancestry; he had many points of agreement with the other angles of "The Triangle," set off, however, by points of dissimilarity. While all were good scholars, he was doubtless the one to whom scholarship was more a vocation than to the rest. He had not only a clearer sense of what such a calling demanded and promised, but a greater readiness to subordinate other pursuits to this. He was from the outset the most finished writer

and speaker among them. His early sermons showed careful study, conscientious preparation, and studied delivery. His ordinary preaching might show less sudden and moving inspiration, fewer touches of creative genius, than Mr. Haven's did, but it was also free from the unguarded statements and defects of style which marred Haven's discourses at the worst moments. He had more refinement in thought and manner than either of his friends.

The main point of further difference between him and them was a certain lack of original wit and humor, qualities in which they abounded. It would be wholly wrong to attribute to him any defect of perception for wit and humor, as it flashed out in their intercourse. If really nothing less than a surgical operation can introduce the point of a jest into a Scotchman's head, Mr. Newhall was not Scotch; his appreciation was instantaneous and complete. But all that he added to their sometimes uproarious mirth was applause and stimulating laughter, or such good stories as he chanced to recall. They used to say jocosely that Fales was an indispensable partner in their fun, because they could tell over all their old stories, sure of his unfailing applause; but in that inconsiderate remark a touch of malice made them forget that the part of appreciator easily drops into that of *claqueur*, when the actors are friends. On the side of imagination Newhall stood as much nearer Haven than any other as G. M. Steele did in the realm of wit. He was a brilliant rhetorician and declaimer, and he added to these excellent qualities something further, the secret

of the real orator, the skill to enchain, fascinate, and electrify audiences. Hence he was the preacher in this little knot of friends. Had he not been retired from active service on account of wounds, Mr. Newhall would have been as useful and honored as the best.

George M. Steele has been so far described already that only a few supplementary touches will be required. His fundamental quality is cool and clear common-sense. This is re-enforced by the trait which Yankees style 'cuteness; the other members of "The Triangle" used to call him the 'cute angle, and he never dishonored the title. He has that melancholic taint which haunts many persons of genuine wit. He is as remarkable for the latter quality as Mr. Haven was, so that things would naturally be lively whenever they met. Many stories used to run their rounds illustrating this peculiarity in Mr. Steele. In a class which began Greek under him at Wilbraham was a spirited, impulsive, and independent young lady named Hurlbutt. She was an accurate and brilliant scholar; she was uniform in her work, but not quick to recover her mental poise when once she had lost it. One day it fell to her to decline *veavíac*, a young man. Simple as the task was she got flustered, and stopped short, with a flushed face. Mr. Steele, knowing that she could do it, said in an encouraging tone,

"Miss Hurlbutt, decline *veavíac*."

Deeper flushes and persistent silence were the only response.

"Try again," said the teacher.

Sharp and sudden came the answer,

“ I will not ! ”

Every body was startled ; they had never heard such an answer there ; yet every body knew that the young lady was far from intending the utter discourtesy her words expressed. But by this time her nerves were in such a strained condition that the lightest words of rebuke would have released a flood of tears. But instead of the expected reproof came the following quietly given comment :

“ Please take notice, young gentlemen, that Miss Hurlbutt will not decline a young man.”

The next five minutes were spent in laughter, and a comfortable atmosphere pervaded the room.

Sometimes this gift served him well when he was in the ministry in enabling him to puncture with careless seeming hand absurdities which either did not require or would not admit severer handling. Some good people in his congregation one day asked him to give out notice of a “ holiness meeting.” “ O yes, of course,” said the courteous pastor. Then, with an expression of bewilderment, he added, “ By the way, what are all these meetings I hold for ? ”

It may be imagined that two such men as Gilbert Haven and G. M. Steele sometimes made the meetings of “ The Triangle ” lively. But that was one of the ends “ The Triangle ” was meant to achieve ; its members needed such relaxation, and did their graver work all the better for it. On one occasion Mr. G. M. Steele reached the meeting two or three hours behind time.

He found the other members sitting gravely at their task, greatly interested in it, with dictionaries and works of reference open around them. He made an apology for his tardiness, which was coldly received. Suggestions that were not exactly complimentary were thrown out, and an unwillingness to go over the hard work they had got through for the benefit of the laggard was aired. But when he had eaten humble pie enough, it came out that they had done nothing but chat until he was seen coming, when they had suddenly donned the air of toil for his humiliation.

It is clear from Mr. Haven's papers that the amount of Greek and Hebrew read in those meetings was somewhat larger than that stated by Dr. G. M. Steele in the letter to be given. First and last Mr. Haven read Isaiah, the Psalms, Genesis and Job. There was a proposal made that he should prepare a commentary on Job in the series issued under the editorship of Dr. Whedon, at New York. He made some preliminary studies for such a work, but very justly felt that he had not the requisite learning for the task, and a similar feeling led him to decline a proposal from the same source that he should prepare a History of Christian Doctrine of the first three centuries. These proposals were rejected as early as 1865, and about that period Mr. Haven's interest in learned pursuits fell away. He did not intend that it should be so, but his pen was enlisted in the service of the "Christian Advocate," and "The Independent," and other papers. Hebrew gradually became unfamiliar to him after that point, and he only

reviewed the New Testament and Homer in Greek. His interest in such studies was very great, but neither in theology nor biblical science did he ever gain eminence.

But his reading was immense, especially in the realm of new books; but even there it followed no definite plan. What he happened to have on hand that was interesting he was sure to read, and chance had much to do with the order of his readings.

The Rev. Daniel Steele became a member of this set at a later period in spite of the absurdity of having a four-angled "Triangle." He was like the rest in his profession, theology, aims, devotion to study, companionable qualities, and downright sincerity. He stood nearest to Newhall in the general cast of his mind, and farther than he from the humorous angles of "The Triangle." A thorough scholar and industrious student and careful preacher, he lacked some of the more popular traits of his associates. He had neither Newhall's oratorical gifts nor the humor of G. M. Steele and Haven; but he represented hard work, conscientious devotion to all truth, and faithfulness to the souls of men. He needed the relief of such an association as "The Triangle," and found profit and recreation in its meetings.

Rev. G. M. Steele, D.D., has kindly given the following account of the little coterie and its work in a private letter :

WILBRAHAM, *December 7, 1880.*

MY DEAR PRENTICE: You asked me to give you some account of the meetings for study and diversion, in which Newhall, Haven, and myself, and afterward Daniel Steele, indulged from twenty to

twenty-five years ago, and which under the various cabalistic names of *Noctes*, *Symposia*, and especially "Triangle," became so famous in our small circle. I am not certain that I can recall details enough to make any adequate representation of our meetings, but I can, at least, give you some general notion of them.

I think the subject was first broached in a letter from Newhall to Haven. It was early in the conference year of 1854-55 that we met together at Wilbraham and first devised a definite plan of study and agreed upon a course of reading in Hebrew and Greek. Our first meeting in pursuance of this plan was at Wilbraham, June 26, 1854. During that conference year we met some five or six times regularly, besides some partial meetings at Springfield, Wilbraham, and Warren. The next year we were more widely separated, and met less frequently, but still kept up the compact and plan of study. Afterward, as we all had our appointments in the vicinity of Boston, we met more regularly, and it was then that Daniel Steele came in with us. The usual custom was to meet and spend a part of two days and one night together. We had as our central and more systematic work a certain definite amount of Hebrew in one of the Old Testament books, and of Greek from one of the classic authors. I cannot tell precisely the amount of our reading, but I think we went through with the whole of Isaiah, most of the Psalms, and in addition parts of Job and Daniel. We also read Plato's "Gorgias," the "Apologia," and "Phædo;" also Demosthenes on "The Crown," and a little of Homer. There was frequent resort to the Greek Testament; but as this was supposed to be a part of our regular religious diet, we did not apportion it out in regular lessons. Of course, these subjects furnished us with occasions for endless discussions on topics of theology, philosophy, sociology, politics, morals, literature, etc., and it was not an unusual thing for several hours in the day to be consumed in animated discussion or hot debate, in which there was wit, sarcasm, brilliant repartee, sharp rejoinder, in which the utmost latitude and largest personal liberty were indulged, where the most savage criticism of one's favorite views was likely to be exercised, and that, too, with scarcely the possibility of provoking

resentment. Of course, there was a large amount of recreation, often, no doubt, bordering on mental dissipation, mingled in with our graver work. We usually had under consideration some literary work of high character, not always of the more solid kind, though sometimes this was the case; while recent speeches, lectures, new movements in politics, ecclesiastical affairs, literature, art, philosophy, and reforms, claimed and received their full share of attention. There were also free discussions on our religious work and religious experience, as well as of our Church affairs, not in any formal or very solemn manner, but with entire freedom and naturalness, just as about any other matters. The mutual personal criticism was quite as free as any thing else. We were rather unsparing, and sometimes incontinently severe. There was censure and praise and reproach and ridicule and suggestion and encouragement, all mixed up indiscriminately to all appearance, yet, I am sure, to the greatest profit. These meetings were seasons of marvelous interest, and of no small excitement. They were not always characterized by great dignity, nor noted for decorum. But they were times of enlargement, and at the same time of memorable enjoyment to all of us.

The latter years of our association there was very likely to be some literary enterprise of one or more of us, which came under discussion and had to stand the test of a pretty cold-blooded (the blood sometimes getting a little heated, however) examination and analysis—some published sermon, some newspaper or magazine article, and just at the last we had each of us arrived at the dignity of a “Quarterly Review” production, if not of several.

We had also taken names which were suggested by our reading in Daniel, “whose name was Belteshazzar,” which Haven applied to Daniel Steele, and which easily suggested the designation of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, for Newhall, myself, and Haven, respectively. We used to talk about the thing in a facetiously exaggerated manner, till some rather innocent souls began to be apprehensive of a widespread secret society, embracing nobody knew how many of our educated young men, who were aiming at the control of

the Conference, and perhaps having ulterior and more extensive designs. I don't think we ever did any thing to minify this terrific apprehension; at least, our style, especially Haven's style, of joking about it, made it loom like a tree in a fog, only more so.

We kept it up till about 1860, or nearly six years. Then the excitement of the times, the greater pressure of individual cares and duties, and the altered situations of some of us, caused the special meetings to cease for the most part, and finally to become a matter of history and memory. But these reminiscences were among the choicest of all our lives, and none of us has ever ceased to cherish them as some of the richest of our mental treasures. On his death-bed Haven recalled it in his final conversation with Daniel, and showed that it occupied a warm place in his affections.

I think you can get from the foregoing description all that you will need to give a fair representation of what, though it may not be of much public interest, was always regarded by Haven as no small factor in the formative influences of his life. You need not be told that the influence going out from him was far greater than any acting upon him from the rest of us. He was not so much of a student as Newhall, but he had a broader grasp and a quicker intuition and a deeper insight. Daniel was a hard-working, plodding student, never brilliant, and seldom witty; still his contributions to the common stock were often considerable. I have, perhaps, reckoned myself rather ostentatiously as an equal partner in this enterprise; and so, perhaps, I was, in some sense, socially and convivially. But it would be of no consequence to say that each of the others was my superior by a large majority in any intellectual comparison.

CHAPTER X.

ROXBURY AND CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Roxbury and Cambridgeport—The Great Revival—Haven's Work as Pastor—Trip to Eastham—The White Mountains—Life and Love at Flood—A Daughter Born—Sad Forebodings—Death of Mary Haven.

THE materials for a somewhat full account of the life of Gilbert Haven from 1857 to 1860, in his pastorates at Roxbury and Cambridgeport, do not exist. For the first time since his early college life, the Journal lapses into almost complete silence. After October, 1856, and down to 1864, it yields only five pages of such records. The first is a rapid summary of Church and personal news, the others are a letter of four sparkling, but not newsy pages, to the Rev. A. J. Hunt. The old friends of the Amenia period were now nearly all married and settled down to steady professional work, so that letters grew rare, while Malden and home were but six miles away, so that correspondence with those friends largely ceased. The members of "The Triangle" were all within easy reach of each other during this period. Their frequent meetings rendered much letter writing needless, since all personal news would naturally be exchanged and discussed at these gatherings. Preparation for their sessions, in addition to full work in their parishes, left them small leisure for writing. Some time during his residence in Westfield Mr. Haven took up the practice

of writing for the Methodist press, a habit which gradually absorbed much of his time and strength.

The few items of news entered in the Journal are such as must have made a deep impression on his mind. The birth of nephews and nieces, of his daughter Mary, the 7th of May, 1858, and the death of his sister Anna in 1857, must have had their own deeply moving suggestions for the mind and heart of the busy pastor. The great religious revival of 1857 was a season of refreshment and progress for the Roxbury Church. It was such a movement as would naturally arouse all Mr. Haven's interest and strain his energies to their uttermost tension. Yet the only record in the Journal bearing on that remarkable event is this: "There was a great revival here and every-where last winter. About a hundred joined this Church, and have witnessed a good confession." It would be very interesting, if we had the means for doing so, to trace Mr. Haven throughout that solemn and yet triumphant season, mark his personal participation in the revival work, and obtain his reflections upon the entire event. A lady who then waited on Mr. Haven's ministry was converted during that remarkable revival, and has maintained a faithful Christian walk ever since, always speaks of him as a most useful and faithful pastor. He gave himself wholly to that work, and visited the unconverted and the awakened with great assiduity and patience. His quick insight, native tact, and ready sympathy, made his way to the hearts of men quite easy. But beyond this general view of his activity in those awakening days, we have little

data for a fully detailed account. Only during about a fortnight, in February, 1858, have we a pretty connected picture of his share in that great religious movement. Mrs. Haven had gone to Amenia the first of that month, on account of a serious illness under which her mother was suffering. Letters fly to and fro from the third to the seventeenth of the month, and then stop ; for Mrs. Ingraham had died of typhoid fever on the eighteenth. She was very composed over the close of her life. She talked much about her husband, the children, and other friends, who had preceded her into that realm of unclouded day. The children mourned for her in sadness, but not in the hopeless way of heathen. In these letters Church news occurs mixed up with all sorts of chat about home and friends. On February 4

Dr. Raymond marched in and filled my ears and study with arguments. He gave us a great sermon in the evening ; but, like most great sermons, it didn't do the execution of smaller ones. A rifle brings down more game than a cannon. Trafton was sick and couldn't come. Thirty-one joined the Church Tuesday night, making, with those who had joined before, about forty. Ten or fifteen were absent who will join. There are new cases every night, though there was more of a lull last night than I was expecting.

Yesterday, the 7th, I preached in the morning, and Brother Charles Noble in the afternoon. There was a great crowd all day, and especially in the evening. A number of new cases of religious interest. Monday evening I preached to a very small audience, on account of very small notice, given as they were mostly gone out ; but we had six forward for prayers ; among them, the Mrs. Erskine whose father I buried. Her husband will follow to-morrow, I think. Yesterday was a black day in my catalogue. I attended funerals from ten in the morning till six in the afternoon ; Louisa Ladd was buried in the

morning, and Rev. Mr. Perkins, of Church Street, Boston, in the afternoon. The church was draped with black, and filled with mourners. The services were long and very solemn. Brother Crowell made an excellent address, and Father Taylor said some of his best things. We buried him at Woodlawn. Took tea at Brother Magee's, with Brother Rand and wife, Mrs. Page and daughter, Father Merrill, and Mrs. Jacob Merrill. We had a goodly meeting in the evening, and a number were at the altar. The feeling does not seem to grow, though new cases are constantly presenting themselves. Mrs. Erskine and her cousin were forward last night.

Some days later the pastor reports further :

The meetings hold out full, but there has been a lull since Monday night. Only five forward last night, three men and two young women. The men were clear cases ; one of them Brother R.'s son. One man was converted Thursday night who has been one of the worst in the city, so bad that his brother, an old backslider, said : " After they have converted him, they will only have one more to convert, and that is the devil." He seems quite changed, penitent, and prayerful, though he has been a great ringleader in all the deviltries, profanity, and drinking at the Point. Another, a rich young man, who has been a hard drinker, and has run through \$20,000 in two years, they say, has signed the pledge, and is very serious. I called on him Thursday with Brother Goodhue, and he and his wife appeared thankful for the visit. W. spoke Thursday night, and seems very clear and firm. This has broken Y. terribly, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him forward Sunday night. We are expecting that the work will break out afresh next week, under Father Merrill, and gather in many who are on the brink of decision. Friday night we had a very full house, a good sermon, and a large number forward, Mr. Erskine following his wife at last. Saturday evening the meeting was excellent. There were five new inquirers, besides as many old ones, and yet others under way. The Quarterly Conference unanimously requested our return another year by a rising vote.

In August, 1857, Mr. Haven attended camp-meeting at Eastham, and sent the following account of it in a letter to his wife and child :

DARLING MOLLY AND WILLY: In a very pleasant tent, under beautiful trees, with Rev. E. O. Haven and some lay dignitaries at my side, and a lantern dimly burning on a board, such are the surroundings of your venerable husband and father. With talking going on as fast as it can, I suppose you will not expect a very connected discourse, but, after camp-meeting style, warm, hearty exhortation. I wish you were both here, taking the sea baths, hearing, seeing, loafing under these pleasant little trees, and having a quiet and delicious time. We had a delightful sail down. The waves were quiet and the moon glorious; the crowd was good-natured, scattered around on the decks under the open sky, most of them without sleep. We arrived about four o'clock in the morning, and had a grand, dancing boat, leaping over the big waves on which we rolled to the shore, jumped off into the surf, and entered the nicest and quietest of groves. There is a very nice company here—Cousin Otis, Rev. Daniel Steele, and Rev. W. R. Clark. It certainly is the most perfect spot for a camp-meeting I ever saw, with fresh sea air, magnificent bathing in the real Atlantic outside Cape Cod, a grove of small but thickly studded oaks, and the barrenest sand hills, with salt grass and scrub oaks.

Good-bye,

GILBERT.

The next year he and William M. Ingraham took a short trip to the White Mountains, and he cheered the longing heart of the cherished wife with a letter telling the story of his wanderings :

FLUME HOUSE, FRANCONIA NOTCH.

MY DEAR MOLLY: Sunday night, and here I am in the most glorious place I ever looked on. I only and always wish you were here with me. But that cannot be except internally, and so I see

for you and feel for you, though my eyes and heart ache with the work that is set them. We had a magnificent day and drive up the Merrimack Valley, along the Pemigewasset, and got to the end of the railroad at one o'clock. After a miserable dinner, we got aboard an open stage and rode for twenty-four miles through a delightful up hill, down hill, and long level country, getting here at seven o'clock, tired, dusty, and delighted. We had a first-rate supper, and drank our fill of the great mountains that rise up before the door—Lafayette and Liberty—the last being an exact profile of Washington lying in state, the ridges of the mountain making up the features in a very distinct manner. This morning I took a book of poetry from the table, and alone climbed Pemigewasset, a fine hill, about as high as two Holyokes, rising beyond this house. I sauntered up solitary and alone, sitting on the old trees to read some fine passages of religious poetry, inspired by nature, and to gaze my soul full of the same sort spread out around me. So I got to the top, and my heart almost came out of my mouth. What a scene! I am not a painter, or I would give a sketch of it with this crayon on the rest of this page. I might as well undertake to tell it so as to do it in words. L. would do it if she were here, but she isn't, thank fortune! Fifty miles down the valley roll the mountains, and between them glitters the silver thread of the Pemigewasset, chief source of the Merrimack. On the east, out of a sea of pines, rise the sovereign heads of Liberty and Lafayette, one vast forest, without a sign of a house or a human being, topped with these crags. On the west there sinks a precipice thousands of feet, and at its base and up the sides of other mountains beyond rises another ocean of pines.

It was overwhelming. Wordsworth can only tell a little of it, and he is not here to be quoted. I was there about a half an hour and then came down.

We went to church and heard Dr. Thompson, of Salem, preach a good sermon. I did the singing, with many compliments from the crowd. In the afternoon Thomas Starr King preached. I sat in the pulpit, started the hymns, and made the prayer. Is not that as surprising as the mountains! Well, that isn't the end of it. After

singing and preaching he and I and William walked up the mountain together, and saw the sun set on those hills. This evening service was better than the morning, for the sun was shining, while in the morning it was cloudy, and sometimes foggy. Wordsworth is needed here also. Please look him up and read the appropriate passages. If he isn't handy, take the Bible, infinitely better, and about as unknown, and read the passages in the Psalms and Isaiah, Job and Revelation, which speak of the White Mountains. You will find lots of 'em if you know where they are.

Meanwhile we had drifted into controversy, and came down fighting on theology. After supper we sat down in the hall (he and his wife, William and I) and went at it. We talked "like brave men, long and well," for about two hours. All the boarders piling up around us to hear, I had liberty, and preached the Gospel to a great many ears that never heard it before. He is the petted, brilliant, and famous Starr King, and I an unknown Methodist preacher; yet they owned after we got through that he didn't whip me, Unitarians, Universalists, and all. I gave him some good hits, but I don't think he fairly floored me once. One hit was especially good. He was boasting of the Unitarian liberality in general matters, educational and philanthropic. I told him Unitarianism and Methodism started together here—Unitarianism with all the money, and Methodism going into the woods and mountains like these, and picking up the poor. Yet they had only one college besides Harvard, and that almost bankrupt; while we had about twenty, and about forty schools. It shut him up quick, and gave me a fine chance to expand on Methodism before a lot of big fellows who know nothing about it. So we had it out, and I preached my sermon to a very attentive audience. May the Lord bless it to the salvation of their souls!

Monday Morning.—After a restless night, caused by the climbing and the discussion, I arose at five o'clock and walked to the Flume. It was delightful there in the cool, calm, coming morn. I looked down the valley from this house, and while we and those miles below us lay in deep shade, beyond that for twenty or thirty miles the mountains were all up and laughing in the sun. We are

off for Lafayette, an eight or ten mile jaunt, the last three up rough, precipitous rocks. Emerson's verses have been running in my ears all the morning :

“ Full tenderly the royal day
Fills his blue urn with fire ;
One morn is in the mighty sky,
And one in our desire.”

When we reach the top of Lafayette, Washington's first lieutenant, I expect both heavens will meet. The mail is closing. Kisses for you and the babies.

GILBERT.

Always a man of very domestic tastes, and extremely happy in his home, Mr. Haven was during these crowded and fugitive years at the culmination of his fireside and family bliss. It is not easy to paint the difference between this stage of his life and earlier ones, though one feels it in the entire tone and spirit of these few letters. Before marriage there had been an incessant sense of want and incompleteness. Never had he reached a point where he was ready to say to that moment, “ Stay, thou art so fair ! ” But these letters show a heart content with its affections while wife and child are at home ; full of unspeakable longings when absences occur, but yet of smiling longings, because all such absences are swiftly to terminate in renewed society. If it were possible, we should be glad to make our sketch of this happy-hearted period a little later, after the birth of the daughter, Mary Michelle, May 7, 1858 ; but no correspondence of any extent between Gilbert and Mary Haven is to be found of that date. It is his pen which here gives most of the details of the

picture, partly because he and the boy are at home, so that news from them must be furnished the absent wife and mother, and partly because the latter is so busy with the offices of love and duty for her own dying mother. Mrs. Haven's letters are mainly given up to details of her mother's condition. Yet they reveal in every line the perfect peace and confidence which are only found in homes where Love ever maintains his supreme authority, and is strengthened with the growth of wedded souls. Brief and preoccupied as they are, they are brightened up with little touches of wifely and maternal tenderness, which tell their own story of perfect content and happiness.

The boy had never been separated from his mother so long before, and much of the correspondence turns upon him. February 3 Mrs. Haven writes :

I am glad you and Willy are so happy in my absence. I knew you could drive away all loneliness with meetings, books, and prayers, and I hardly believed Willy would grieve away much of his fat or fun, hard as it was for me to leave him. I haven't any anxiety about Willy, but I am almost lost without him. His little heart clings close to mine, and is almost as much one with it as his father's. Don't let him lack for care, and tell Anna [the servant] to have patience with his wants and willfulness. She must watch his hands and feet that he may not take cold in the changes of the weather.

The father responds the next day :

I suppose you are ready to receive a message from the Roxbury poorhouse. Willy waked up this morning, reared up like a fox, and asked, "Where's mamma? where's mamma?" Echo answered,

"Where?" He came to his memory, and said, "Gone to grandma; grandma sick bed." Here he comes now trotting through the entry and crying, "Breakfast is ready!" running 'way up to the chamber in the excess of his zeal to carry the glad tidings. . . . Willy is playing with his truck on the floor, and I shall take him down to the post-office with me, as it is very sunshiny and mild. Love of the loveliest kind from Willy, chattering on Anna's lap as she is putting on his coat.

Willy is as chipper as a spring robin when awake. He is sleeping very sound just now, like Zip Coon, whom you have heard me speak of in my melodious notes. He grows in looks and talk, so that I guess you would hardly know him. I find him a great deal of company nights, and see now what makes you so contented when I am away. Last night he woke up when I went to bed, and lay awake about an hour, telling the adventures of the day, interspersed with pulling hair and counting his toes. He counts up to ten with considerable success. . . . Have no anxieties about his catching cold or the mumps or something or other. Doubtless you long to hear him chatter and crow as he did last night just before I went to meeting, when he had a gale, interspersing it, like a true Methodist, with prayers, crying out, and getting down on his knees. He is not entirely forgetful of mamma, setting her chair, and fixing her pillow for her, but unless you come soon he will let you slide out of his memory. . . . Willy is as crazy as he can be this morning. He sends his love. I just tried to make him send you a kiss by me, but he refused. Now he repents, sends you a half dozen through my lips, and keeps his going in sign of ceaseless love. Mine are included in his.

The pretty mother's answer shows that she knows what to think about all that :

Good-morning to each of you. You, my boy, Willy, are just about popping up to see the daylight, and pull papa's hair, till he finds your stockings, and begins to make a stir generally, wishing all the while

you would lie down and go to sleep. . . . What shall I say to you, Willy? I can't begin to tell you how much I want to get you into my arms, and hear your little prattle, prattle. It will sound very sweet to my ears. Papa thinks I may not know you, you are getting to be such a wonderful boy. But we will see when I get there. My heart is full, but it cannot find expression on paper. You speak of Willy going out on Monday. It was cold and windy here. Be careful and don't expose him too much, and bundle him up, so that he will not take cold.

To all which maternal and wifely admonitions the merry-hearted father replies in the last letters:

You needn't worry about Willy a mite, much as you may, because you cannot see him. He never looked so well in his life, and bears the cold like an Esquimo. I took him to the post-office yesterday. He kept saying "cold water," as a sign of the feeling of his face, but wouldn't come in when I got home. He had to be run up and down the yard a good many times, and then sat in the shed some twenty minutes, while I manipulated the wood, protesting against coming into the house.

Mr. William and his handmaid went yesterday to call on the Hon. Josiah Quincy, at No. 4 Park Street. He offered his honor a demi-john with which he was enjoying himself when the old gentleman appeared at the door. Anna and the other maid-servants had a great laugh, and perhaps a great mortification also, over the free-and-easiness of the young prince.

These pictures of the charm and merriment introduced into their home-life by the darling son, thrown off in such easy and life-like touches, show how his mind and heart opened to their enchantments. No sense of incompleteness about these joys save what would disappear as soon as Mary should come home again. It is

noticeable how restless and uneasy he always was when she was away from home. When she left him for short visits at Northampton and Wilbraham, he was wont to tell her over and over again how very well he was getting on without her, and how needless it was that she should shorten her stay on his account. Yet the letters showed by the proceedings they recorded that he was as uneasy as Tantalus in his pain. Any thing was welcome that would take him away from home for a little time, were it only to dinner or tea, and so break up his unrelieved solitude. Calls to go out away from home were welcome, especially if they took him out of town upon some plausible employment. Sometimes he lets his troubles slip out when he supposes he is hiding them.

I should like to fill up this space with the feelings which stir within me. Perhaps you also would that you might thus be rid of yours. I don't see any great comfort in going through these agonies; hugging and kissing are a *vanitas vanitatum*. I must crowd the loves all back again into the hold and seal the hatchways. I can stand it as long as you can, as the darkey said to his aching foot. And you can stand it as long as duty says so. And there we will leave it, waiting for the good time that is near at hand, and not afar off.

But he had moods when he tried to reveal the internal flames of love, though he generally concluded that it was impossible.

I have just benedictioned the congregation, and now I will you. It is not unlikely that you are scribbling away to me with an aching side, while I am driving at you with an aching heart. I should like

to see you for about five minutes, and have an old courting spell while the folks were totally unconscious that such heavenly feasts were being enjoyed so near them. How little we must know of the higher beings and their loves when we are so ignorant of the feelings of those right about us. Sally knows nothing of the fire consuming your soul, and Willy is in like blissful ignorance of mine. . . . I had better leave this page a blank to express the inexpressible. . . . There are subjects I could once talk about, that have got beyond my depth now. It is foolish for those in mid-ocean to be talking about the water all the time. It will do before they start, and when they are going out of the harbor ; but it soon gets to be too big a subject for them. So of *the* subject. It must be left unsaid and unsung. We all love you as much as you know and reciprocate.

Alluding to this remark a little later the affectionate wife says :

The old Valley hasn't lost all its charms with the loss of its green leaves and grass. It is the first time I have seen it in winter since I used to listen for your footsteps and feel the heart throb at their approach. You may chide my affections as encroaching on your place. I know they have grown with my growth in years, and strengthened with my *weakness*. I can't stay for courting now. It is three o'clock in the morning. I have been up with Ma, and must lie down.

Mrs. Haven was probably sleepy from her long vigil when she wrote these lines, for she has here slipped into the only ambiguity that she is guilty of in the correspondence. But perhaps a little help will show us just what thought half shaped itself in her drowsy but loving brains. She had gone forth from that happy Valley to wander over the face of the New England Conference with her husband, until she had grown almost a stranger

to the home of her youth. Some day she had expressed her yearning to look upon the old familiar scene more frequently, and he had told her that, after all, it was but the common lot of her kind. For a husband's sake, they forsake father and mother, and often the early home as well, to cleave unto him. When the summons for this winter visit came, the husband had tried to brighten the prospect by saying: "Now you will see the happy Valley again, and can get on without your husband, who cannot leave the revival work. Pity that you should see the Valley stripped of its green leaves and grass." The exiled wife lets him know, that he may not be too anxious about her, that the Valley itself has a charm for her eyes even in winter, and that it has a higher and highest charm as the happy custodian of the spot where "I used to listen for your footsteps, and feel the heart throb at their approach." "You may chide my affections [for Amenian scenes and friends] as encroaching on your place" in my affections. But they [my affections for you] have grown with my growth in years, and strengthened with my weakness." Doubtless this was sleepy Mary's thought, though only half expressed; and a very pretty letter it was to send home to the patient husband. It is worth observing, likewise, that her heart is broad awake in spite of the sleepy brain. What else could have dictated that delicious sentence: "It is the first time I have seen it in winter since *I used to listen for your footsteps, and feel the heart throb at their approach.*"

This letter was sure to touch her husband, as his answer shows:

You got upon a strain which made me feel a little conscience-stricken, not to say a good deal, when you refer to my gentle chidings, and your growth in weakness. I often think I am not mindful enough of that increasing weakness. It don't seem possible that you are not full of health and strength, though I know so well the contrary. And I look forward with more fears than I dare express to myself. Ah, Molly, spite of all, our love is, as I said in my last, an ocean—the very midst of its measureless breadth and depth now, to its shores and harbors then. Deep and glorious as it was in those winter days seven years ago, and more glorious as it was in those winter days at Northampton, both were shallows to the present.

Turning back to those Northampton winter days, we find this record, under date of one of them: "Six months ago I entered that holy estate from which I hope never to be released, and which, I pray, may not by the hand of death be long interrupted." Never was a sincerer prayer uttered. With increased fervor did he pour out his supplications at this high flood of his married joys, that it might please God to make them one in life and one in death, now that his wife's health was seriously threatened. What the most anxious care and love could do was jealously done. But the general tone of Mrs. Haven's health was not by far so vigorous as it had been. Yet she seemed well and strong. Her spirits were high and her courage even higher. During the winter of 1859-60 she was a good deal ill, and lost something of her spirits and a great deal of her courage. No contemporaneous account of the closing scenes of her life from her husband's pen have come into my hands. Six years later we find this statement:

SUNDAY, *March 25, 1866.*

Six years to-night my dear wife sat in the rocking-chair beside my study table, and engaged in the last family prayers we ever had together. I preached that night a charity sermon in the Prospect Street Congregational Church, at Cambridgeport. I read her the discourse. We talked very cheerfully. She was bright, smiling, happy, but weak. At prayers she sang for the last time in the body. I have thought many, many times, how fitting was that hymn. How little I thought we should both be brought to test it, though in different ways. It was this :

“ Father, whate’er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at the throne of grace
Let my petitions rise.

“ Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free.
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee !

“ Still may the hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey’s end.”

She has proved the last verse and I the first. I hear that voice now, and the vacant chair standing in just the same relation to this table as that did makes it live all the more. The next Thursday she was confined about nine o’clock in the morning ; Friday night she was attacked with a fever ; and Tuesday noon “ His presence crowned her journey’s end ” with glory unspeakable and eternal.

CHAPTER XI.

MARY IN HEAVEN.

Gilbert and Mary Haven—The Happy Past—Present Desolation—Response to Sympathy—Chaplain Haven—A Blue Letter—Shyness of his Grief—The Memorial Days—Artistic and Real Sorrow Contrasted—Consolation.

IT would be safe to challenge persons who have read many biographies and been familiar with the interior life of many individuals, to produce a happier one than Mr. Haven's had been up to the death of his wife. His remarkable faculty for overlooking the petty vexations which infest and poison almost every position, of making the utmost of the friends about him, and for stealing some holiday joy out of the dullest round of homely duties, had rendered his life a scene of various enjoyment. Nobody could have known him in those days without a perception that he had a sunny nature, and that this world had, in the main, shown him scenes of unusual happiness. A perusal of his letters and journals would abundantly confirm this idea. It might strike many a reader that Mr. Haven had not been favored with so remarkable a profusion of earthly gifts and opportunities as many people, but it would be plain that he had the enchanter's skill of making the earth blossom beneath his feet and the happy air vocal around him.

To those who knew him only outwardly, it would seem that nothing so very unusual had befallen him

when he buried his beloved Mary out of his sight. He had lost many a friend before. His first-born son, George, and his sisters, Bethiah and Anna, had been very dear to him; and so had been Miss Emily Hunt, Mr. George Ingraham, and his father-in-law Ingraham. Yet these had been taken one after another. It was but one friend more who had passed on into the celestial city. It was, of course, a nearer friend than any other, the wife of his youth, that had now been summoned from his side. Certainly he had loved her very fondly, and midnight gloom had settled down upon his pathway on her removal; but such fortune is only the common lot, and the only wisdom would be to wait for the healing touches of time upon his wounded heart. Of course, he went about with a sad dejection upon his soul, and his face as well. He was silent, and abstracted, and seemed in his sorrow set off from any rash intrusions of sympathy. Yet, after a while, he began to talk again, and, save that an air of grief was upon all that he did, his talk had all its old dash and fire and charm.

Certain of his intimate friends saw much more clearly than others how fearful the shock had been, and they sought to comfort him by letters of the most delicate sympathy. They devised various plans to take him away from home, and so break in upon the gloomy current of sad thoughts that haunted his solitude. He responded in a hopeless way, and tried distraction of thought through little trips and excursions, only to find his heart bleeding the worse for the brave effort to overcome his grief. He answered the letters in the same

temper, and several of the responses are in almost the same words. To one very dear and helpful friend, Rev. William Rice, D.D., he replied in the following letter :

CAMBRIDGE, *May 11, 1860.*

DEAR BROTHER RICE : You have, doubtless, excused my silence. I am in no mood to write now, but feel that I ought sometime to acknowledge your very excellent and beneficial word of sympathy. I sink in deep waters. "All thy waves and thy billows go over me." I feel no relief, though I know and hourly feel how blessed is her condition, with what infinite calm of infinite affection she awaits the hour of my coming ; yet I feel the power of the human, the temporal. It seems to increase rather than decrease. O, what a terrible experience ! May God long preserve you or Kate from passing into it. There is no passing through it, till we pass through the gates into the city. Fales and I are talking of going to Niagara and Washington. I don't know that I shall go. I can do nothing here. It may be a slight relief to go away for a season, though I have no confidence in the medicine. If we go, I may call and see you on my way back. Remember me to your wife.

Yours truly,

G. HAVEN.

There were no friends who stood closer to him at that time than these, and they saw that they could not console him. None of them had ever passed through that consecration of like sorrow which gives high and noble natures the deep, subtle insight into the woes of the bereft, which alone has the talismanic power to beguile somewhat the keenness of griefs instinctively recognized as incurable. He did not reject any offices of kindness or repel the attentions which expressed the earnest desire to mitigate his agony. Once or twice he explained to friends whose counsels he did not follow,

that they did not comprehend the matter, and that a similar bereavement alone could make them wiser. He made no record whatever in his Journal for many months after this event. Apparently he could not bear to refer to the subject more than was unavoidable. He went about his parish work as well as he could with a broken heart. But his iron constitution yielded to the terrible strain. In the winter of 1860-'61 he was seriously ill, and so forbidding was the outlook at the next session of the New England Conference, that he was left without regular work. Then came the war. He thought it possible that he might find some relief in the diversified scenes of camp life. He offered his services as chaplain to Governor Andrew, was sworn in, and spent a night before starting for Washington with his regiment in Faneuil Hall. There he wrote a letter for his friends at home and gave it to Lieutenant Degan, of Lynn, to be forwarded to its destination in case he should not return home. Through some mistake the letter was at once sent to Malden, where it made a pretty somber impression. His sister, Miss Hannah Haven, replied. His response to her gives some striking glimpses of his usual moods:

You mistake in calling that a black letter. It was very solemn in its tone, I know, because it was written with the possible future clearly before me. But I was conscious of great lightness of heart in writing it, and, when it was done, went back and lay on my mattress as cheerful as ever I had been: much more so than I have been any time this year. Letters that speak about the possibility of dying in this service are not gloomy to me. I have walked in the valley of the shadow of death for more than a year, every waking hour and almost

every waking moment ; and I am enabled to say, " I fear no evil." It is the passage to my home, and though not pleasant to the feelings as a passage, the intense, immeasurable, unspeakable pressure of heart to reach that home makes me almost unmindful of the path that leads to it. I may, perhaps, long to be with my wife as much as with Jesus. I cannot argue, cannot give reasons for this state. I can only say that it exists, and it exists not only without the disapproval of my conscience, but with its hearty and constant approval. I know that I love my Saviour supremely. Without him the other loves that bloom in the heart would wither and die. But I also know that these relations of soul with soul are ordained of God, blessed of God, and perpetuated of God. For me the bitterness of death is past.

We may, perhaps, regard the mistake that sent his letter home as providential, in view of the graphic statement of his views and sentiments given in the answer. He never mentioned his wife in the pulpit in any direct or even veiled way. He had more than once heard such things carried to an extravagant excess which offended and shocked his finer sensibilities. He had written after such a performance to his Mary :

——— preached a rousing sermon for me in the afternoon, which swept them like a tornado—full of strong, round voice, easy postures, fair sense, and exceedingly pathetic stories. As usual with twice-marriedites, he piled up the agony over his first wife and his sorrow at losing her. What a power of delivery I shall have when I get my second wife ! I am afraid I shall not make much of a pulpit orator till that dreadful bereavement and blessed cure come along. No such tremendous sermon has been preached in our house since I have been here, unless Dr. Raymond did it.

Apart from his disgust at such questionable proceedings, his constantly living sorrow would not permit him

to allude to his wife under penalty of breaking down into sobs and tears.

The same modesty kept him from any display over her in print. Proudly as Lowell himself he could say :

"I come not of the race
That hawk their sorrows in the market-place;
Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please."

It is even remarkable, in view of the broken heart he carried abroad on his trip to Europe and the East, how carefully he kept all such allusions under control in his letters. "The Pilgrim's Wallet" shows, perhaps, three passages which might suggest to friends only that he was thinking of his beloved Mary. Near Tennyson's house, in the Isle of Wight, he wrote :

I regretted that I could not climb and see

"The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill."

But without the sight and sound of the steady beating of the sea upon the crags, the pathos of the moaning conclusion echoed in the soul ; a pathos which no other poet equals except Wordsworth, and he in but one line—the saddest in poetry :

"But she is in her grave, and O !
The difference to me."

So was it, too, at the house of Robert Browning, like himself, a widower :

The house seemed vacant. Her picture is on the wall. Yet one looks for the living presence of this greatest among women, but looks in vain. Other pictures and minor works of art make the room homelike, though not truly homelike. What a sad, perhaps uncon-

scious, presentiment of this hour ran through the lines of that tenderest and deepest of conjugal madrigals—"One Word More:"

"I shall never in the years remaining
Paint your pictures, no, nor carve your statues,
Make you music that should all express me.
So, it seems, I stand in my attainment.
This of verse alone our life allows me ;
Verse and nothing else have I to give thee.
Other heights in other lives, God willing ;
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, love."

Finally, in the "Last Look at England," his grief and hope found a touching but veiled embodiment:

But the moans of the sea swallow up all gayer fancies, and the too familiar lines roll and dash upon the inner and unseen shores of the soul:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray rocks, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

The day will come back to all who sorrow not without hope, more tender, more lovely, without night and without end. "Break from thy throne, illustrious morn !"

How sublimely the faith of the Gospel exalts itself above these moaning, beating waves of sorrow and time. They may howl with anguish; they may leap upon its base, and throw their cold spray far up its lofty sides; but they neither shake its foundations nor bedew its summits.

But while he shunned all human conversation about and direct references to his lost companion, he cherished her memory with marvelous intensity. Most of his near friends knew that he had lost his wife during the first week in April, and that the shadow of that dread

eclipse would annually becloud his path. As the sessions of the New England Conference then fell that week, he was apt to pass that solemn period in the company of many of his clerical brethren. The writer sat beside him on one anniversary of his bereavement, the third of April, 1865 ; we were both eagerly listening to a very eloquent speech before the assembly by George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, on the occasion of the fall of Richmond. As will be seen hereafter, he was living over in memory the scenes of the hour of parting with his wife ; yet he seemed wholly absorbed in that wonderful address, unless a somewhat unusual restlessness betrayed the intense emotion which was flaming so hotly within. Here and there a friend whom a like sorrow had made keener-sighted than the rest might discern what was going on ; the rest would not. One of these, Bishop Henry W. Warren, tells us how he had penetrated his secret.

I have found him, in subsequent years, in a kind of exalted, holy hush, on the third day of April, and he would say, " This is the memorial day," and I knew only too well what he meant, and one day said to him :

" Sustain that exaltation,
Expand that tender light,
And hold with lover passion
Thy blessed in thy sight."

He answered, " That is just what I constantly do."

Gradually he came to treat as memorial days of his Mary in heaven their wedding day and parting day, his own birthday and hers, and sometimes the birthday of

one of the children. These were not generally known outside the home circle, so that an intimate friend might unwittingly intrude upon some such sacred vigil. This the writer did once. He was so restless and disturbed that we could not refrain from trying to get away. He would not consent, or tell his sad secret. He was restless, excited, talkative, and absent-minded by turns. Yet the talk was bright and charming.

On such occasions he was wont to enter some memorial words in the Journal. No literary intention presided over these entries, since they are usually set in a framework of the most ordinary materials. Gradually there came out in this way accounts of the death and burial of Mary Haven, which are valuable now, and such an expression of his sorrow as is without parallel almost in the records of human woe. It is the more important to develop this part of his history, because he kept it so jealously hidden, and led such an openly jovial existence, that he was constantly misunderstood.

It is the inmost soul of Gilbert Haven which comes out in these *memorabilia* of the heart. The dates to be borne in mind are, his birthday, September 19; Mary's, October 2; Willie's, January 30; Mamie's, May 7; Bertie's, March 29; their wedding day, September 17; and his wife's death, April 3; and Gilbert Haven's victory over death, January 3, 1880, a little more than three months later than the final entry now to be read:

April 5, 1864. What a great gap betwixt that last writing and this. How hilarious then! How sad, how gloomy now! How little did I think that in such prosperity the destroyer would come; and

come so suddenly, so completely, so awfully. Four years ago to-night I carried my darling to the graveyard, and left her beside an open grave. O God ! how dreadful that hour and every hour since. They laid her in a tomb, because Bertie, our boy, was dying ; and on the morrow we placed him in her arms and carried her to her home. "How died the happy hours before my death !" They have died ever since. To-night I have buried myself in the withered grass that covers her sweet, sweet face, and now, more crazy than any thing else, I sit here alone. God is my helper. His love alone supports my soul. I sink in deep waters, but he goes with me, blessed be his name forever !

How could Dr. Beecher call his wife, my dear friend, and she him ? But I must not open these flood-gates. How the deep, dark, dreadful waters roll and moan and dash. The deep waters have gone over my soul ; yes, how high over my soul ! And yet, "How do thy mercies close me round."

September 17, 1864. The dreadful day has come, and is almost gone. A beautiful day, very like "the maddest, merriest day, the highest, happiest day," of my little life. What a blessed day that ! How miserable my life ! God forgive me ; God sustain me ! It seems as if I must break in pieces, so fiercely dash the waves and tides upon my poor, stranded, wrecked hull. Thirteen years since that happy ride to Poughkeepsie. How blissful ! It seemed then as if it would last forever. Will it ? God knows. Four of these dreadful anniversaries have covered this happiest of birthdays—the birthday of our souls and bodies—with their heavy palls. When will they be lifted ? Death, how welcome ! O, that thou wouldst hide me in the grave ! O that mortality were swallowed up of life !

September 18, 1864. I have been reading past memorials here. It seems as though somebody else wrote them. I could not have been that hilarious, brain-crazed dashaway who blazes his way through a wilderness of verbiage. Yet so it was ; certain passages prove it was myself. So dreary is this present. I sit at this table and muse and mourn and yearn for my darling who will never re-

turn. Is it right? I cannot answer; I cannot rise above it. Lively and chatty I am still called, but it is the life of the Spartan boy :

“ Who smiles and smiles,
Though secret wounds do bleed beneath the cloak.”

I have thought to-day that I ought to lay off this state of soul, rise out of it, and move calmly on as though I had never lived and loved before. How preposterous ! As well live without identity. The Burden-bearer, who found a friend to lift his cross from his crushed shoulders, will help me carry mine. Blessed Christ !

October 2, 1864. A very stormy day ; few at church. I preached in the morning on, “ We count them happy which endure.” Wrote it yesterday in memory of Mary’s birthday. What a happy day once ; how unhappy now.

Christmas, 1864. I have been spending a little time reading some of the dear, dear letters of my darling. How sweet, how simple. “ How my soul grows weary, weary. O God, that I were dead ! ” I get so dreary I care not much at times what happens. Yet they call me most jolly :

“ And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.”

O my Saviour, stand by me. Uphold me in the dreadful race. Thou didst suffer infinitely more than I, and that unjustly.

March 26, 1865. The dreadful week draws near. I have thought of but little else to-day, and have been almost distraught to-night ; a lake of fire within, but Christ enabling me to endure. How long, O Lord, how long ! Yet I fear to die. I fear sometimes that I am in the wrong thus to grieve. I ask sometimes, ought I thus to cherish a feeling which God has interrupted ? O my God, hast thou interrupted it ?

April 3, 1865. The day of dread is come again. How different from that delightful one I used to look forward to, the 17th of September. I was in Conference at twelve o’clock, listening to George Thompson’s eloquence, and thinking only of my sorrow. I lay on

the grave at sundown, and was somewhat comforted, though horror at death troubled me. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" God strengthen my poor soul.

May 7, 1865. Sad, sad, sad, this night how dreadful! I think of the hour seven years ago, when dear Mary was born. What anxiety, yet blessedness then! what lack of both now! It cannot be, it must not be, I am often tempted to say; but God helps me to grasp what I was enabled to at first—"Thy will be done." O how dark, and yet how light! Blessed be his name forever for the light which shines upon the grave!

September 18, 1865. The clock has just struck eleven; early for me. I wished to write here last night, but Brother Prentice stopped with me, and we talked till three o'clock in the morning on many and interesting themes. Yet my heart dwelt only on one theme, that day. Yesterday was precisely like the blessed original—calm, warm, sunny. O how sweet was that! I have mourned through another year with much sin and sorrow, with some pardon and peace. . . . May the Lord help me to abide holy, faithful, and pure! Where shall I be at the next anniversary? Perhaps this is my last. God preserve me blameless unto his coming and kingdom. My yesterday's sermon is my daily source of strength, a sermon first preached in Amenias on the text, "And when Jesus knew that the time had come that he should be offered up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Willy and Mamie soothe my sorrow, but the darkness never goes.

"The morning comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth,
But yet I know
Where'er I go
That there hath passed away a glory from this earth."

Friday, March 29, 1866, 10 P. M. An eclipse is just beginning on the lower edge of a full moon, sailing in very clear heavens. It will be total. An eclipse began on my soul at almost this hour six years ago, which has been total how long! Yet a rim of heavenly glory shines behind it, if not around. I would dwell in that light rather than in its gloom. . . . My head is clogged and cloudy, and body feeble. What will be the end of the long weakness God only knows. I would be submissive to his will as my soul's soul was when that shock struck her at nine o'clock that night. I sat writing in my study when the nurse called me. I found Mary in a chill, flew for the doctor, and all that night we strove to stay the inevitable. O the horror, the sorrow of sorrows!

"How bright the unchanging morn appears."

I have lived much since then, acquired more influence and repute, been flattered and praised, but her face cannot smile responsive. My journeys, writings, the demands for my pen, books, and all are poorest, paltriest substitutes for her voice and presence. God keep me patient, and make me more and more humble and loving, like her on earth and in the heavens.

October 2, 1865. I have been thinking all to-day that it is my dear Mary's birthday. Thirty-four years old would she have been had she stayed with me. I cannot think her of so great age—so youthful, so girlish almost, she seems to me. I remember I saw her on that first night after my arrival in Amenias, that beautiful summer night, and her sweet, girlish face; and those later revelations of her loveliness, when the eyes glowed with undying love, and in her early married days, so pleasant, so lovely; and even in the last hours, when her face looked rosier and lovelier than ever; nay, even in the tomb the flush and the girlishness were there. How surely are they in heaven. Jesus comes. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you." Happy day this was; will it ever be again? A beautiful day this, perfect in its autumn loveliness.

August 2, 1866. Sat in Sarah's doorway and looked at the stars rimmed with elm boughs as if wreathed in foliage. Talked on court-

ship, and so my soul flew back to the glorious Valley and its visions of delight, and forward to when and where? But the past lives forever. I never talk of it to any one. Many have blamed me for not talking of it. But its bliss, how eternal! If I never see her in the eternities to come, those blessed moonlights shall never be forgotten, nor the sweeter ones which followed them from Northampton to Cambridge.

“ Dear as remembered kisses after death,
Deep as love,
Deep as first love and wild with all regret,
O death in life, the days that are no more.”

March 24, 1867. It is nearly twenty years since this book was opened. I little thought then twenty years would not fill it. Still less did I think of the life I should pass through—the love, joy, and sorrow—all infinitely beyond expression. To-night I sit here sick and sad. The burden of life grows heavy. The hour when it shall be laid down appears pleasantly in the not far off future.

March 29, 1867. This day seven years ago my Bertie was born. How happy, how relieved we were. How near also to the thick darkness, darkness thicker and thicker, till that perfect day, when it shall become perfect light.

April 3, 1867. The dreadful day has surely come. A beautiful day as was that—calm, sunny, sweet. I sat in the State House hearing Governor Andrew denounce prohibition, and saw the clock climb steadily round to twelve. Fales was at my side now as then. How little he thought what I was thinking about. I came home, played with the children, and, after tea and dark, went and laid my weary head on the bed where she had slept so long. I stroked the long, dry grass, which seemed soft and like her hair. I kissed the head, and thought of the seven long years. I did not think when she went I could have stayed so long behind, but I have, and yet not, for my strong body has given way. I am weak and weary, head in confusion and peril. Is not all this wrong? God forgive me if it is, and help me to sink into him. How much I think of her, and how I long and long and long to see her!

“Day after day I think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ;
 Year after year her holy steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.”

September 17, 1867. Another of the saddest, sweetest days. How sad, how sweet. Beautiful as that day was fifteen years ago—soft, warm, sunny, calm. How dreadful, how delightful. Where is she now, so loved, so lovely? I see her blessed eyes as they beamed full of love. Ah me! I thought of those deep lines of “The Earth Song:”

“The old stars
 Look down into the old seas ;
 Old are the shores,
 But where are the old men ?
 I that have seen much,
 Such have I never seen.”

April 5, 1868. Next to the third, my day of darkness is this. My week of sorrow covers these dreadful days. I went to the grave at dark to-night. Snow fell to-day, and a cold winter wind blew, and darkness, snow, and winter lay on my heart. Eight years have gone since that afternoon I followed my darling, never before forbidden to ride with her, on that awful ride from Cambridge to Malden. A few weeks before, the first of January, I had come over the same road with her in a sleigh. Now she led, and I, alas! was compelled to follow.

September 17, 1868. Seventeen years—the seventeen days are matched in years. It is midnight. I shrink from this page. I write with glasses on my eyes. I am getting ripe. Is it for glory? Alas, is it? My soul reels and staggers as of yore.

“O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!”

I think of that day. I believe every 17th of September has been outwardly beautiful since that most beautiful one. . . . How dreadful the feelings that yet rise and roll. But I near the goal. Forty-

seven years old next Saturday—no longer a young man. Yet I feel very young at times, and rejoice in these signs of immortal youth of soul in God the Saviour. Sometimes floods of doubt arise; but I have most of the time a calm assurance of heaven.

April 4, 1869. The three days' eclipse is again upon me; this is the central day. Though busy all the forenoon my feelings were yet busier. In the afternoon I was full of sorrow and pining, and in the evening went with Willy to Mary's grave. We knelt, and I prayed for him, and Mamie, and us all, that the family might be united. I have many hours when the sense of loss seems insupportable; yet God sustains me. I see the end coming. Nine years ago she lay dead in the house she had ruled nine years. More than half the time that we have been married has she been in Paradise!

“The days drag on, though clouds keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break, and brokenly live on.”

God bless my dears on earth and in heaven!

September 19, 1869. I am getting so that I dare not write in the Journal. It is a sad book. Mother says I shall be as gloomy as she if I get as old. I fear it; for I am often sad, though merry to outsiders. Friday, my wedding anniversary, was a beautiful, soft day.

April 3, 1870. Ten years ago this noon my dearest entered that grand country, as she herself called it. That was a sweet, sunny day; this is cold and stormy, full of driving snow. I was so tired that I lay abed till after eleven. My feelings helped my weariness. My heart is exceeding sorrowful, yet I can often add, “always rejoicing.” I try to keep cheerful. But there's an aching void; how empty and aching!

April 5, 1870. To-night at dark, in a rain, I laid my hand, my head, my lips, on the soft, gray, moist grass at her head. I did not feel strong enough to go there. Ten years; O, my God!

September 17, 1871. I seldom enter these pages now; but this twentieth anniversary of that wedding day draws me to them. I find my last entry a year and a half ago, on that more dreadful anniversary, when death parted us. It has been a warm, sunny, and cloudy day, of a

dog-day type; though not as hot and smiling as that Wednesday twenty years ago, when two, long one in heart, were made one in name, flesh, and spirit. The larger part of these bridal days have been burial days. The years in which I have not seen her are more than those I spent with her. I talk but little about it, and few know the hidden loneliness and longing.

September 17, 1872. This day my heart and mind have been on one theme. The seventeenth. O, happy day, happy day! Twenty-one years ago how happy. Will it ever be again? God help me and keep me. It is nearly midnight. Jesus guide me, weary and sad.

Indianola, Texas, April 6, 1873. This day is the thirteenth anniversary of my last look at my dear Mary, as she lay in her grave, with the baby in her arms; her face was as ruddy as if asleep and well. And was she not? It is we who are sick and dead, not the departed. How desolate the sea [he was beside it] looks, and life.

September 17, 1873. It is one o'clock. This night of nights—the same night, Wednesday, that then was. I came from Saratoga to Poughkeepsie, the reverse of my wedding trip, last Friday. Have a beautiful place here, and every thing lovely. But how lonely. My soul bleeds awfully.

April 5, 1874. The dreadful days have come, and three have gone. How perpetually does my soul enter its eclipse at this time of the year. I preached, and had many compliments. I was thinking of the dreadful day. Fourteen years. How slow they roll; how fast, too. I seem to suffer more than ever. This everlasting wandering makes me more lonesome and homesick.

September 17, 1874. I should not write to-night, but I cannot help it. All this soft fall day that day has been before me, as soft and balmy as this. Fifteen years to-day was the last time I celebrated it. When shall I celebrate it again? It may be soon. I have written a long letter to Mamie, and filled it with talk of that day.

September 19, 1875. Fifty-four years ago to-night I began to be on this earth. A long life; a mixed one, happy and unhappy. How happy and how unhappy it is not possible to tell. The bliss and the woe center in my married life. Only eight and a half years out of

fifty-four, and yet outweighing the rest infinitely to me. Friday was the wedding day.

May 7, 1876. I omitted this year to write here at or near the 3d of April. Not that I forgot it. I was holding Conference at Philadelphia. The day was busy and exciting, but I did not once forget the mid-noon hour. It was a dreadful period. Is it right? God forgive me, if it is not!

April 13, 1879. Spent Monday night with my classmate, S. F. Beach, Esq., at Alexandria, Va. His wife died last winter. For the first time in my life, almost, I saw tears in his eyes. My conversation was about "Warrington," Mary, and my own conversion. May the Holy Spirit bless it to him!

October 12, 1879. Will, Mary, and I celebrated the wedding day with a ride on the Alameda, of San Jose, Cal., we three alone. We have not been together on that day before for years. Where and how did the other three spend it? When shall we all six spend it together? Where? And how?

This record tells its own pathetic story to the heart and the imagination of every reader. We know nothing so moving in all the range of literature. It is only necessary to compare this natural account of the death of Mary Haven and the perpetual sorrow of her husband with famous stories of similar events to grasp its marvelous superiority. There is a wonderful burial scene in Chateaubriand's "Atala." But impressive as it is, and much as it deserves to be studied for its art, it is open to some telling criticism. On reading it again the other day, a reference in our copy pointed to a chapter in Sainte Beuve's work on "*Chateaubriand et son Groupe Littéraire*," where this scene is discussed in detail, and contrasted with another which deserves to become better known. These stories differ from the one just read in the particular that

the lover in each case is obliged to pause in the wilderness and bury his beloved with his own hands. This gives occasion for some beautiful impulses and movements in the narratives which are not found in Gilbert Haven's fragmentary recital ; but it will be seen whether the latter really suffers on that account. We shall let Sainte Beuve cite and comment upon and develop the contrasts of the two French burial stories : that of Atala by her lover Chactas and the hermit priest Father Aubrey, and that of Manon Lescaut by the Chevalier des Grieux :

" Toward evening we transported her precious remains to an opening of the grotto, which looked towards the north. The hermit had wrapped them in a piece of European linen, spun by his mother ; it was the only property remaining to him from his native country, and he had long intended it for his own tomb. Atala was laid upon a turf of mountain sensitive plants ; her feet, her head, and a part of her breast were exposed. In her locks was seen a withered magnolia flower, one which I had deposited on the virginal bed in order to render it fruitful. Her lips, like a rosebud gathered a few hours ago, seemed to languish and smile. Blue veins showed themselves in her brilliantly white cheeks. Her fine eyes were closed, her modest feet were brought together, and her alabaster hands pressed an ebony cross upon her heart ; the scapulary of her vows was passed around her neck. She seemed laid under a spell by the angel of melancholy, and by the double slumber of innocence and the tomb. I have seen nothing more celestial. Anybody, ignorant that this young maiden had enjoyed the light of day, might have taken her for a statue of slumbering virginity."

This Chactas was certainly a painter and sculptor before being a lover ; one might believe that on his passage through France he had studied at the *Primatice*. He remembers the sacred death of Polixena. Girodet, in his well-known picture, has only copied and trans-

lated the poet. This group of Chateaubriand's is a Carrara marble ; a divine *morbidezza* breathes over it.

"The moon lent her pale torch to this funereal watch. She rose at the noon of night, like a white vestal coming to weep over the coffin of a companion. Presently she spread abroad in the woods that melancholic mystery which she loves to whisper to the ancient oaks and to the antique shores of the seas."

Let us admire here the genius of Chateaubriand in all its originality and beauty. He devises means to add somewhat to those elysian and delicious moonlights of Bernadin de Saint Pierre. His own have a touch of higher melancholy and dolefulness.

And further on, after that night of poetry and of prayer, even more enchanting than blest :

"However, a bar of gold was forming in the east. The sparrow-hawks were crying out above the cliffs, the martins were returning to the hollow of the ash-trees : this was the signal for Atala's funeral train to start. I took the body upon my shoulders ; the hermit marched before me, a spade in his hand. We began to descend from rock to rock ; old age and death slackened our pace equally."

This *bar* of gold, the *sparrow-hawks* and *martins*, signalizing the dawn, are features which are not found unless they have been observed. This sets the seal of reality on the ideal itself. We believe in the reality of things which are attested by such characteristic signs stolen from nature. What a pity that he who could see them did not stick to them, and keep from going too far every moment !

"Then, taking a little handful of dust, and observing a fearful silence, I for the last time fastened my eyes upon the face of Atala. Then I poured the dust of slumber over a forehead of eighteen summers."

Chactas, in this beautiful description, (too beautiful to be altogether touching,) shows no defect except that of giving too much attention to the effects which he experiences, and of observing too closely every thing, and even himself.

In the funeral rites of Manon Lescaut, as in those of Atala, it is

the lover, the passionate and afflicted friend, who is himself obliged to bury his dearest treasure. In that incomparable and strictly natural story of Chevalier Des Grieux and Manon Lescaut, what fails, or, rather, what is absent from one end to the other, and what nobody (reader or author) thinks about, is poetry and art; what regulates and animates every thing is passion, passion in its most abandoned and most natural course, in its most ingenuous and expressive physiognomy. When perchance it happens that the author, the narrator, would find an image, a comparison, he is weak, vague, and commonplace; but every thing which proceeds from the heart of the personage is direct, natural, alive, brief, and burning. Every thing is in action. Thus, in the funeral rites of Manon Lescaut, the unhappy Chevalier narrates how in America, after a duel with the nephew of the governor of New Orleans, wounded himself, he takes to flight with Manon; and there, in the wilderness, she expires in his arms from lassitude and exhaustion; he does not take that moment to lavish his colors.

“Forgive me if I complete in few words a narrative which is killing me. I am describing to you an unexampled misfortune; my entire existence is given up to bewailing it. But though I bear it incessantly in my memory, my soul seems to recoil with horror whenever I attempt to express it.

“We had spent a part of the night in tranquillity. I believed my dear mistress asleep, and I dared not breathe the least breath for fear of troubling her slumbers. At dawn of day I perceived by touching her hands that they were cold and trembling; I brought them to my bosom in order to warm them; she noticed this movement, and making an effort to grasp my hands, told me in a feeble voice that she thought her last hour had come.

“At first I took this talk for the ordinary language of misfortune, and responded to it only by the tender caresses of love. But her frequent sighs, her silence to my questions, the pressure of her hands in which she continued to hold mine, made me comprehend that the end of her misfortunes was approaching.

“Do not urge me to describe my feelings nor to report her last

words. I lost her ; I received from her tokens of her love at the moment she expired ; that is all I can tell you of that fatal and deplorable event.

"My soul did not follow hers. Doubtless heaven did not deem me severely enough punished, but wished me to drag out a wretched and languishing life. I freely renounce knowing a happier one.

"I remained more than twenty-four hours with my lips fastened upon the face and the hands of my dear Manon. It was my design to die there ; but at the beginning of the second day I reflected that her body would be exposed after my death to become the food of wild beasts. I took the resolution to bury her and await death over her grave. I was already so near my end through the enfeeblement caused by fasting and pain, that I was obliged to struggle in order to stand. I was obliged to resort to the strong drink I had brought ; this rendered me the strength which was needed for the sad office I was about to execute. It was not hard for me to open the ground in the place where I found myself ; it was a field covered with sand. I broke my sword in order to make use of it in digging ; but it was less serviceable than my hands. I opened a broad grave. I placed the idol of my heart there, after taking care to wrap her with all my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I put her into that position only after having kissed her a thousand times with all the ardor of the most perfect love. I sat down beside her ; I looked at her a long time ; I could not resolve to fill up her grave. Finally, my powers beginning to yield afresh, and foreboding their complete failure before the end of my enterprise, I buried forever in the bosom of the earth the most perfect and amiable being it had ever produced. I laid myself down upon the grave, my face turned to the sand, and, closing my eyes with the design of never opening them again, I invoked the succor of Heaven, and awaited death with impatience."

My face turned to the sand. . . . Admirable impulse, but admirable as nature is in gesture, in action, in attitude, (*effusus*,) nothing of art, nothing of the ancient sculptor, but pure feeling.

"What will appear to you difficult to believe is that during the per-

formance of this mournful office there did not come forth a sigh from my mouth nor a tear from my eyes. The profound consternation in which I was and my deliberate plan of dying had cut short all expressions of despair and sorrow. Nor did I remain long in the posture in which I was over the grave without losing the little sense and feeling which were left me."

When we encounter beauty and truth in passion, under whatever form it may be, there should be neither preference nor choice. We have not to decide between the two pictures. Let us merely say that true, simple, flowing recitals, clear as a fountain, like that of Manon Lescaut, are good fortunes which we do not encounter twice; it is easier to diversify beauties of art than to begin afresh such a direct expression of nature.

It is clear that the eminent critic does choose and prefer in spite of the delicacy with which he indicates his opinion. The criticism touches the vital point of the whole business in showing by contrast with self-conscious grief the perfect absorption of perfect grief in its affliction.

Mr. Haven's lines tell us nothing that is not somehow directly connected with his precious Mary. Not a word is given to the friends who were with him at that trying period. Not a reference to any hymn sung, Scripture read, prayer offered, consolations spoken at the funeral; not even that there was a funeral. We learn that Fales H. Newhall was at his side then only because he chanced to be there again on the dreaded anniversary. We only learn that the day of burial was warm and sunny because one of its anniversaries is like it. When one of these anniversaries comes with snow in the air, ice, and wintry wind, he is reminded only of

the day when constant ice, snow, and winter fell upon his heart. A total eclipse of the moon on such a memorial night only brings to his thoughts the life-long gloom of soul which it so beautifully typifies. The long ride from Cambridge to Malden is dreadful solely because they are not together going and coming, as three months earlier they were, and he for the first time is now forbidden her society. How her beauty shines back upon the lover's heart through the slowly creeping years from her haunted tomb, and even seems almost the best hope of the resurrection morn.

Compare this with the pictures produced and compared with each other by Sainte Beuve, and the broken narrative of Gilbert Haven will be found as free of all traces of self-inspection as Des Grieux is in telling how Manon Lescaut died and was buried. In naturalness and abandonment to passion this tale even exceeds that. That a lover, wounded, and on the point of dying, should resolve in a kind of fierce delight to find death on the grave of the darling of whom he has just been bereft, is most natural. And when he flings himself down upon the mound and turns his face to the sand, we say, with Sainte Beuve, "Admirable impulse!" When we find Mr. Haven recording year after year on the anniversary of his wife's death or of their marriage, "After dark I went and laid my weary head on the bed where she has slept so long. I stroked the long, dry grass which seemed soft and like her hair. I kissed the head, and thought of the long years," we expect Sainte Beuve to join us in saying, "Admira-

ble impulse!" Surely, if the spirit of Mary Haven looked down upon her prostrate and tearful lover on such nights, she was prouder in Paradise of her husband than ever she had been in the maddest, merriest days of courtship and wedded love.

It would be missing the very gem of this cluster of brilliants to see and appreciate only the æsthetic and passionate superiority of these pages from the heart of Gilbert Haven. But the religious, the spiritual side of this transaction, was the most important for him, and is the most profitable for us. Here is a man who goes near to distraction over the dearest bereavement which could possibly befall him. He is so wrought upon by his bitter grief that his nearest friends sometimes wonder if he would get out of a bullet's path as nimbly as he would have done in brighter years. Lowell thinks it possible that Lessing had been seriously thinking of suicide after the loss of Eva Koenig; but that he at last somewhat listlessly gave up the notion. What kept Gilbert Haven from being assailed by such thoughts was the firmness of his Christian faith. Blind as he was to the divine purpose which found its fulfillment in that event, he knew in the depths of his sorrow that this event must be so understood. When all the waves and billows went over him in that tempestuous deep of sorrow, he was able to say from a broken heart, "Thy will be done!" There was the germ out of which were to come comfort and strength. It is needless to say that they did not come at once. Fiercely did the waves of doubt and despair gather themselves for a fresh leap at

his soul ; and often it was all he could do to say, "Thy will be done," and feel it ; and years go slowly by before he says it with a fully consenting heart. He finds himself many times beset with the subtle question, whether he ought not to rise above his trouble and live as though he had never loved and lost his idol. He rejects the idea with the wildest energy, as if he dreaded lest it should seem his duty to act on that suggestion. And so the mad storm of conflicting emotions and temptations went on for weary years. Toward the close he was comforted. He could not tell how or when the blessed balm was scattered abroad on the atmosphere about him ; yet he felt its power and yielded to its benediction. He grew to talk about his wife with people he loved. He told her story to his classmate, Beach, in the hope that God would be pleased to make it a solace to him under a like sorrow ; and once he led another friend, who suddenly found his own sky a stormy chaos, where,

"Swift ran a searching tempest overhead,
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt through the pine-tree roof, burnt here, burnt there,
As if God's messenger through the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty . . . me,"

to that low grave whither he had never before taken a friend, and told his own story in part as proof that no woe is beyond the divine Physician. For our part we can readily fancy him in the dying hour, when he had said the last good-bye to mother, sister, son, daughter, and

kindred, turning his thoughts again upon his wife long enough to say after their long separation :

“ But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

“ O their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
O their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom.”

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPLAIN HAVEN.

Chaplain of the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment—Fidelity and Success—War on Camp Vices—Incidents—Camp Essex—Talk with Slaves—Jupiter in Disguise—Carrollton Manor—Arlington—Gnats and Camels—Conversations about Slavery with Methodists—Camp Andrew—The Baltimore Preachers' Meeting—Baltimore and its Methodists—Preaching—Torrey's Prison—Haven's Courage—His Criticisms.

ON the eighteenth of April, 1861, Gilbert Haven was commissioned chaplain of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment of three months' volunteers, the first chaplain commissioned after the outbreak of the Civil War. His own father, a justice of the peace, administered the oath to the son. He went with the regiment to Annapolis, Washington, Camp Essex, and Baltimore; he only returned home when the time of service had expired. Perhaps Mr. Haven went to war more readily for the fearful solitude of his home; but he would, at any rate, have been greatly drawn to a struggle which smote upon his eager ear as the death-knell of slavery.

Mr. Haven was a model chaplain. His interest in his men was deep, constant, and active. He preached to them on Sundays, and held religious meetings with and for them, whenever he could collect them for that purpose. He found it easy to give them all the thought and zeal which were needful to success. He held daily prayers at first, but presently found some of the men and officers reluctant to serve God with so much more

show of respect than they had done at home. Hence, petitions for only one required service on Sunday, with as many voluntary prayer-meetings as the chaplain could induce them to attend. He believed that the result would be the failure of that branch of the service. He did not see why a regiment should be allowed to shirk prayers any sooner than its drill. He was overruled, though he earnestly and with great courtesy pressed his views upon his superiors. With his accustomed tact, he used the opportunities which were given him for the service of his men. The profanity of the soldiers was one of the matters which both astonished and grieved him; but he set his face as a flint against this and every vice of army life:

Would that all these soldiers were lovers of Jesus Christ! Some are, but most of them are not, but very worldly and profane. Saturday night I had my soldiers together for prayers in the old Representatives' Hall, and Sunday night I preached in the Senate Chamber, from John iii, 16. I have held service most of the week regularly, though the New York Zouaves overran us for a while. They went into the Senate for quarters on Saturday, and yesterday, in the afternoon, I preached in the House to a very attentive audience on "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." 2 Tim. ii, 4. Had a pleasant time. In the evening we dedicated the Hall with a prayer-meeting, the first ever held within its walls. There was a goodly number in attendance, and an excellent spirit prevailed. Mr. Johnson, assistant door-keeper, was present. We shall have many good meetings if we stay here. Brother Usher, paymaster of the regiment, of Lynn Common Church, helps me exceedingly in getting this part of the service into running order.

In the afternoon I talked to the troops on profanity, from Exodus

xx, 7 ; a plain, simple talk, which I think did some good. That practice has prevailed horribly. I had no idea it was so current in the world. I spoke plainly and affectionately. In the evening my little tent was full, and we sang, prayed and spoke, and had a melting season before the Lord. . . .

This afternoon Mr. Babbage preached to both regiments on "Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. vi, 12. The sight of so many men seated on the grass was pleasant. Their attention was good. Would that they were prepared to meet God. Some are, blessed be his name ! . . . We had an excellent prayer-meeting that evening. The tent was full ; we had singing and speaking, all spiritual and delightful. We sat and sang together a long time after meeting was over.

These citations from Mr. Haven's war Journal, as he styles it, may show the spirit with which he did his work as chaplain. His fidelity approved itself so fully to the consciences of the regiment, that they would gladly have retained him for their chaplain on re-enlisting for three years.

This phase of his life was the more interesting to Mr. Haven because it brought him for the first time into direct contact with the hated system of slavery. He was all eyes and ears for that ; but his observations are too full to be reported, except by samples. One of the first things which reached his ears was a rumor that General Butler had offered his troops for returning fugitives from labor, and putting down slave-risings. The idea of being chaplain to a regiment engaged in such nefarious business struck him as very strange. He doesn't say what course he had decided upon in view of such a contingency ; but it would have been a lively sermon the troops would have listened to after such a service. He

talked freely with slaves, freedmen, slave-holders, and secessionists of all stripes. We shall quote some of these records because they show some of the best traits of his nature :

The first slave I saw, that I knew was a slave, was a pleasant girl of twelve, at Professor Smith's. Her name was Mary—strange that name should be thus linked in my memory with this condition. Yet I don't regret it. I feel that my darling wife would rejoice to have her dear name united with this poor, oppressed people in my heart. She was a bright, pretty girl, and seemed to feel her fate. God grant her a speedy release from it, and all her kindred ! I think that this awful iniquity is near its end.

Mr. Smith, a clerk in the Treasury Department, and I were out in the country spying about, and we concluded to get supper on the way. We stopped at a good-looking, two-story house, painted gray, on a hill near the railroad track. We came to the house by the barn and out-buildings, went round to the end door and found an old gentleman, his wife and daughter, slave-holders, by the name of Anderson. They gave us a good supper and the meal tasted deliciously. The large old kitchen, the black servants, the cool and comfortable look, the farm around, rolling and somewhat woody, brought back the dear old Amenia days. This was my first sight of a plantation. As I came out about a dozen fine-looking men and women, mostly quite light, stood near the barn-yard gate. They seemed to understand our mission. Mr. Smith said : " Hurrah for the Black Republicans ! " They laughed, and responded quite heartily.

The regiment was soon removed to Camp Essex, near the Relay House. Mr. Haven says of the camp :

The view from our camp is charming. At our feet lies a narrow valley, through which creeps the slumberous Patapsco, covering its face with willows. Just beneath us nestles the little village of Elk Ridge Landing, once a port of entry and a haven for ships. But the

washings from the hills have choked up the channel, and choked off the trade. From the hill-top the village has a pleasant aspect, with its two churches, one embowered in trees, and the other standing in a field of blossoming clover, the white tombstones casting a moon-light luster on the green mounds beneath.

As I look out over the glittering white roofs and stacked bayonets of the camp, my eyes roam over as delightful a bit of scenery as ever enticed them from the drudgery of the pen. A valley lies beneath, covering two or three miles square, if its irregularity could be Quakerized into such rectangular abominations as a square. Through it lazily strolls the river.

HOW THE SLAVES TALK.

I sat in the woods reading, when Jupiter came along, disguised as a black man, with a basket on his arm and a staff in his hand. Having been taught in Grecian mythology, I discovered the divinity in spite of the disguise. I addressed him respectfully. He was complacent and conversible. I asked him his name. He had assumed for the present that of John Diggs.

"Are you a slave?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever been?"

"Yes, sir; till I was thirty odd years old."

"How did you get your freedom?"

"My mistress gave it to me at her death."

"How long have you been free?"

"Some fifteen or twenty years."

"Well, I understand you free blacks are not half so well off as the slaves. That is true, isn't it?"

"No, sir; I live better than ever I did when a slave."

"But they say you wont work—you are all lazy."

"They wont give us a chance, sir. They don't like to encourage the free negro, and so they hire slaves, or the Irish, and let us starve. We would work as heartily as any body if they would hire us."

"But weren't you happier when a slave? You had enough to eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed."

"I didn't have any more than I do now; and, then, now when I sit down to my dinner or supper, I don't have somebody come blustering and swearing around the door, swinging his whip and flogging me away to any kind of hard work, though ever so tired. Ah, sir, I am a great deal happier nowadays, eating my poor supper with my wife and chil'n, than I ever was when a slave?"

"Have you any relatives in slavery?"

"All my brothers and sisters."

"Where?"

"In Prince George's County, sir."

"They don't wish to be free, do they?"

"Yes, sir; every slave does."

"You must be mistaken. A good many gentlemen have told me that they don't want to be free."

"I would like to have them offer the slaves their liberty."

"But what makes you want to be free?"

"Why, sir, you know, when a boy's about thirteen years old he feels as if he'd like to be his own master, and the feeling don't grow any less the older he grows."

"Do you go to meeting?"

"O, yes; I've been a Methodist for over forty years."

"Why don't you go to the church in the village?"

"O, sir, 'pears as the white folks don't like to have us worship with them, so we have to have a house of our own."

"Well, religion is a good thing, isn't it?"

"Sweeter than honey, sweeter than sugar, better than coffee, sir."

I could appreciate that climax after forty days' drinking of camp coffee. I was glad Jupiter had experienced religion, and become a humble and happy Christian. I have talked with not a few blacks, and find but one sentiment. An old man, with but one leg, said he thought the war was for liberty.

"Liberty for whom?" I asked.

"For all of us, black and white."

I asked him if he would fight in the war.

"Yes," he answered, "as much as I can with my one leg."

At Washington I asked a waiter similar questions. He was free, had been born a slave, bought himself for six hundred dollars ; his wife and children were yet slaves.

I asked why he was so foolish as to work hard and raise money to buy himself. Everybody said the slaves were better off than the free blacks.

"O, sir," said he, "I wanted to lie down massa, and get up massa."

CARROLLTON MANOR.

The manor-house is situated near the turnpike. Turn from the road, and go south through a pleasant, shaded roadway, for about a third of a mile, and you come to the mansion. Near the road, on the right, is a heap of slave-huts. The overseer's residence, a good-sized but shabby-looking brick building, stands among them. Barns and sheds are close at hand ; on the right, through a long vista of trees, an eighth of a mile from the road, stands the revolutionary house. It is a low, spacious, wooden, yellow mansion, enlarged evidently at different times, one of the later additions being a Catholic chapel. . . . I rode a little way beyond the house, having no invitation to stop. Had I stopped, I should probably have found it rather difficult to get away, as the sympathies of this descendant of that patriot are all with the secessionists.

As I rode away I met a slave woman dragging herself along to her work. I asked her how many colored people there were on the estate. She said there were better than a hundred in these quarters, and there were other quarters above.

"Have you a good time ?"

"Yes, Sundays. We have to work hard all the week, but we get together Sundays, and enjoys ourselves."

"Where are you going ?"

"To the field, where the rest of the gang is. I have been to nurse my baby."

"How old is it?"

"Four months."

The houses where these cattle are stabled are about as comely and cleanly as a pig-sty. I found it hard to believe that so rich and lordly a man would put his choicest creatures into such huts.

I drove out on the turnpike, and left the great manor of Charles Carroll of Carrollton with profounder detestation than ever of the demon which possessed it, and which transformed its servants into slaves and its masters into tyrants.

Mr. Haven visited Arlington, the home of General Robert E. Lee, and pushed his usual inquiries there as to the condition of the chattels of that Southern saint and hero; for he meant to judge fairly.

An old, gray-headed negro, neatly dressed in a black suit, sat on one of the door-sills. I looked in, and found a cellar some six feet deep, into which some broken steps descended. I asked him if those were his quarters. He replied in the affirmative.

"Had you no floor?"

"Yes, I had one, but the rats troubled me so I took it up."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Several years."

"Alone?"

"Since my wife died."

"Do you find it comfortable down there?"

"O, yes, pretty comfortable."

I looked down. There was an excuse for a bed in one corner, an old broken bit of a stove, a little table with a dish or two, with candle ends on it, a broken chair, an ax, a billet or two of wood, and the common earthen floor of a cellar; high up, out of reach, was a dirty window. Here was another proof of the old-fashioned notions that rule this region. An old man of nearly if not more than fourscore years—modest, neat, courteous—living in a cellar as much poorer than any pauper's as a pauper's is worse than a prince's.....

I left the old man, so tenderly cared for by those he had served so long, after commending him to Him who had not even a damp cellar wherein to lay his head. Crossing to the opposite buildings, I saw a comely quacoon or octoroon washing. The floor was still on her room, and half a dozen lively chattels on the floor. The breed is rather interesting in its adolescent state. Young lambs, and pigs, and dogs, and kittens, have long been favorites of the farm. I don't think any superior to the young of this species of property. . . .

I asked the mother, (dam, perhaps I ought to say ; ma-dam, somebody will some time say,) "Whom do you belong to?"

"Mrs. Lee."

"Are you a member of the Church?"

"Yes, the Baptist."

"How many children have you?" (Pardon me for using the word children. She talked and acted so much like a Christian mother that I didn't like to say "young ones.")

"Seven."

"Do you expect to be free?"

"Yes, sir ; in about a year our time is up."

"Do you want to be free?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

Didn't that show the woman as much as the babooness? Not being acquainted with the latter's method of reasoning, I cannot be sure, but it struck me as a very familiar and conclusive answer.

GNATS AND CAMELS.

A gentleman in our neighborhood supplied some of the officers' tables with milk. When Sunday came no milk came. He had conscientious scruples about selling them milk that day, . . . yet he finally relented and sent the milk, though he would take no pay for it, at least on that day. Yet this gentleman was a secessionist slaveholder, and had secured a valuable and beautiful estate, I understand, chiefly through the sale of human flesh. The father of one of his slaves had vainly offered this high-toned man thirteen hundred dollars for his slave daughter, a beautiful girl of sweet sixteen.

Will not that do for a modern illustration of the ancient gnat and camel text ? A man that would not sell milk on Sundays, and would not sell a father his own daughter, would sell a score or two of his brothers and sisters into hopeless bondage, and with their blood and bones live in elegance and abundance ! What if I should cap the climax of this narrative by telling you that this conscientious soul-trader and soul-holder is a minister of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ? It is even so. He is the elected guide and guardian of the morals and piety of a very influential portion of this community ; and what is most astonishing, not the least objection is ever thought of for this conduct. I heard of some ladies who refused to attend on his worship because he was a secessionist ; I heard others complain because he was too convivial in his habits ; but I heard nobody find fault with him for holding, selling, or refusing to sell, these children of a common Father, brothers and sisters of a common Saviour.

I often looked at his tasty chapel, but could not make up my mind to desecrate the Sabbath by attending on his ministrations. But happening to be at a Quarterly Conference of our own spotless and wrinkleless Church, where two slave-holders were nominated by the preacher in charge for stewards, and elected unanimously, without so much as an " affectionate admonition " from the excellent presiding elder, I thought I was myself getting into the gnat-straining condition by over-scrupulousness. So I concluded, being with the Romans, to do as they did, and see how near this worthy rector and I came to worshiping the same God.

Do you wish to know how he looked and spoke ? Descriptions of such persons will be curiosities of literature eagerly perused by future generations. This was a true successor of the apostles. No broken chain of descent was his, joined together by martyrial hands, and, perchance, by those of laymen even, often completely sundered, or united only by that unseen, and hence, for ecclesiastical purposes, useless Spirit of God, that carried the Church into the wilderness and supported her there. No ; the bright links, clear and defined, and often of the finest gold, as, for instance, Alexander Borgia, Leo X., Laud, and a host of others, of whom not this world nor any

other was worthy, glittered in the chain that bound this servant to his Master.

You expect a hard-featured, hard-voiced, hard-mannered man, with tones like the snapping of a slave-whip, and the manners of a Haley and Legree combined. You don't understand human nature. So many paint Nero, who was really the most elegant gentleman of his age. We must remember that only in the other world does the inner nature body itself forth in the outer form. Here the reverse is apt to be true. The finest natures are hidden in the least expressible forms, and the vilest are not unfrequently, like Burr and Mephistophiles, witty, wise, and polished, handsome, gay, and sober, perfect men in the worldly sense of perfection.

The preacher aforesaid is a middle-aged, gray, and bald-headed gentleman, of pleasant address, with a quiet, gentle, soft, pathetic tone and manner. I never had heard the service read so beautifully. It had a melting cadence that glided into your secret heart. There was none of the hard and formal style of the mere reader, none of the airs of the rhetorician, but a subdued grace, yet full of life, that was very fascinating. With the constant undertone of my moral nature conflicting with the sounds that met my ear, I could not but feel, as he read it, a new and richer quality in that admirable service. Yet how some of the sentences he read startled me! I could but think of the mediæval legend of the wonderful preacher, who, arrayed in black vestments, swept his audience with most pathetic and powerful appeals, and after he had left them they found it was the archfiend himself who had been thus lifting them up to heaven. These were some of the solemn phrases that thrilled me so strangely, while he plaintively uttered them, and I fervently followed him :

“ ‘ We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God ; and that it may please thee to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives ; that it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed. O God, merciful Father, thou despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful ; mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee, in all our troubles and adversities, when-

soever they oppress us, and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us may be brought to naught; that thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy Holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'” In the psalms for the day he read these words: “‘Save me and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth talketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of iniquity. . . . That there be no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets. . . . The Lord looseth men out of prison. The Lord helpeth them that are fallen.’”

His sermon was a practical discourse on a Christian's trials, and the comforts which, through the Spirit, he can extract from them. . . . I was anxious to preach a short sermon to him on the text that was printed around the stained window in the chancel, “Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” I presume I should have shocked the audience more than the rude Baptist did his hearers if I had read that third chapter of St. Matthew, and given it its needed and divine application. I could not keep my eyes off that text. I thought, it is not possible for this congregation to worship here and be unmindful of its meaning. Yet I was probably the only person that ever saw it who read it in this true and solemn light. Thank God, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. . . . The march of events in the political, the religious, the social world, all show that He is soon to appear who will unloose these heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke.

Mr. Haven had a good deal of conversation with Methodists — people, official members, and preachers, and he seems to try hard to get at their real feelings about slavery and its kindred topics. Some citations will show how he managed this :

I preached Sunday morning to the little Methodist congregation in the village. I kept my regimentals on, and made an odd appearance. Have had pleasant intercourse with Brother M., the preacher

here. He is bitterly prejudiced against the blacks as brethren and equals. The Washington brethren I met at Shepherd's book-store were much more liberal in their feelings.

Attended on Thursday a delightful prayer-meeting in the village church. It was a lovely moonlight night. The meeting was spiritual and precious, and I thought of the meetings I had enjoyed on Thursday evenings at my former homes. After meeting we walked to the railroad and had a talk on slavery. I talked as plainly as I could of its wrong and sin, of the old Maryland Methodist position and their present duty. John Brown's name was mentioned. I did not fail to explain and defend his idea. He was known around here. Brother Newton, a good Methodist, and a blacksmith, says he shod his horse the summer before the famous invasion. He was full of Scripture and strong against slavery. When asked by Brother Newton's son where he came from, he said he was often asked that question, and always answered "From every place he had ever been in before."

After service I went home with a Brother D., a trustee and class-leader, a very pleasant and worthy man. We had a delightful supper of strawberries and cream and coffee. He is opposed to slavery, and yet fears to say so. That is the condition of many here. I went with him to the church and preached on "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony." Rev. xii, 11. I was enabled to speak plainly of their duty in respect to great social wrongs. They understood me, and some were greatly frightened lest I should go too far. I restrained myself out of consideration for their feelings, as I was not invited to speak on that theme. I do not doubt that these stationed preachers could, had they the courage, abolish slavery in this State within five years. I trust this movement will give them the needful courage.

Went with Brothers M. and D. to see Brother Shipley, who owns a fine farm on one of the high hills. We had a pleasant walk, though caught in a shower, along the river, under the trees, and by a winding road to the lofty house. The house is large and comfortable, and the couple pleasant people, who had become rich by in-

dustry and frugality, and, best of all, by free labor. I complimented him for that, but he felt no interest in such affairs. He managed to keep himself aloof from the controversy—as shrewd a business Yankee as I have seen out here.

Friday night I had a long and earnest conversation with a slaveholder, having eight slaves. He had told several of our men that he would free the slaves if any body would guarantee their being well taken care of. He said to me that he had offered to sell them for a sixpence apiece. I told him I would give him that for them, give him ample bonds for their good treatment, and an annual statement of their condition. “O,” said he, “I mean on condition that they be sent to Africa.” He hated the African, and agreed with Mr. Latrobe that he must be expelled from the country. How wicked! I talked very plainly with this poor sinner, and hope it did him some good. He invited me to come and see him. O that he might be converted and bring forth fruits meet for repentance!

Sunday afternoon I attended class-meeting. A Brother Peacock was present. He talked like a Christian, and, I am sure, only needs proper training from the ministers to be free from this sin. I shall talk in future more fully with him.

Went to Baltimore with Brother M. We fell in with Dr. B. He said to M., while we were eating creams together, and M. said that his own father, a large slave-holder, had been talking with him about so disposing of his property as not to leave him the slaves.

“You didn’t tell him to do so, did you?”

“No, sir, no, sir.”

Said Dr. B., “Keep them; hold them as yours.”

I should not have been more shocked to have heard him say, “Kill them.” It seemed like Fagin training the Artful Dodger. What Christians!

To-day I was at Quarterly Conference. Heard Brother M. nominate a slave-holder for steward; he was elected. He invited us home to dinner. I told him I would gladly congratulate him on his election if he would free his slaves. The ministers laughed, but did not advise him to emancipate the slaves. Spent the afternoon talk-

ing with these brethren and Brother E. about this matter. They are far behind their fathers. Brother M., the presiding elder, told me that the old records are full of the trials and expulsions of slaveholders. At Laight Street there is a record of the trial of a man for aiding another to catch a runaway slave. He did not wish me to tell this on his authority.

What came of all this intercourse with the natives about Camp Essex, near the Relay House, is told in a few lines penned at Camp Andrew, Baltimore, a few days later:

I was very willing to leave Relay. I had got tired of the place and the people. I had been so free in expressing my dislike of slavery that some of them threatened to string me up. I don't think they would have done it; but no doubt they desired to. It is a pleasant place, but crouches like Issachar beneath the burdens of fear of the slave power and its contempt.

At Baltimore he pursued the same way of life that he had done at the Relay House; the Journal tells the story:

Tuesday I took tea with Brother Cook, and Wednesday with Brother Jarboe, where I spent the night. We got into very earnest talks on the slavery question. I always silenced them by going for old-fashioned Baltimore Methodism. They are far removed from the faith of their fathers, and do not like to hear it spoken of. I told a Brother B. to-day that every stone he threw at New England Abolitionism shied off and hit the graves of their fathers. Their hearts are very hard on the rights, and especially the equality of the negro. They dread and fear him. I have not heard them talk as if they really felt him to be a brother. I find I am getting quite an Abolitionist notoriety. The Lord help me to be faithful!

Yesterday (July 11) I went to the Preachers' Meeting. Was re-

ceived with cool cordiality. They seemed provoked and scared. Though they shook my hand kindly, and once or twice tried to make conversation with me, still they did not enjoy my presence. I don't much blame them, for I have said some very plain and truthful things about them in the "Advocate" and "Herald." They have opposed the great antislavery sentiment of the Church and of their fathers, and I tell them so publicly and privately.

I have formed several pleasant acquaintances. Brother David Creamer and a Brother Beals are chief. I dined at Brother Creamer's on the Fourth, and had a very pleasant and free time on the great theme. I found Brother Beals, an old line Abolitionist, of many years' standing; he knew and sympathized with Torrey, and promised to take me to the cell where Torrey died. Have many invitations to visit and few to preach, but shall preach to-morrow for Brother W. H. Chapman.

Friday I took dinner with a Mr. Kalbfus, whose wife is a very strong Union lady, and with her I had a full and earnest talk on the subject of slavery. She is a nice lady, and the boldest and best I have seen here.

Sunday, July 19, I dined with Mr. Moore and preached for Brother Grey. Brother W. H. Chapman preached for me a strong Union sermon. He is the most courageous man I have seen here among the ministers. Mr. Grey is the only other man who has asked me to preach.

Of course, Mr. Haven complied with Brother Grey's invitation to preach for him, and the war Journal gives some record of it. But in 1872, after his election to the episcopate, he again preached the Gospel in Baltimore, and was tempted to record this preaching for Brother Grey eleven years earlier at some length:

Preached at Madison Square to a large congregation; had a free, and, I trust, not profitless, time, as the people were very attentive. It seemed strange to reflect that the last time I had preached in that

city was on this very anniversary, the first of them, the original Bull Run Sunday, July 21, 1861. I preached then under peculiar circumstances. I was at Preachers' Meeting the Monday before, and, talking with the ministers, taunted them for their cowardice; said they dare not speak for the Union, yet if the soldiers all left, they had compromised themselves too much to stay, and would follow by the next train. After I had done my foolish talking, a young man stepped up and asked me to preach for him, saying I might preach Massachusetts Methodism or Maryland Methodism. I told him I preached no State Methodism, but would be glad to preach for him the next Sunday evening: he would find me at the Sharp Street Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, which I had promised to attend with Brother Jarboe.

He came for me and took me to his church in a buggy, saying, "I hope you will not say any thing about slavery. It is a new mission, and we have the field. Our folks are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and all kinds; and we do not wish to offend them."

I said, "I do not know yet what I shall preach."

"And I wish you wouldn't pray for the President," he added.

"Let me get out," I said. "I never yet was in a place where I had not freedom in prayer. I'll go back to my quarters."

"Don't do it," he replied warmly. "But you don't know how much courage it requires here to ask a man with a chaplain's uniform on to preach at all."

I saw he had been courageous in a measure, and said, "You may do your own praying."

He accepted the compromise, and I opened the service. I crept out of the little box and let him creep in to pray. I felt my heart hot within me at the insult I was receiving, and asked earnestly for help to tell them the whole truth. The text, a favorite one with me, then came to me: "When the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Luke ix, 51. The subject was moral courage in the face of known perils. It was illustrated by the beginnings of all Church life—Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist. It was shown that thus only could

there be real origin of life. It was facing evils about them, and not afar off; and the brothers across the river, then contending for their country, were introduced as illustrations. The Lord helped me, and I had a very free field.

After I had done, the leading man thanked me for my sermon, and asked me to go home to tea. It was a Mr. Hiss, a brother to the son-in-law of Bishop Ames. The preacher, Brother Grey, also thanked me.

"Couldn't I have talked about slavery?" I asked.

"You could have said any thing," he replied.

"Then you say it," I replied.

He sometimes got a very decided taste of a different state of feeling. He went with David Creamer to call on the Dr. B. whom he had heard advising a minister to accept a legacy of slaves as his own, and hold them in bondage.

We hired a team and started about ten o'clock. We had a pleasant ride, and arrived at the doctor's about one. We found him out, and his family any thing but cordial. They were rank secessionists, and hated terribly to invite us to dinner. We were determined to stay, and they were obliged to relent. But we had a very disagreeable time, though the doctor behaved decently at night when we talked thoroughly on the vexed question.

I went with Brother Creamer to the Penitentiary where Charles T. Torrey died. We fell in with a Brother Roberts, who was a keeper when Torrey was in the prison, and with him when he died. Mr. Roberts said that he died a beautiful Christian death. He stated that the governor came to the spot in the partition opposite where the prisoner lay, but would not come into the cell. Had he done so, and heard him talk, Roberts said, he couldn't have kept from pardoning him. The governor offered to pardon him if Torrey would confess that he had done wrong. This he refused. The keeper urged Torrey to do this, saying that it wasn't much, and that

God would forgive him. But Torrey said, "No, much as he wished to die at home and with his family, he would rather die a thousand deaths in the Penitentiary than confess that his act was wrong." Keeper Roberts said that his eyes were fixed on the ceiling as he said this. Thus he wore away through sickness for more than three years, when he went home. His hand was in the hand of Keeper Roberts as he died. He used to call for his little girl, and fancied she was with him in the broken hours before death. Brother Roberts gave me Torrey's pocket Bible, which either the prisoner or his wife had given him at that time.

It will be seen that Gilbert Haven was as faithful to the truth of God and the welfare of humanity among slave-holders and secessionists as he had ever been in any of his New England pastorates. He had the tenderest charity for men who had been reared under the evil influences of slave-holding society. He was prompt to observe and honor every sign of genuine Christian discipleship in the people around him. He not only recognized their piety, but acted always on the assumption of its genuineness in all his intercourse with them. He had the courage to point out their sins or failures in duty in the confidence that they would both hear and obey his loving admonitions. It is plain that he felt a real pleasure in testing the power of a faithful and fraternal exposition of the application of Christian principles to the relations of slaves and masters over the latter. He no doubt came to think that the demoralized condition of public opinion in the country, and especially the South, was largely the consequence of want of patience and fidelity in the Christian ministry. He was delighted to find traces of the old Baltimore Methodist antislavery

feeling around him, but grieved over its too general decadence or disappearance.

When he had returned home from his chaplaincy, he wrote two letters for "Zion's Herald," under the signature, "A Baltimore Preacher of the Old Sort," wherein he summed up his notions concerning the relation of the Baltimore Conference to slavery, and the duties incumbent on that body. In this epistle, which is too long to be given in full, he showed that the number of slaveholders in the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city and Conference was proportionately small; and that much of the old antislavery leaven was at work in those religious societies. Yet it was true that the small minority of slave-holding members of the Church had succeeded in reducing the pulpit to silence on that sin. Slaveholders were freely admitted to membership in the local societies without warning or rebuke. This he regarded as not only a sin in the administrators of the discipline of the Church, but as likely before long to issue in breaking down all sense of the moral evil of the system in the Church and the general public. He knew perfectly that the lax temper of the churches and clergy concerning this subject would make it doubly hard for those who should resume their lost zeal and exhibit the ancient strictness. Yet he sincerely believed that Christian patience, love, and courage would enable even a few men to revolutionize that Conference and the State. He had that absolute and pure conviction on these points which gave him "the strength of ten." He had probed consciences enough in Maryland to know that many an

honest and devoted Christian had convictions and sorrows enough over the wicked system, and to believe that state of sentiment very wide-spread and capable of being used for the regeneration of the Church and the State.

Any one who had opportunities for studying the subject on the spot in those sad days before the war will have much reason for agreeing with Mr. Haven. In 1856-57 there certainly was a great deal of this kind of feeling in those parts of Virginia covered by the old Baltimore Conference. More than one sojourner in that region must have found, as one assuredly did, a good many Christian consciences tender concerning the position and fortunes of the slave. In a stay of less than a year in such a community it did happen at least to one diligent and careful observer, that nearly a dozen Christian slave-holders confided to him their troubles and burdens of heart over the condition of their own slaves and those of other people. These people belonged to all grades of society, from people of very ordinary circumstances to some of large property and influential position. It is true that most such persons were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, yet some belonged to other Churches or to no Church.

It seemed to many of those persons impossible to act on their convictions in their circumstances and under the fearful entanglements of pro-slavery legislation. To whisper their convictions abroad would have exposed them to social proscription and persecution of a more violent kind. Had pious, intelligent, and courageous

leaders appeared in the Church, and especially the ministry, to champion these slumbering but intense convictions, a sharp and desperate conflict would have ensued which might have resulted in revolutionizing public opinion. But while this question was pending war sent its fiery flood at once of retribution and deliverance over all the land.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEWARK.

Clinton Street—His Faith—Works—Methodist Polity—"The Methodist"—Ecclesiastical Reactions of the War—Returns to the New England Conference.

N EAR the close of October, 1861, Mr. Haven went to Newark, New Jersey, to act as pastor of the Clinton Street Church, until the session of the Newark Conference the next March. This Church was without a pastor, and the authorities learning that Mr. Haven was not likely to renew his labors as chaplain, were very glad to send him to the deserted pulpit. Soon after reaching Newark he sent a report of the new situation home:

I suppose you are waiting for a bulletin from this new seat of war. I lay off New York in a fog till nearly noon, got to Brooklyn at dinner, came to Newark in the dark and rain, and found comfortable quarters with a pleasant, lively gentleman, an agreeable talkative woman, and four little children from two years old and upward. I went to church Sunday morning, and found a plain brick building, such as is usual about here, with side galleries. It was about two thirds full. Went to Sunday-school in the afternoon; it is large. Quite a number of fine young men belong to it and the congregation. In the evening the audience was fair, though not so good as in the morning, such being the custom here. The people seem very cordial and say I must stay. My first social meeting comes off to-night.

The church has been badly neglected and managed. It is run down pretty low through drains upon it, though it had four hundred members a year ago. Most of these may be won back. The chance

to work is good, though success is doubtful. A very fine stone Gothic church is close beside it, with a popular preacher who draws on this greatly. I shall be thankful if I keep my folks at home.

People here feel indignant at the Government, and are getting ready for one war-cry—Emancipation! My sentiments are full cool enough, though I was told that several moderates were in my congregation. The sermon and prayer, not a little antislavery, were very acceptable to them.

Mr. Haven was an admirable person to take charge of a Church under such circumstances. His cheerfulness was contagious, his zeal kindled up zeal in all in contact with him, and his hopefulness made hard things seem easy to disheartened souls. He knew that work and success in working are the best methods for brightening the atmosphere in any Church. Six weeks later he writes to his sister Hannah:

Perhaps you have been expecting me home, but it will not do to leave. There is no especial interest to keep me, but the people begin to feel comfortable, the congregation is fair, and an interregnum would be injurious. We raised \$400 for the missionary cause, which surprised every body, and is considered far the best subscription in the city Churches. Only two surpassed us, and they are very wealthy and flourishing; so we begin to hold up our heads. The congregation is much larger, and we have had well attended meetings every night this week, with one conversion.

Things moved along very pleasantly and with good success at Clinton Street until the end of the Conference year. He had serious misgivings as to the fruitfulness of his labors there, on political grounds. He was an Abolitionist of the most pronounced character and an open defender of the cause of heroic John Brown, while some

of the leading men at Clinton Street were quite conservative in politics. It had been hinted to him by some of those officious souls, who are always on the alert to take charge of a minister's conscience, that he had better be guarded in dealing with political questions and social reform. The only effect of these warnings was to make him extra kind as well as extra faithful in handling such subjects.

Some who had uttered such admonitions were not a little shocked and grieved to observe the deliberate way in which he ignored their counsels. These timid advisers were greatly startled to learn that on the ninth of March, with the Conference just at hand, Mr. Haven had welcomed President Lincoln's first public step for the abolition of slavery with an eloquent, solemn and thoughtful discourse on the text, "The year of my redeemed is come." Isa. lxiii, 4. This sermon was the occasion of some remark in the local press, and made some stir in Methodist circles in Newark. It is a thoroughly faithful discourse, and one of those afterward included in his "National Sermons." Mr. Haven's presiding elder heard a hostile account of it, and told the preacher that after such a discourse he could not succeed in Newark. But the faithful pastor then had in his pocket a unanimous invitation from the official board to return there the next year, and knew that a committee had been appointed to urge the elder to procure his further services in their pastorate; so that he could afford to smile somewhat contemptuously at such timid advisers. The society had been so well pleased with his devotion

and success that they were quite anxious for his re-appointment. He would have stayed with pleasure had not thoughts of his motherless children drawn him again to New England.

While in Newark this busy thinker found a chance to stir up some excitement over certain Church questions. He was conservative on nearly all the ecclesiastical questions then under discussion, except lay delegation. It chanced that Rev. Hiram Mattison had just seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church, published the story of his grievances, his criticisms on the polity and workings of the body he had deserted, had become pastor of an independent Methodist Church in New York, and was looking about him for allies. Rev. Newton Heston, whose unexpired term of service Mr. Haven was filling out at Clinton Street, had made an arrangement to go to Brooklyn, and been greatly angered when the Bishop, not recognizing the arrangement, had returned him to Newark. He, too, was called to the pastorate of an independent Methodist Church in Brooklyn, and made light of his appointment to Newark. A cry went abroad that this was a sign and token of a general disintegration of the Methodist body.

These events gave Mr. Haven an opportunity to free his mind on these subjects that was not unwelcome. He punctured the absurdities and mistakes of the seceders without mercy. But he looked upon their movements as the outgrowth of a dangerous state of feeling in large and influential sections of the Church in those regions. Just at the same time, "The Methodist," an

independent Methodist newspaper, was getting under way in New York. He describes the visible leader of the new journal as a good hater, seeking the strength that comes from organization and numbers, having "an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe air," holding a sort of private general conference near the regular one at Buffalo, and as being at heart hostile to the Church. He shows that the Stilwellite, Methodist Protestant, Scottite, and Southern secessions had all been preceded by similar antecedents, and predicts a similar result in this instance. He says of the new paper :

It is striving in every possible way to supplant the "Advocate." It offers great bribes in its columns, it sends out the most untiring and unscrupulous agents ; it dispatches secret circulars to some of the preachers, offering them a dollar apiece for each subscriber. It also sends circulars to postmasters and sympathetic outsiders marked "strictly confidential," offering them seventy-five cents on every subscriber, thus tempting them to go among our brethren and steal away the patrons of the regular journals. This is all done to get a position superior to the appointed organs and managers of our interests, and, backed by its army of supporters, to dictate terms of submission to the whole Church.

Seeing these things are so, it astonishes us conservatives that any of our Bishops can permit their sermons to be published in its columns, and otherwise seem to give it aid and comfort.

" The wise man shook his head,
And to himself he said,
This is indeed beyond my comprehension."

Their success is dubious. If successful it will only prepare the way for haughtier demands at the next General Conference, with threats of and arrangements for secession, if these are not complied with.

Mr. Haven did not regard the influence of "The Methodist" as responsible for the secessions that had taken place here and there in the case of single pastors and Churches, but with these as symptomatic of a general condition of disturbed loyalty in the regions about New York. Nor did he regard independent journalism as in itself an evil in the Church; but he did regard the new paper as the outgrowth of feelings of disappointment and hostility. He thought it likely to seek support by too great sympathy with defeated principles and unsuccessful candidates, and with reforms of doubtful utility to the Connection. He feared lest the fine talents, sincere devotion and high character of many of the movers in the business should prove too weak to keep the paper from becoming a sort of cave of Adullam in our Israel, and its head like David in that cave, where "every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them."

It is certain that all the results he dreaded have not shown themselves, but Mr. Haven contended that this was the result of unfavorable movements of the public mind. For one thing the Civil War had settled all the contentions concerning slavery and its relations to the Church in their earlier forms. The war for the Union had produced a wide-spread atmosphere of feeling which was favorable to the development of new and the strengthening of old bands of union throughout the country. This made itself silently but powerfully felt in all ecclesiastical matters.

Mr. Haven never changed his views of the unhealthy

influence of that sheet upon our affairs. He looked with suspicion upon the readiness with which certain sorts of reform were welcomed in that quarter. He even regarded its advocacy of Lay Representation as a hinderance to the good cause, because it would provoke suspicion or hostility in many upright people, as if the taint of disloyalty must be there. As late as the last year of life he still retained such views. The night before the opening of the session of the New York East Conference, in 1879, he spent with the writer. He conversed freely about all Church questions and indicated some of the suggestions he intended to urge upon its ministers during the Conference session.

The question of an indefinite extension of the term of pastoral service was then under debate in the journals of the denomination. "The Methodist" favored and championed the movement. The Bishop regarded the proposal as one of the most perilous which could be made, because he held that it would be in effect a surrender of our itinerancy. It was understood that the subject would be brought before the Conference, and the Bishop was alive to the very teeth with argument and raillery against it. Great was his joy when the movement was defeated by a very large vote. Yet he never failed to speak of it as an offshoot of the old mischievous leaven of "The Methodist."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN EUROPE.

Travels in Europe—Correspondence—Dr. Cumming—Punshon and Spurgeon—Palmerston and Disraeli—Wayside Talks—Caste in the Grave—St. Germain des Prés—Letter to the London Watchman—Its Reception in England.

IN April, 1862, Gilbert Haven was stationed at Malden; but it was understood that the pulpit would be supplied by Dr. E. O. Haven, while the nominal pastor would be seeking rest and recuperation in European travel. He sailed at once on the steamer Canada, and during the ensuing ten months visited England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. So rapid a traveler must have been dependent mainly upon his previously acquired information for the advantages of travel; he had not time to study as he went along any thing but the spectacles of nature, society, and historical scenes, spread in such swift and rich succession before him.

But in spite of the rapidity of his journeyings and the powerful attraction of European scenes and society, he found time for a series of letters, some of them full and elaborate, to the various friends he had left behind. He likewise wrote incessantly for "The Christian Advocate," "The Northern Advocate," "Zion's Herald," "The Independent," and the "Ladies' Repository." It would be impossible to follow him in detail through

this manifold record of his wanderings in the Old World. He collected the most interesting of these pictures of travel after his return in a volume called "Pilgrim's Wallet." It is true that he did not half exhaust his materials, and always cherished the intention of working up a second volume to include his papers on Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. That he never carried out this plan came partly from the many claims on his time and pen which soon arose, partly from the fact that the public, though fairly appreciative of his work, was not so eager as to challenge to further production, and chiefly from a doubt whether he could make the second volume as appetizing as the first.

He had some of the qualities which render traveling abroad anywhere interesting and instructive. He had a very quick eye for the world around him, and rare skill in reproducing it in his animating sentences. He saw all that the eye could see, and his eyes were always open. He had learned by instinct that there is always something worth seeing, wherever there is an eye to see the actual world. He would paint a scene which nobody had ever heard of before, on the New England or Maryland coast, with as much care and detail as the most famous landscapes in the world. This constant alertness of attention, while it gave immeasurable variety to his writings, occupied him so fully that it withdrew him from the careful and studied portraiture of the most important scenes and men. Yet he knew and saw enough to render his impressions of travel very pleasant reading. The best way to show his skill in

such matters will be to quote from the "Pilgrim's Wallet :"

ENGLISH PREACHERS.

I heard Dr. Cumming on Ezekiel's vision. The doctor is tallish, slim, very genteel, nice to softness in voice and manner; pronouncing exquisite *exquesechte*, and such like Miss Nancyisms. Yet the dandy glove hides a grip of steel. He, more than any other I heard, discussed doctrinal questions. This was probably owing to his Scotch training and auditory. He referred to the "Essays and Reviews," denouncing them for their laxity on the question of inspiration. His subject was the universal triumph of Christ. His millenarian views were dwelt upon, and prophecies repeated.

The conduct of France and Russia in refusing aid to the Sultan in restoring the Holy Sepulcher showed that they intended to wrest it from him, and he declared that this would merge into a religious and universal war. A peaceable settlement embarrasses his prophecy. He had some neat and novel thoughts, and some fine touches of eloquence. He is very easy to hear, being purely conversational; with no scrap of paper, but fervid talk. I was not surprised at his popularity. Even that very *tendre* would increase his attractiveness. Two thousand persons were in his amphitheater of a church.

After all London fame settles upon two men—Punshon and Spurgeon. They are very different sort of men. Punshon reminded me of Bascom and Chapin. He reads fast, has few gestures, is no orator, at least in the pulpit, and carries his crowds by the splendor of his language more than by all other gifts. He rushes with such impetuosity that you are swept along as in an express train. His subject was Jeremiah's complaint against the Jews for hewing out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. Like the others, it was textual, seizing each word and showing its force and application; addressed to the unconverted persons of a Christian nation. He enlarged on the difference between the work Jeremiah and Paul had to do—one to warn, entreat, and lament a falling

Church, the other to build up the Church out of the ruins of heathendom. His description of the Jews was masterly. So was his portrayal of the labor of man to save himself; hewing out to himself cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. His sermons are exegetical orations. His house was full, and were it known where he preached, the crowds would be enormous. He ought to be advertised, unless he could have a stated place, which the Wesleyan polity forbids. He is a large, full-faced man, of about forty. His voice is pleasant, but not extraordinary. His forte is in these rushing tides of gorgeous rhetoric, not overflowing, but full to the brim. Reading his sermon spoils it for oratory, but does not seem to conflict with his style, which might not be helped but marred by abandoning the manuscript. He may break away from these inky fetters on the platform; if so, his sweep must be grand.

But the pulpit orator of London is Spurgeon. I confess to a previous prejudice against him; but he disarmed me. I heard him twice, and though I dislike to admit any one into the circle where my three greatest preachers dwell—Olin, Durbin, and Beecher—yet I have to acknowledge he has a seat beside if not above them. He has none of the rhetorical manners of Punshon, and yet he has its results. He is a very remarkable man; the greatest preacher, I think, that I have ever heard. Let me try to give you some idea of him. First, behold the field of his conflicts and victories. This is a handsome theater, two galleries going entirely round the house. In front of the first gallery, on a line with it, projects a common platform, inclosed by a common altar railing. This is his pulpit. Half way between it and the lower floor is a platform, in front of the pulpit, full of singers. He opens the meeting with animated singing, then makes running, witty, and spiritual comments on his Scripture readings. He begins his sermon by imploring the presence of the Holy Spirit, and through every word and moment this seems uppermost in his thoughts. He is very dramatic, delighting to hold imaginary conversations with persons in the house. The night I heard him he fancied himself preaching one of Paul's sermons in the streets of Corinth, to show what the apostolic preaching was, and for

fifteen minutes had entirely forgotten that he was aught else than the fervent apostle. He refers to the current heresies of the day, and annihilates them at a blow. He made light of systems of divinity, so called, declaring their idea impossible, and their wisdom foolishness. Then he answered the objectors. This is a good specimen of the quickness of his repartee. A class object to the atonement because it is so bloody. It smells of the shambles. "Of course it does!" he exclaimed. "He shall be led as an ox to the shambles." These words give no idea of the vehemence with which he leaps on his antagonists. He was very positive in his Calvinism. Yet, holding an animated dialogue with an inquirer in the gallery, he makes him ask, "How do I know that I may be saved?" "Do you trust Him?" he exclaims. "If you do, you are one of those he has bought with his blood." An adroit answer, though far from the demands of his system.

He glories in the simplicity of his preaching, and seems to think that he is nothing remarkable, but only an earnest, straightforward evangelist, who stands before sinners,

"With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
And snatch them from a burning grave."

He differs from all the great preachers I have ever heard in this singleness of aim. His every sermon is a battle, begun with a charge of bayonets. His voice is strong and pleasant, except that it breaks on the high notes. He is the perfection of English preaching, embodying in their finest expression all the leading peculiarities of that school.

PALMERSTON AND DISRAELI.

Under the title, "A Night in Parliament," he gives an account of an affray between these once doughty knights of the political arena:

The officials of the government are seated on the lowest bench, on the right of the speaker; the leaders of the opposition on the

opposite bench ; the liberal leaders across the lower end of this parallelogram, "below the gangway," as it is called. The mastiffs from the opposing benches carelessly eye each other. The upper dog in the fight soon proceeds to open the fray. There he sits, with his hat pressed down over his eyes, his smallish form looking as if shrunk with age, his air that of one half asleep and half dead. Suddenly he arouses himself, rises in an utterly indifferent and lazy manner, and with the hesitating tongue, which is the *sine qua non* of parliamentary oratory, throws a bombshell into the ranks of his foes. He declares that the question in debate is confidence or no confidence in the ministry ; if defeated, he shall resign and appeal to the country. They are seemingly, perhaps really, taken aback by the threat, and much preliminary skirmishing follows. He knows his ground, evidently, and has chosen it with wise forecast ; he is not to be beguiled from it. Even Disraeli's cunning suggestions do not make the craftier fox drop his prey. The debate opens with a somewhat graceful speech from Mr. Stanstead, the author of the motion. Palmerston follows. The powers of the man are coolness and readiness. His *sang froid* is extraordinary even in a Briton. It is not the coolness of a fluent orator, for he is any thing but fluent. It is not the sparkling jets of a ready debater, though in these he is not lacking. It is simply the imperturbability of the man of business, prepared for every emergency that his antagonists can create. He is not merely cool ; he is adroit. He knows what to say and what not to say ; how to conceal a thought while seeming to express it. He can utter a biting gibe, which is itself a clinching argument, and this so carelessly, that he appears to be the most indifferent person in all the *mêlée*. His friends and foes grow nervous beside his unchanging calmness. "What's the overthrow of my administration?" he seems to say. "Mere bagatelle." Others say, "It is infamous ! it is glorious !" He, "It is naught, it is naught."

This is the crowning gift of all potentates in all spheres—poetic, oratoric, military, administrative. The coolness of Phillips, Grant, and Lincoln is among the highest proofs of their greatness. So is that of Palmerston. The classical axiom does not seem to fit his case :

Possunt quia posse videntur — He is able because he does *not* seem to be able.

To him Disraeli makes reply. Opposite him, not twenty feet off, sat the calmly sneering Jew. He is dressed with studious care, in "an inky suit of customary black," in striking contrast to the seedy slouchiness of his rival. His dark face, large and hooked nose, and smoky black eye, all mark his race and nature. He essays a like *abandon*; but with him the seeming is apparent to every eye. His voice is calm, his enunciation measured; he even stammers in his utterance. Yet all these are clearly histrionic; his calmness, extemporaneousness, and hesitation, are all assumed. He is manifestly excited. Every nerve is strained to throw his quiet old enemy, who has dropped back into his seat, with his hat over his eyes, almost nodding, as if asleep. His speech is carefully elaborated; there is not a word that has not been carefully hammered out with assiduous toil on the studio anvil. The natural hesitation of one looking for words wherewith to dress the poor naked idea that stands shivering in his brain, is the popular style of Parliamentary oratory. because Parliament was not originally intended as a congress of representatives and debaters, but a talking place of the chiefs of the realm. This is the proper meaning of its name; the distinguishing trait of the higher and originally only house. They disdain to make speeches; they only talk. Hence, as

"When we stick on conversation's burrs,
We strew our pathway with those dreadful 'urrs';"

so these gentry, in their parliamentary converse, delight to retain this reminiscence of the earlier colloquiality that marked their deliberations. Disraeli knows that this is the fashion, and strews the pathway of his oratory with these suggestions of an unprepared and half embarrassed state of mind, while they are as carefully wrought as are his most sarcastic or ornate passages.

There is a cold, metallic ring of the *memoriter* about his voice; he has a Mephistophelian sneering running through all his speech. It sounds almost demoniacal; so constant, so intense is his scorn.

He thrusts home with masterly sharpness and brightness, piercing always the joints of his enemy's harness. How Palmerston can sit so drowsily under this stinging sarcasm is marvelous. He hears every word, he feels every word, yet he sleeps on. This Macbeth cannot murder his sleep. That it hits his replies show; yet in his replies he still keeps the merry side out, and plants his blows in laughter, making the house ring and the foe writhe at his telling blows.

While Mr. Haven was in Great Britain he enjoyed and improved one advantage which he missed on the Continent—conversation with those around him. This meant more for him than for most, since he had the deftest skill in making men open their hearts and minds to him in way-side talk. His own heartiness, *abandon*, good-will, and honesty of speech would often draw taciturn men from their normal silence. If he desired to find out the opinions and desires of any class of men about him, he was certain to have abundant materials for doing so in his hands. He knew how to say whatever he wished to say so as to win a respectful hearing, and he had rare tact in bringing the talk around to any point he wished to touch. Such incidents were full of meaning for him, for they revealed the feelings and purposes of the real people. We give an instance :

Before leaving Bedford I ought to chronicle an incident which convinced me that the spirit of the sires of England's great rebellion lives yet in her sons. I asked a lame man where Bunyan's Chapel was, and on his directing me, remarked that I was an American.

"North or South?" said he.

"Neither," said I; "a United States American."

"Why didn't you say that before?" said he. "I would have introduced you to that large white-coated man going up the other side of the street. He is a great Union man; so am I. It is the aristocracy that wants the Confederacy acknowledged. If they acknowledge it, we shall revolt."

"Revolt," I answer; "what will that amount to? They say up in London John Bright has no friends."

"John Bright," he replies, "can march more millions to London than they can rally against him."

His eyes flashed as his soul, on fire, blazed from their windows. He knew what "revolt" meant. Cromwell and his fellows had taught him that.

Mr. Haven was more than forty when he first visited Europe. Hence he was, perhaps, a little too prone to weigh and estimate every thing in the social and political world by American standards. Yet the amplest admissions on this subject should not blind us to the neatness with which he sometimes impales British follies and shows up British absurdities, as in the passages to follow:

CASTE IN THE GRAVE.

Descending the hill, we pass through a new cemetery that grotesquely exhibits the religion and the caste of England. It is in two parts. A road runs between. Two handsome stone chapels, just alike apparently, though unspeakably different in the eye of a true Churchman, stand opposite each other at the several entrances of the grounds. One lot and chapel is for Dissenters, one for Churchmen. A gentleman told me that in a parish in Yorkshire, where the road did not kindly cut off the sacred from the accursed earth, the clergyman refused to perform the consecrating services until they had built a wall at least three feet high and six feet deep between the parts, this depth being that to which the graves are dug.

Afterward he found a similar absurdity in the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor :

In the center of the aisle, near the altar, stood a large vase full of flowers. They were put there by the Queen's hand over the vault below, where her husband reposed. He could not be allowed, the verger said, to be buried there, as only the blood royal or, more properly, the dust royal, could sleep in this chapel. Husband and wife must part company here, for both cannot be of the royal race. The force of folly could no farther go. Prince Aibert's children could sleep here, but not their father. The queen's father can lie here, but not her mother. How fine the thread which holds this system together ! One strong puff of popular common sense, and the whole aristocratic cobweb dissolves, and

“ Like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leaves not a rack behind.”

One of Mr. Haven's keenest delights in this earliest tour in Europe was found in inspection of the masterpieces of architecture, painting, and sculpture. Most of his ideas concerning art were derived from a patient and loving study of Ruskin's works and considerable reading of artist biographies. As his opportunities for the careful examination of such artistic creations had been few and rare, one would naturally expect considerable modesty and diffidence in his deliverances on such topics. What can be finer in this particular than Hawthorne's confessions of his own helplessness under similar circumstances ; but Mr. Haven's manner is wholly different. He runs through the world of European scenery and art without the slightest conjecture that these multitudinously novel objects may possibly not reveal to him their whole significance. The audacious mental poise of

the man shows itself in his total unconsciousness of any audacity in his procedures. He describes a Parisian *café* and Murillo's Conception with the same free and easy air of knowing all about both.

Of course, Mr. Haven never enters upon the realm of technical art criticism, but confines himself to telling what impressions these wonderful artistic creations produce on his own mind. Even this is perilous for the unlearned in art. Sometimes the mark is missed when it is fairly plain, but commonly it is struck clearly and with vigor, as in his spirited account of

"ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS."

Wandering in the most ancient and aristocratic quarter of the town, where the neglected Bourbonites hide their diminished heads, but with no lowering really of their crest of pride, I saw the insignificant front of a church packed between like soiled and cheap fronts of the decaying rookeries of poverty. Its belfry was crowned with a wooden pyramid, upon which roosts the familiar symbol of Puritan piety, the cock of Peter, of the dawn, or of France. I found out where France got her Gallic name and popular sobriquet, and New England her bird ecclesiastic. Having seen it since as far south as Italy, perched on the spires of papal churches, it has occurred to me that the two symbols of the faith in their days were the cross and the cock. With a strange perversion of taste, our fathers rejected the former and clave to the latter. Perhaps they thought it less expressive, and therefore less seductive.

Seeking a momentary rest, I pushed aside the heavy leathern veil, which is the usual portal. "How beautiful!" I instantly exclaimed. "What a glowing gem of art and life is this!" The Madelaine, in its modern magnificence; Nôtre Dame, with its interlaced roof and wide sweeping arches; even the Sainte Chapelle, with its blaze of color, did not diffuse so deep and tender a feeling as this

seemingly obscurest of temples. Only Saint Vincent de Paule was its equal, and not its superior. Applying to my guide for light, I found, what one always finds, that such gems of purest ray serene are not strown carelessly in the dark unfathomed caves of the ocean of humanity. They have a history that warrants their array. I was treading very ancient consecrated earth. Thirteen hundred years ago Childebert, son of the first Christian king, who built the other St. Germain, laid these foundations in the *prés*, or meadow without the town, as it then was, but in one of its now oldest quarters. His name, and that of Bonaparte, are given to the two streets on whose corner the church stands. What a space of time those names cover! What greater spaces of events! Dedicated in 557, it was then celebrated for its beauty, and called "The Golden Basilica." Only the unseen foundations and unseen spirit of that structure remain. The Norman leveled it. It was rebuilt in 980, and we can worship within walls that have heard the name of Christ reverently pronounced for nearly a thousand years. What if much hay and stubble have been heaped upon the cross. There it hangs, and many a faithful soul clings to it, and not to him who holds it in his priestly hands. This faithful adhesion to Jesus Christ and him crucified is the evident reason for the perpetuity and power of the Papal Church. This is the true blood which is the life of man; and all her diseases, severe as they are, have not so corrupted her that it is impossible for the seeking soul to find salvation therein. God's penetrative grace, by faith, can strike through the whole superincumbent mass of Mariolatry, infallibility, indulgences, absolution, and such, and renew the trusting penitent in His divine image of power and love.

Unlike most churches, color is its prevailing characteristic. The stone pillars, arches, nave—every thing is full of fire. The pillars of the nave are all painted in blue and white; those of the choir, in crimson, black, and gold. The fretted roof high above you is transformed into a starry vault, where, on a sky of ultramarine, golden stars are ever shining. But the height of its achievements, and that which alone makes me weary you with this description, is the paintings that encompass the nave, over the caps of the pillars, and above

the spandrels of the arch. I have seen hundreds of pictures in these churches, some by great artists, but none so original, so simple, so beautiful as these. Only those in St. Boniface, in Munich, approached them, and they are not equal in idea. M. Flandin was the designer. He has lately died. In him disappeared not only an artist but a poet, an idealist as well as an executor—a talent rare in his profession as in every other. The frescoes are in pairs, a scene from the Old Testament placed beside its counterpart from the New. These correspondences are as original as the paintings, and bespeak the highest order of genius.

Adam and Eve fleeing affrighted at the voice of the Lord is offset by the Birth of Jesus. The very Lord they fly from has become their child. And what admirable pre-Raphaelism in this picture of the Nativity! Mary lies on her couch in a plain peasant dress, the babe beside her, and Joseph sitting at the bedside. Their faces, though unconscious of their relation to God and man, are yet fully conscious, so subtly has the artist caught that true expression of the perfect soul.

Balaam's Burnt-Offering and the Adoration of the Magi are a happy parallel. Balaam has his victim upon the altar, but is looking up at a star which he sees arise out of Jacob. The mountains of Moab and the tents of Israel are around and beneath him. But his prophetic eye sees only that star. That star these wise men have followed. It stands over the babe before whom—a victim also—they are bowed. How fine the analogy and the contrast! What Balaam, the heathen prophet, perforce declared, these heathen prophets gladly follow. The history of the world and the Gospel, the compulsory recognition and the joyful obeisance to Him are thus felicitously taught.

The next series is another Bengelian connection, subtle and true—Moses before the Burning Bush and the Annunciation. The two incarnations are instantly suggested. The greatness of the latter is seen not the least in the prostration and terror of the shepherds as compared with the maidenly calm, the reposeful strength of her who could say, even in that hour of prophetic suffering and sorrow, and,

worst of all, of infamy, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it unto me according to thy word." One can hardly wonder at the worship of the Virgin when he sees the proneness of human nature to worship any but God. In our shrinking from Mariolatry we have ceased to have all the reverence and affection that we ought for her who is most highly honored of all created beings—archangel, angel, or man. Let us love and revere "the Mother of our Lord," as Elisabeth did. That cannot be sin.

Melchizedek blessing and offering the bread and wine to Abraham and his train is set over against the Lord's Supper. Joseph sold into Egypt and Judas kissing Christ is another significant though recondite affinity. A long similitude might be deduced from that conception. The kindred crime and its kindred consequences, baleful and blessed, open out before us through this narrow gateway.

The Destruction of Pharaoh and the Baptism of Christ are an unexpected conjunction of affiliated opposites. Water is an instrument of divine vengeance and of divine honor. Man is ruined and saved by the same element. The Deluge would have been a better offset had this alone been in his mind; but he thought, perhaps, of Moses calling down punishment by water upon his enemies, (for he is the central figure,) and Christ submitting to it for the salvation of his enemies.

The Confusion of Babel and the Keys given to Peter teach the re-gathering of sundered and scattered man in the Church and the one language of believers.

Abraham offering up Isaac and the Crucifixion are a palpable analogy, though imbued with vigor and strength under this pencil.

Jonah cast out by the whale and the Resurrection are the last and greatest of the series. The correspondence is the more familiar because Christ himself has declared it. Had it been left like many of these, to human ingenuity, we should have wondered at its wonderful and fruitful significance. Both of these scenes are handled with uncommon reality and power. Jonah, naked, is running up the beach, having just scrambled upon his feet, after being cast out by

the hideous monster before us. A huge wave is chasing him fiercely, and half submerges him in its angry foam, as if it would accomplish the destruction in which the baffled whale had failed. His face is full of unspeakable thankfulness and terror. In wonderful contrast is the serene majesty of Him who is not cast fearfully forth by devouring death at the command of God, but rises from his sepulcher as if it were, as it was, but the couch of momentary and peaceful slumber. The sepulcher is not a cave, but a sarcophagus, a common stone coffin. The "stone" is the huge slab which covers it, that is pushed away as carelessly as if it were the silken coverlet of a bed of down. He is thus brought nearer to us in fate and in consolation than if seen emerging from a cave. It is at once more frightful and more triumphant to come forth from the familiar and fearful coffin.

Intensely republican in all his convictions, Mr. Haven's natural political fervor was intensely stimulated by the criticism of which he found his country and its administration the subject in every direction in Europe. He naturally exaggerated the hostility of the partisans of monarchical and aristocratic institutions, and was a little over ready to draw his pen in defense of America. Making the acquaintance of Dr. Cuyler in Europe, one of the first things the pious men did was to hold a prayer-meeting at their rooms for the distant but forgotten land of their birth. While stopping in Paris he saw a great deal of Dr. M'Clintock, then pastor of the American Chapel in that city, and a wise and fervid champion of the American cause before Europe. Inspired by his example, and guided partly by his advice, Mr. Haven put the case of America before the English public in a long and interesting letter to the London

"Watchman," the most widely circulated paper of the Wesleyans. It appears now as though this solid and brilliant condensation of America's position and work among the nations was sufficiently beyond dispute, but it did not seem so then to the editors of the "Watchman" and their advisers. As the letter had been asked for by the editor, the Rev. Mr. Rigg, the first half of it, as it now appears in "National Sermons," was published in the London paper. Such was the excitement created by this article that a committee of the managers forbade the publication of the rest of the communication. Mr. Rigg afterward told Mr. Haven that the thing objected to was the statement of the real cause of the anti-American feeling of England. Here is what the Wesleyans of England did read, no doubt with some surprise :

It is not possible, it seems to me, for any European people thoroughly to apprehend the feelings of the American people in this great crisis of its history. They are ruled over. We are the rulers. They reverence a class; we the whole. They have no part, or the least possible, in the administration of affairs. We are the sources of administrative power, and our king and his ministers are required every few years to submit themselves as our representatives to our judgment. We feel, therefore, precisely as a king feels when his crown is assailed. Himself and his family are chiefly in his mind. It was not the interests of the people that troubled Charles I., or James II., or the King of Naples, or Napoleon, or any dethroned or attacked monarch, but family interests. His crown is his fortune. To dethrone him is to rob him. Hence he fights for it. Hence he is careful to transmit it, if possible, to his children. So does every American feel. He is a sovereign. His sovereignty is assailed. He must defend it, even to the death, or he is a worm and no man.

He must transmit this great inheritance to his children and his children's children. It is worth more than any crown or kingly seat. Queen Victoria has no such gift for Albert Edward as the poorest man in America has for all his children. She can transmit authority over millions of subjects, he authority, with millions of equals, over his rulers. They are all of royal blood, all equal heirs to royal honors.

If it required some courage in upright Englishmen to print such sentiments, what they did not print would have strained their valor yet more. For Mr. Haven goes on to say that America is fighting the battle of humanity every-where against class interests and selfishness of every sort. He tells them that the seed sown of Cromwell, then betrayed by him and extirpated by royal England, is coming to its divinely-appointed highest fruition in America; he predicts the development of a universal Republic, before which thrones and crowns are to vanish like a puff of smoke. And, finally, he foreshadows what the war means for both countries in startling words:

We have yet a great work to do in this matter, a work which no European can comprehend, which almost every American yet shrinks from, but whose preliminary steps, to our honor it shall be said, we are willing to take, letting Providence direct the issue. It is this: the African race is among us, in slavery, or akin to it. It is unlike every other race, who are welcomed, whose lineage is speedily forgotten, and whose blood mingles freely each with each. The distinctions and pride of European races have totally disappeared there. I know eminent families in whose blood a half dozen of these races are represented. We therefore cease to talk of English, Irish, German, French, Celtic, or Teutonic, or any such clannish blood. We call ourselves the Caucasian—the white race. Yet this is clannish.

And as these narrow feelings dwell in European nationalities, so this like narrow, if larger, sentiment works in us. Now the problem is thrust upon us by Providence of the relation of the Caucasian to the African race, the white to the black. Our fundamental and most vital theories require that we make no distinction, that we be as unmindful of the accident of color as of that of birth or tongue. But our feelings are largely averse to the conclusions to which we are thus driven. We cannot deny our foundation principles, we cannot instantly overcome the prejudices of generations.

On some accounts it was to be regretted that Mr. Haven did not see Europe at a calmer period, when he could have looked at the relations of the Old and the New World under an atmosphere less disturbed by political commotions, and when the social and civic contrasts and oppositions were less violently marked than during our civil war. He might have had a broader, and therefore wiser vision of the action and reaction of these different and sometimes hostile systems upon each other, and of the probable results on both sides of the Atlantic. But perhaps it was best in view of the great principles he was set to interpret, the evils he had to denounce and combat, and the example he had to set, that he saw the scenes and society of Europe just when and as he did. Perhaps in no other way, and at no other time, could certain great conceptions of the mission and destiny of his native land have been so blended with his intimate convictions as to throb in every pulsation of his veins.

CHAPTER XV.

BOSTON.

Stationed in Boston—The North Russell Street Church—Social Meetings—Preaching—Spiritual Life—Literary Work—Purchase of Grace Church—Business Tact—Grace Church Re-opened—A Call and Half a Call—Buries his Father—Letter to W. M. Ingraham—The Church's Work in the South—Letter to Bishop Ames—Letter from Bishop Ames—The Conscript Missionary's Perplexities—Further Correspondence—Bishop Thomson's Courtesy—Serious Illness—Approval of his Conscience—Bad Health—Idleness—Improvement.

IN April, 1863, Mr. Haven was appointed pastor of the North Russell Street Church, Boston. As this parish was perfectly accessible by rail from Malden, he continued to reside there with his young children at the house of his parents. This arrangement not only provided in the best possible way for the children, but it supplied him in some measure with society for the weary leisure which clings about the busiest lives.

The new charge had once been one of the best appointments in Boston, and had enjoyed the services of many able men in its pastorate. But changes in population had long been going on in the city which steadily drew away some of the best and most influential families. The movement was one which affected nearly all the Protestant churches at the North End in the same way. Business was crowding out many families, and the population was now growing largely foreign and Catholic. Pretty soon after his appointment he told a

friend that his society must speedily move or die, and that many of them were quite ready to die. Still Pastor Haven was not exactly the man to take kindly to moribund propositions in any case where life was worth having. He turned the problem over in his own mind, and concluded that life, under improved conditions, was both feasible and desirable for the North Russell Street Church.

He went quietly and diligently about his pastoral work, and speedily showed his usual success in it. He loved the means of grace as well as ever, and cherished the conviction that all real advances in Church life must rest upon a wiser appreciation and more diligent use of them. He was so fervent and spiritual in his own employment of these fountains of life that he presently drew all the more religious and genuine spirits in his society to a more profitable attendance upon them. He did not say so much about old-fashioned religion as some, but he fed upon it in secret, and showed its vital power in its fullness. It struck some of his congregation strangely that one who had just visited some of the greatest of Christian assemblies and listened to the grand services of minsters and cathedrals should find such intense delight in the simplest and homeliest of his own means of grace. Yet they soon found that he had a far keener appreciation of that worship in spirit and in truth which really pleases God than of high religious art. The splendor of storied windows, the grandeur of magnificent churches, and the orderly beauty of cathedral worship had no religious charm for him, except as

they embodied the real worship of religious genius in the past or drew living worship out of the wondering and prostrate spectators.

He used to say that the mourners' bench, thronged with penitents, was nearer to heaven than St. Peter's, and that a Methodist camp-meeting was God's favorite cathedral. Such services must be spiritual or they are nothing, and this bare and perfect dependence upon the spirit of real religion was for him their greatest attraction. One who had these views of his religious work in its daily routine was pretty sure to make others feel, if not think, as he did, and Pastor Haven had an openness of soul which made his piety contagious. One of the remarkable features of his letters and journals at this date is the frequency wherewith he records his own enjoyment of such scenes of worship. Thus he says: "Had a good time at prayer-meeting—very solemn and comforting." "Have been to Hamilton and Yarmouth the last week to camp-meeting. Had a good time at both, but the best at Yarmouth, as there I spent the Sabbath, a blessed, beautiful day."

We have occasional notices of his sermons, old and new:

Had a good time this morning preaching from "Ye have an unction from the holy One." The fourth time I have preached it; it is capable of being made a great thing, but must be written out. Read an old sermon this afternoon on "Without God in the world." Did not feel it, and so it did no good. Wont do so again. Yet how often I say that, and then do it! Old sermons are dead sermons unless made alive by the voice of the Son of God. . . . Last Sunday preached on "And Asa renewed the altar of the Lord," and the barren fig-

tree, two new sermons, one written; had a better time. . . . Preached at Cliftondale to-day on "Ye are come to Mount Zion;" had a good time. Preached this afternoon on "He gave himself for us,"—Christ our substitute. Had a good time pleading with sinners. . . . Discoursed to-day on "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Precious, unspeakably precious is the feeling of love for Christ. I could hardly restrain myself at the thought of his love for me, so worthless, so wicked. Spoke of the relation of the redeemed soul to him as one of conscious affection, my beloved—conscious possession, is mine—reciprocal, and I am his—undivided, of its existing in spite of our infirmities and sins even. How great is his love, how eternal! O that I might reveal it more! I am dreadfully tempted much of the time, and miserable beyond description. The loss, how fresh and dreadful. God comfort and guide me!

He was not very well content with his preaching at this period, and the fault was, of course, mainly his own. He prepared his sermons in too much haste to do justice to himself or them. He too often has to say something like this: "Preached two old sermons to-day; do not like to preach old sermons, but was so pressed with calls and cares that I neglected preparation last week."

"My sermon was very imperfect. Did not begin it in season," he confesses at another time.

The reason of this dissatisfaction with his preaching is easy to see.

Side by side with these confessions we have a qualifying explanation of them in remarks showing that his preaching was effective:

The Church has published my sermon on President Lincoln's death. Preached a funeral sermon for Rev. Daniel E. Chapin's son, who died of wounds received in the Virginia battles. Subject, "Our Christian Soldiers, Christian Martyrs." A large and attentive

audience. Had an anonymous epistle, scolding me ferociously for my fast-day sermon. Also one praising me as extravagantly from Dr. Whedon for my critique on him in the "Independent." So bane and antidote go together. Whedon wishes me to set about a history of doctrine for the first three centuries. Don't feel competent for so great a task. Yet I fritter myself away on editorials and such.

Still these calls multiplied on his hands: "Had a letter from Dr. Curry, asking for editorials and other aid. So does Dr. Crooks ask. Busy beyond my powers."

These demands grew so fast that pretty often come statements like this: "Wrote an article on Lay Representation last week, one on Spring for the 'Independent,' rewrote one on Zurich for the 'Repository,' a Boston letter, and book notices—the last eighteen pages long—for the 'Advocate.'" No wonder he adds: "Am so driven by these calls that I neglect my studies, my travels, which I am trying to write up, and, I fear, my sermons. The first and last I must try to avoid, though I make many new sermons, more than ever before." His work brought him in several hundreds of dollars a year, always a welcome addition to a meager salary. Then, too, he spoke to a far wider and more influential audience in the least of these papers than waited on his ministry at North Russell Street. Indeed, the usual congregation there was much smaller than any he had preached to for years, and the prevalent expectation of dying as a society did not help matters. He attracted some attention as a preacher of sermons on special occasions, occasions which were sadly frequent in those fierce and terrible war times.

Soon after the opening of his second year at North Russell Street he says in the Journal: "Preached to a thin house. Prospects are poor indeed at our church; must move or die." He had been silently but in dead earnest giving good heed to this question of a removal of his Church, where not only life might be possible, but a strong and vigorous and fruitful existence would be assured. He found an empty church in the quarter of the city he wished to occupy—Grace Church, on Temple Street, near the State House. It had been built by some Episcopalians, seceders from a neighboring parish, who found no adequate support for their enterprise there. After many and serious sacrifices to sustain the movement, failure could not be avoided, and so the minister was dismissed, the church closed, and the congregation scattered. The business sagacity of Pastor Haven showed him how this combination of circumstances might be turned in favor of his scheme. Here was a church whose owners would sell it far below its real value, for some of them were so tired of their enterprise that they wished to render its renewal impossible, and hence gave up their pews and provoked others to do likewise in aid of the plan. Members of the Church from which the seceders had withdrawn were also desirous of having the church pass into other hands, and gave considerable sums to aid in its purchase.

Still, with all these abatements made, the purchase-money would be a far greater sum than the dispirited and diminished society at North Russell Street could raise. How should the rest be obtained? Pastor Haven knew

that several wealthy Boston Methodists had long cherished the desire to see a free Methodist Church established and maintained in that city. Why not make this experiment at Grace Church in Temple Street? This was the link which drew into his scheme the outside men whose support secured its speedy achievement. On August 21, 1864, he records: "Have purchased Grace Church; shall take possession next Tuesday; have \$10,000 to raise for repairs." Seven months later we find this statement: "The church paid for, and repairs in progress. It will look well when done. It will cost \$10,000. Have only \$2,000 pledged. Our chapel will help to pay the rest." A colored congregation wished to obtain his old church, and he helped earnestly both by selling at a low price and by getting subscriptions for the expense.

Some months later (November 6) he records these facts:

My last Sunday is spent in my present station. Grace Church was opened October 18. Rev. C. D. Foss, D.D., preached the sermon; it was a fine sermon finely delivered. We raised \$5,000, which leaves it free of debt. The evening exercises were very interesting. Rev. J. W. F. Barnes, Methodist; Rev. Mr. Burrill, Episcopalian; John A. Andrew, Governor of the Commonwealth; Rev. W. S. Studley, Methodist; Judge Russell, Collector of the Port of Boston; and Rev. Dr. Kirk, Congregationalist, were the speakers. Jane, Kate, and Aunt Seney were present, and made us a fine visit of ten days afterward.

Grace Church is one of the monuments of Mr. Haven's tact, sagacity, and skill in combining the forces

within his reach so as to carry the special object upon which he had set his heart. He greatly enjoyed doing the work, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his occupations. His plans were so well matured and adequate that they rarely crowded each other so as to distract him. And he enjoyed the success which this Church has achieved since under the faithful labors of the eminent ministers who have followed him in that pastorate, some of them among his most intimate personal friends. Nor was he without foretastes of the coming prosperity, for almost all his communion seasons were marked by additions to the Church. Thus the first Sunday in May, 1865, he notes down: "Baptized three by immersion, admitted six into the Church." About the same time he says: "Had a deep and powerful meeting this evening; two were forward for prayers." And of the last Sabbath he writes gratefully: "To-day baptized six, and received eight into full connection. We had eight forward for prayers, a great crowd present. Things look very prosperous for them."

Mr. Haven's growing success before the public and his unusual business gifts led to some applications to undertake positions largely requiring such gifts. He was consulted by Messrs. Rice, Rich, and Raymond as to taking the position of Principal at Wilbraham. This he positively declined, and adhered to his resolution.

In June, 1864, there was a similar suggestion from Lima, N. Y.:

Was written to last week, urging that my name might be brought before the trustees for the presidency of Genesee College. I re-

fused and then consented, whereupon it was not even brought forward. It makes me indignant. Some friends wanted me, but they had no power to effect any thing. I did not wish to go, but I do not wish to be annoyed.

Writing to Rev. G. M. Steele, D.D., he unbosoms himself more freely :

MY COMPANION IN TRIBULATION : I just put my foot into the edge of the Genesee trap and got bit. Don't blow me up for this fastidiousness about their applying for a fellow's name, and getting it only to hit him back. I declined positively to let the name go before the Lima trustees ; — wrote back entreating me to withdraw the declaration. I half did it, saying, " Can't promise, will consider it if elected ;" whereupon it was trumpeted all over Boston that I had accepted ; and lo, Loomis is elected, Alverson being too many guns for the other professors. Next time you catch me that way you'll know it. You may call it fastidiousness, I call it manliness. Still I liked your tonic. I had had bewildering flatteries that day from Rice and Raymond as to my Wilbraham fitness, and the truthfulness of your note was healthful. That I declined, and think I should have treated Genesee in like style had it come in like absolute shape.

Before telling the story of his removal from Grace Church let us note two deaths among the many which touched him deeply in these crowded months. The loss of his own father is narrated in a letter to Mr. W. M. Ingraham, dated February 24, 1863 :

I sit down at this almost midnight hour in the room from which my dear and honored father ascended to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God, to answer your very welcome note. It is true, as you say, that you know the full weight of this sorrow and the fuller weight of the consolations that accompany it ; for your fathers, like mine, walked with God, and were not because God took them.

His death was very sudden, as you may have seen in the "Herald." I have had ample opportunities of seeing him and being with him since my return from Europe. He had been better than usual all winter, being active in home, Church, and other matters. A week ago yesterday he fell in the back yard, and struck with full force on his chest. The pains, which had left his chest, returned and increased, though not to create alarm till the day he died. And then they did not appear so fatal as they proved. He was down street that morning, ate his dinner, though complaining much of pain, was about the house and out in the yard in the afternoon, reading and talking. As the pain increased he came into the dining-room, drank a glass of hot whisky the girls fixed for him, lay down on the sofa, and in less than three minutes he was gone.

Another death which moved him greatly was that of Rev. Charles Baker, who had known and loved Gilbert and Mary Haven from the dear Northampton days:

Father Baker died Tuesday morning, and was buried Friday. He went in a flash, without pain, and in great ecstasy. How he must have greeted Mary with his pleasant, familiar smile, and told her about me! I cried much at his funeral—more than his wife, who was greatly sustained. When shall I see the day that ends my woes?

How he could comfort the bereft may be seen from part of his letter to his old friend, W. M. Ingraham, respecting the departure of his father-in-law, Rev. Robert Seney, dated February 13, 1863:

I thought of you when I read the unexpected obituary, and have followed you all the afternoon and evening, and now see you in the dark and desolate house. You have met with the greatest loss you have ever suffered. You are wading through the deepest waters into which the providence of God has ever led you. Not ignorant

of sorrow, I know how to sympathize with you, or, rather, I know how impossible it is to sympathize with the smitten heart. God only can. He does. "I will be with him in trouble." That is enough—a sure refuge, a strong consolation we have in him. I hardly thought when I was reading, the last Sabbath I was in England, in the gardens of St. John's College, your letter which you wrote me almost three years ago, that my first letter after I got home would be one to you of like character. I am glad that a like calamity did not call for it. Though this trial might be greater, I know it is unspeakably great.

None would be more missed by me when I shall look in again upon that cheerful and welcome home. His heart was always young. His voice and manner never savored of age or decrepitude. Few men of his years, no one of my acquaintance, was so full of youthful spirits. How you must miss him! But 'twill only make heaven the richer. How fast the goodly company is increasing with additions from my circle of acquaintance and affection! It seems far more like home to me than any spot on earth.

How does your mother bear the dreadful load? May God sustain her!

As the civil war drew to its close Mr. Haven was on the watch to see that the work of reorganizing the Methodism of the South should be so managed as to avoid the grievous errors of the past. He regarded the existence of separate Churches for men holding the same religious views, solely because they were of different complexion, as both impolitic and sinful. Hence he had not only warned the Church publicly against this foolish and expensive course, but he took measures to arouse public feeling against it. In 1864 he had procured the admission of a colored minister, Rev. J. N. Mars, to the New England Conference, and urged the

authorities to put him in charge of some of the churches of that region.

In April, 1865, he procured the passage of a series of resolutions on the Southern work, pitched in the same key, and aflame with earnestness, since the hour of decision was at hand. He inclosed a copy of these resolutions to leading officials of the Church, among others to Dr. Durbin and Bishop Ames. To both he sent earnest letters insisting on the policy he advocated, and summoning them to the leadership of this new department. The letter to Bishop Ames ran thus :

REV. BISHOP AMES :

DEAR BROTHER—Will you allow me to call your attention to the resolutions of our Conference on the subject of Reconstruction in the South? They were approved by nearly every leading mind—Drs. Cummings, Cobleigh, Barrows, Brothers Twombly, Cox, Clark, Rice, etc., and by almost all the body. They have since passed the Maine Conference, and substantially the New Hampshire. They are in direct agreement with the policy of negro suffrage, or universal citizenship, which I am happy to hear that you indorse. Could our Church have a new session of the General Conference, I am sure that, in the remarkable progress of events and opinions the last year, she would not organize colored Conferences, or in any way separate these brethren from the rest. Four years in these times are four ages; and it is essential that our organization in the South should begin at once, and begin aright. We ought to do as a Church what we must do as a nation—ignore the prejudice against color and the distinctions of color. Can we not begin this work by appointing such brethren missionaries in the South, holding connection with our Conferences. This is what we sought to do last year in the case of Brother Mars, which you did not object to. Our Conference at this session requested his return and employment in this work. He

would be of immense benefit to us at Richmond, where he ardently desires to go.

I hope you will pardon this note. It is written solely in the interests of the Church, Christ, and humanity. I feel that no one in our Church has more influence, and deservedly so, than yourself. I am happy to serve under so wise a leader. I know that if you take this step, and, so far as your influence extends, break up this unchristian line of separation in the yet-unoccupied territory where we can reorganize aright, without encroaching on conceded rights, the whole Church will gladly follow you.

Trusting you will pardon this intrusion in view of the greatness of the cause that impels it, I remain

Most respectfully yours,

GILBERT HAVEN.

MALDEN, *May* 10, 1865.

These decided notions concerning the form and spirit of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South, Mr. Haven urged with great fervor and earnestness in the public journals, particularly in the "Christian Advocate" and the "Independent." As in some instances there had appeared indications of a disposition to disregard these principles, his criticism had been both affectionate and unsparing. It appears that the authorities of the Church did not think themselves authorized by the Discipline to insist on the impartial course so eloquently urged upon them; and, perhaps, some of them doubted the possibility of success in the South under such guiding principles. Of course, sagacious men like the Bishops of the Church of that day must have foreseen the development of these differences, and have made up their minds what course to take in their administration in the South. Whether wisely or not, they judged themselves bound by the Discipline to recognize

work in the South which did recognize distinctions of color as well as work that did not. Hence some annoyance was felt at the telling criticism of Mr. Haven, and a conviction was cherished on the part of Bishop Ames that it was the work of an unexperienced and, therefore, unpractical theorist. The Bishop accordingly answered Mr. Haven's appeal only as follows :

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *June 21, 1865.*

REV. GILBERT HAVEN :

DEAR BROTHER—You are hereby appointed to labor as missionary in Vicksburg, Miss. . . . There are many colored people in the city and vicinity to whom your presence and influence will, I trust, be of service in many ways. A convention will soon be called. Jackson, the seat of the government, is easy of access. I have good hope that the influence you will be able to exert among the public men of the State will aid in securing some constitutional protection for the colored people. You will be our only minister in the State, and much responsibility will rest upon you, but not more than by the grace of God you will be able to bear.

I know of no field of labor more important in all respects than the one you are about to enter. I trust the divine blessing will attend you. It is understood among the Bishops that each shall take the best men he can find for the Southern work. . . . I have written to Bishop Baker to take charge of the interests of the Church you leave. I am sure you have been able to infuse enough of your own earnest spirit into your people to make them willing to submit to the sacrifice of parting with you for such a purpose.

Inclosed is a draft for \$500. Write often ; I will do all I can in every way to aid you.

Yours truly,

E. R. AMES.

Here was a surprising answer to Mr. Haven's letter concerning the Southern work, though the brief, military letter of the sturdy Bishop said nothing about that com-

munication. Yet there was no doubt in Mr. Haven's mind that this entirely unexpected appointment would not have been made but for his course of suggestion and criticism. It became known to him that the Bishops had consulted the other men they had sent to the Southern work, and had even consulted two men about going to Vicksburg. It became known that some of the Bishops objected to his taking the matter into the papers, and especially into the "Independent," a non-Methodist journal. Hence the Bishop's letter might mean, Let us see how an amiable theorist will get on in the hard, practical work of the Southern missionary. Let us see whether he will attempt himself to do what he would impose on others. No doubt Bishop Ames foresaw that this extemporized missionary would be a very effective laborer in that vineyard if he could only be cleared of visionary notions by contact with the real Southern world. Possibly he looked for a refusal to accept work forced upon him with such rude vigor. All these surmises afforded the missionary food for sober reflection. What made his course more difficult to determine was the fact that he had been pondering deeply whether he ought not to give himself to that noble work.

The appointment had not come about as he could have wished, but it had come; was it not God's voice summoning him from study, books, and letters to higher labors? This was the point for him to weigh most anxiously. Then, could he not use his appointment to procure an indorsement of the principles so dear to him; and if so, was it not his plain duty to accept?

Meanwhile the Church whose pastor he was protested against his removal until the work of paying for the new edifice had been completed, or some suitable pastor had been actually appointed to take up the work. After much reflection, and serious counseling with his friends, Mr. Haven replied that, though surprised by the appointment, he was not unwilling to accept; that objection was made by the Church to his immediate removal before certain expenses for the new church had been provided for; that he should only go to represent the Gospel of Christ as expounded by St. Paul, by making no distinction of classes or colors in his work of reorganizing the Church; that he lacked certain shining gifts specially valued in the South, but did not regard success as out of reach; that he, an Abolitionist of the deepest dye, could not influence the coming convention at Jackson; that the Bishop would soon hear from Mr. Haven's Church on the subject; that, as the Bishop had not fixed a time for his departure, he had ventured to wait until all the facts of the case were laid before him; and at last said, "If you order my departure at any rate and instantly I shall obey."

The essential part of Bishop Ames' response follows:

REV. G. HAVEN:

IOWA CITY, IA., *July 13, 1863.*

DEAR BROTHER—I have delayed answering your letter until to-day, when I had received the communication alluded to from your Church. I am glad your people do not offer any serious objection to your going, and as you consent, we will consider the matter settled. Can you start for Vicksburg by August 1?

I have no directions to give you touching your duties. "We be

brethren," ministers in the same Church, having the same Discipline to guide us. I have neither the authority nor inclination to make laws. . . .

Great changes are to be made in the civil constitution of the State and society. I think it important for the cause of God and humanity that some minister should be on the spot who is capable of exerting some influence for the right, and giving such a narrative of facts as will do good, if printed and circulated. Knowing your ability I have selected you, and have good hope that your course will demonstrate to all the wisdom of my choice. . . .

Yours truly,

E. R. AMES.

To this letter Mr. Haven replied at some length. He says that his "consent" was mere obedience to orders, not choice, since he could only decline to go at the risk of having his character arrested at the next session of the New England Conference for not going to his work. He shows that the Bishop was probably mistaken in thinking it possible for a man of ultra views to influence the constitutional convention, and that real work in the South must be done in the Church, by settling that on the basis of equal rights and no caste distinctions. He quotes what the Bishop had said about their having the same Discipline to guide them, but remarks that he should feel bound to wage war upon any thing like distinctions and separations on the ground of color. How would the Bishop bear himself toward such measures?

To this the Bishop responds almost impatiently:

I have never yet failed to sustain a brother minister, placed by my official action in a responsible and trying position. The Discipline must bind us both. I do not understand that a pastor in our Church violates the law when he refuses to regard color among his mem-

bers; and certainly an Annual Conference can admit colored ministers, and, when admitted, they have all the rights of ministers without regard to color. I am bound to give my official sanction to an administration based on these facts, and shall give it most heartily.

The Bishop added that he should favor the admission of colored ministers into the Annual Conferences to be formed in the South.

This correspondence was only half satisfactory to the perplexed missionary. He was pleased to find a man of Bishop Ames' caliber ready to approve the course he proposed to follow as being in agreement with the law of the Church. But he could not disguise the fact that the Bishops might also think themselves bound to approve, as also not opposed to the letter of the Discipline, the administration of missionaries who should regard color in their members. Yet he deemed it his duty to go to Vicksburg as soon as his ties to the Boston Church would allow, though he constantly said, "If you order me to go at once I shall go; but if you leave me free to stay till the church is opened I shall remain."

As Bishop Ames would not make the required order, Mr. Haven remained at work in Boston until early in November. He left home to meet Bishop Ames in New York, at the meeting of the Missionary Board, about the middle of that month, on his way to the South. But here new difficulties arose, such as forced him, for conscience' sake, to refuse to go to Vicksburg. The Missionary Board closed the discussion by taking

the ground that appropriations could only be made to the Southern work as colored work. When this action was stated to Mr. Haven by Bishop Ames, and confirmed by Bishop Thomson, he firmly though kindly declined to act under their authority in that field. He wrote to the former:

I offered Bishop Clark to go and start that college of Mr. Claflin's, in Tennessee, and work it at least a year if he would approve it; but he declined. He wished money to found a college for blacks, but not for students without distinction of color. As the Bishops seem to feel that, in some sort, this distinction must be kept up, I must conscientiously decline to aid its perpetuation.

It appeared, moreover, to the authorities of the Church that missionaries to the South should be required to pledge themselves to remain in that work longer than the Discipline required men to remain in one charge. The condition of Haven's health and the situation of his motherless children made it undesirable for him to assume any such obligation. As the Bishops had agreed among themselves to require this pledge of all Southern missionaries, they no longer expected him to labor there.

The work in Mississippi now fell into the hands of Bishop Thomson. That courteous gentleman sent Mr. Haven a very cordial invitation to become presiding elder of Mississippi, and work the field in the interests of the colored man. But as the basis of the administration remained unchanged, Mr. Haven declined the honor with cordial good-will to the Bishop in charge.

The multitude of these cares and perplexities, in addition to those secret griefs which were always making such large drafts upon his vital energy, was too great for him. His health began to give way. The Journal tells the story in an account of his return from New York, whither he had gone to meet Bishop Ames:

I came home stopping at Middletown and Springfield, and having pleasant visits with Van Vleck, Newhall, Cummings, and Rice. I went to Northampton and spent a night in that dear room where I spent hundreds of happiest hours. Dreadful, dreadful it was! Yet not altogether comfortless, for I thought of the happiness to come. How far off it seems. How unspeakable it will be. Yet the agony now seems—Ah God! I reached home Friday, December 30, and Sunday night was attacked very severely by fever, typhoid and brain. Was very dangerously sick for a week, and am not well yet. But I am much better. The chief trouble and danger was my head—a suffocation, probably with a tendency to apoplexy.

The warning was clear. I felt I had seen the path which might lead me to the grave, and had entered upon it. It may not be the one that God designs me to pursue to the end. For that I try not to care:

“A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.”

I felt solemn, at times fearful and doubting, the change was so great—the judgment—my sins. But my Saviour rose above them all, and I rested sweetly in him. Thanks and praises to his name! I feel that I know whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. Very, very, very unworthy; yet He is worthy.

This illness was so severe that Mr. Haven's friends were seriously alarmed. A visitor who called on him as soon as the physician would allow, found him look-

ing hot, flushed, and weakly, yet both jolly and pious in his pain. He was reading the "Atlantic Monthly," and parried a suggestion that he ought not to read a line with the remark, "The doctor told me to read nothing that would require any attention, any strain. The 'Atlantic' answers to that description." Of his sickness he said, "I went down to the river, looked over, and saw the angels; I wished to join them, but they didn't seem to think about me."

He reviews the steps he had just taken on public questions in these new circumstances very calmly:

My position on the great question of caste in the Church has brought me into public opposition to Bishop Simpson. I criticised the action of the Missionary Board in the "Independent." He wrote them a letter and Mr. Tilton answered it. Of course, the Church will charge it all to me. I prepared an answer, which he worked over and made his own. I am right, as every Bishop and every Christian knows. The Church has yielded. She must come to the only true path. My Conference has taken the right position. I think it will stand by me. If not, I know the Master will, and that he will not faint nor be discouraged till he has made us ignore one's skin as we have already his condition. I have been brought into prominence in this great debate. With the Saviour's help, I hope to be faithful to him. For I know he is Judge. May he say unto me in that day, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

He tells the sad story of his poor health in his own forlorn way, under date of March 25, 1866:

My head troubles me much, but my whole system has given way. Work without reaction has brought me to this state. I know not that I shall ever be better. And yet, it seems to me, if Mary were

here and I could lay my head in her lap and sleep one good long sleep, I should awake perfectly well. My feelings are the cause of my sickness, they only.

I got a little better, and started to go to Charleston ; some friends made me up a purse of \$600. I got to Brooklyn, but was used up, very weak ; and Timothy Ingraham [his brother-in-law, and a physician] forbade my going farther. Spent a fortnight with the dear folks there, and came home. Have been very weak since, unable to write any or read much. I cannot preach or work ; walk but little, ride horseback a little. Cannot go to Conference. Sorry, because my character may be arrested for not going to Vicksburg. Have materials for a perfect defense, but no strength to prepare it. It must be left to the Lord, who will maintain my cause, and in this case, I am confident, my conduct also. . . . I could hardly pass down as far below where I am now as this is below where I once was without following my dear wife. Six years ! I did not then think, despite the seeming immortality of earth, I could endure the awful grief. Nay, a year seemed an eternity.

Four months later, August 2, he reports concerning his health :

Though much better than when I wrote last, I am far from well. My head is subject to clouds of blood, though not as common or as prolonged as then. My health doesn't allow me to preach or attend meetings, save Sunday mornings, and write book notices a little. It is hard to do nothing, but that is the only cure. Dr. Macomber thinks it will be a year before I can get at work ; I hope not.

Under date of January 17, 1867, he reports further :

I am at my mother's, half busy, half idle. Since last I wrote here I have wandered far, going to Mr. Goode's, at Amenia, where I spent a delightful month with Jane's [Mrs. W. M. Ingraham's] and Fannie's [Mrs. James H. Taft's] families, with Amenia friends. I was very weak, but grew stronger while there, and so essayed the

West. Spent a week in Rhinebeck, at Miss Garrettsen's, and then started for Lima, where I stayed a week; thence to Ann Arbor, where I passed ten days with Otis; thence to Dr. Raymond's, at Evanston, where I enjoyed ten days in company with George M Steele, O. Marcy, Raymond, and the families of the last two; and thence by degrees home the day before Thanksgiving. I am stronger, better, more free from choking and suffusion on the brain, but am still poorly. I write for the papers an hour a day, but not every day at that. I ride horseback, walk, and am busy about nothing. I long for work, yet not badly. It sometimes seems as if my nerves were cut, I am so helpless to grasp and push the work I have loved.

This improvement went steadily forward until he was able two months later to undertake a responsible task. Before following him to that let us look at him under other lights.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REFORMER.

Early Abolitionism—Incident at Amenia—Sermon on the Fugitive Slave Bill—Political Preaching—The Caste Spirit—Breadth of his Views—Prophetic Spirit—Defense of John Brown—Moral Insight—John A. Andrew—Their Relations—Defends Governor Andrew—Condemns him—Criticism of Public Men—Letter to Governor Claflin—Supports the Third Party.

THE mind of young Gilbert Haven had been turned to questions of social reform through the interest of his father and mother in the antislavery movement. His father had been a Democrat up to the time when Rev. William Rice became his pastor and friend. That wise and daring advocate of the rights of the slave had considerable success in convincing members of his successive pastoral charges of the righteousness of the principles of Abolitionism, and of the duty of Christian men to speak, pray, and vote, so as to make these principles potent in the action of Church and State. The elder Gilbert Haven was the first of Mr. Rice's converts to this good, though then greatly despised, cause. The family was soon wholly devoted to these views, and one and all did what they could for their advancement.

Gilbert Haven maintained his fidelity to them at school and in college. With his social qualities he was naturally drawn into a great deal of discussion and controversy over them. Thus was he conducted to much silent meditation and reflection upon the relations of

that reform to the fundamental principles of free government, and of its claims upon the American churches in general, and upon the attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular toward those claims. He saw that the State was far below its ideals, as embodied in its own great declarations upon the rights of man, and that the various religious denominations were very remote from a full realization of Christ's own declaration, "All ye are brethren." While he was teaching at Amenia he watched with the keenest eagerness the course of public events in their bearing upon these questions. It is reported by certain people that on one occasion some question was raised about the presence of a colored pupil in the school, and that Mr. Haven said to the trustees, "If you do not keep her, you cannot retain me." The Malden version of the story has a more probable air, and is that Mr. Haven threatened to give the obnoxious pupil his personal tuition in the seminary office to assert his principles.

During the last year of his residence in Amenia (September 13, 1850,) the general subject was forced upon the public mind by the passage through Congress of the Fugitive Slave Bill. The agitation was widespread and profound. The bill's purport is too well known to require an analysis here. It was regarded at the North as a needless and wicked surrender to the arrogant demands of the slave power. Two of its provisions made it especially abhorrent to the Christian people of the free North. One commanded them to withhold aid and comfort from slaves fleeing from the house of bondage,

and the other made it a legal duty to assist the slave-catchers in their bloodthirsty hunt for the hungry and bleeding victims of their tyranny. The apparently deliberate defiance of all Christian principle and sympathy of these brutal demands aroused universal indignation in all generous and many ungenerous bosoms.

But power was on the side of the oppressors. The government was under their control. The great Whig party had been misled by its greatest leaders, and the Republicans were yet unknown. Some pulpits taught the duty of submission to any law of the land. Then Gilbert Haven found his voice. He was not in haste to speak, hot as must have been his fiery indignation over this treason of the government to God and humanity. He felt the crisis had come when he must show himself a man in regard to questions not likely to be decided and finally settled aright for a long while to come. He took three months to consider and weigh the subject in all its bearings, and to so shape his sermon as to give it all possible impressiveness. The sermon discusses at some length the nature of our obligation to be loyal to the State, and of our obligation to obey conscience. He finds the latter duty sovereign and absolute, so that conscience is a sort of home-god, while the former is an obligation which, when it opposes the word of God or obvious dictates of natural justice, becomes oppressive and tyrannical, and so loses its force. We cite a few ringing sentences, which show the firm discrimination with which this line is drawn :

In Christ, not in the Constitution, must we put our trust. On his law should we meditate, not on that which again nails him, scourged and bleeding, to that fatal cross. His name should be our badge of honor, our stamp of manhood. Then, and then only, shall we truly render not only unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but unto God, also, the things which are God's.

I have endeavored to explain to you the grounds of our relation to civil government, the extent of the obligation it imposes, the modes of determining its usurpation of rights not belonging to it, and our duty when it assumes unbestowed prerogatives for unrighteous ends.

I entreat you, as you love the Lord your God, as you love your neighbor, as you desire the approval of a good conscience now, and the approving welcome of Christ the Judge in that day, I entreat you, declare your hostility to any edict or system that retards the progress of the Gospel, violates the teachings of conscience, defrauds your neighbor of rights as truly his as they are yours, and as far above all price for himself, his wife, his children, as they are to you and yours, and that crowns its height of iniquity by blasphemously rejecting the laws most expressive of infinite love and holiness, the foundations of the universe, and of God himself.

Be not deceived by its new assumption of national forms and phrases, the robes of congressional decree and presidential signature. How will that signature yet glare upon its author like Faust's in the legend. It will stain his memory to all generations. Give it no support in any form. It is the same fiend that crucified the Master. It is ready to feast its ravenous appetite upon the bodies and souls of your brethren. If by your silence or connivance it regains its strength, it will only use it for the transformation of the whole country into one vast grave of liberty and law. . . . If allowed to coil itself around that symbol of national unity it will not relax its hold until it has pressed all vitality not only from the American Constitution, but also from the American people.

When Mr. Haven entered definitely on the work of the Christian ministry, it became his duty to instruct

his several charges in respect to the events of the day in the political world, so far as they brought responsibilities upon the members of his flock. He attended to this duty by frequent incidental references to current events of general interest to public morals and religion. It struck many of his hearers in those days that they had never heard current events discussed from a Christian stand-point, with any thing like so much fullness, impartiality, and intelligence; and that Pastor Haven had the keenest sense for all the public evils under which the country suffered, and a marvelous familiarity with all sides of the slavery question. They saw, too, that he persistently held up the highest ideals of duty and possibility, both for the Church and State, and that it was his triumphant belief that such ideals could be realized which gave him, with men of slow faith, the repute of a visionary. He seemed to say to himself,

“Not failure but low aim is crime.”

Never was a man freer from the least taint of assumed superiority in his bearing toward others. If he found any body who suffered public contempt unjustly, he showed them the most marked regard. His servants were usually colored people, and among his frequent and welcome guests were Revs. J. N. Mars, J. W. Jones, Father Henson, Sojourner Truth, and others of Ethiopian origin and hue. They were just as welcome at his fireside and table as any body, and none of them ever found his fraternal spirit tainted with condescension.

A man of such clearness of vision could not fail to see

that his own treatment of the negroes was unusual, and that in general they were victims of hostility, indifference, or of a conscientious but artificial kindness. The more he came in contact with the world, the stronger his feeling became that the unnatural aversion of whites to blacks must be overcome entirely before the slave would obtain the hearty championship he needed, the freedman that companionship which was his due, or the Church and nation that moral unification which is at once the condition and symptom of their supreme success. Without this he felt that democracy had not achieved its promise nor Christianity its highest hopes. He threw these strong convictions into a Fast-day sermon, first preached at Wilbraham in April, 1854, and repeated later at Roxbury, in 1858, and also at Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in New York city; the sermon is founded on the text, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother." Gen. xlii, 21. We give the author's argument :

Foundation for American slavery. I. Not in man as man, but in his color or origin. Scripture stolen to array an idol. This color is declared to be a mark of degradation and separation. II. This feeling, 1. General; 2. Deep-rooted; 3. Unnatural. Because (1.) not felt toward any other class of men. (2.) The negroes have the gifts of music, manners, the culinary art, aptness of imitation, wit and humor, patience, and sunniness of temper. (3.) No repugnance to this color is seen elsewhere than in America. (4.) No disunity in spiritual nature. (5.) Caused by social condition. (6.) Contrary to the Scriptures. 4. This feeling is the chief bulwark of American slavery. South could not resist the North were the latter free from this prejudice. III. How shall it be cured? 1. Cease to dwell on

the distinction of color. 2. Welcome those of this hue to your society. 3. Encourage them to enter all branches of trade. IV. Result: intermarriage, its right and fitness. True marriage. Shakspeare's foresight and courage. Othello and Desdemona."

It will be seen that this preacher, but just admitted to Conference and with his way yet to make, had the serene courage to undertake a perilous enterprise at the outset of his career. He dared to tell his people, sitting in their cushioned pews in their pleasant churches, that many of them were as "verily guilty concerning their brother" in slavery as the despised and abhorred slaveholder himself. The solemnity of tone which pervades the discourse is shown in the opening words:

We shall not dwell especially to-day on the crime which still possesses our land, after the usual manner of its consideration. Let us turn from the dreadful fruit as it ripens in that heavy Southern air, and examine its seed-grain that is growing profusely in every heart. The corner-stone of this system is prejudice against color. Upon this almost universal feeling the slave-holder builds an impregnable fortress. Slavery will never be abolished until it gives way. As one that must render an account to God for what I say, I shall speak. As those that must give like account to that same God, I beseech you, take heed how ye hear. Though I assail a deep-rooted but God-forbidden sentiment, as you would obey the command of Christ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," I entreat you to give the subject your candid and Christian attention.

Thus does he leap upon those who would defend slavery on scriptural grounds:

Scripture is stolen to deck a false idol. It is a new argument for an old sin, an argument without any antitype in history, or any

authority in the Word of God. . . . It is the child of the American Saxon, not of the British. It was born on our soil, of our lusts, of which it is the meanest offspring.

Away with all such mockery of God and his Gospel! Stand forth, transgressor, in thy own vileness! "Lie down in thy shame, and let thy sins cover thee." Pretend not to shelter thyself in the Word of God. It burns with intolerable flame against all such hypocrisy. No one ever before made such a cowardly excuse for his indulgence in avarice, power, and lust. No sinner in all the Bible ever arrayed his wicked passions in such a cloak of holiness. It was left for professors and preachers of the Gospel in this free and Christian America, in this nineteenth century after the coming of Christ, to weave such a garment of sanctity for the body of their death. How will He whom they thus mock put them to open shame for this profanation of his name and claims!

Very directly does the preacher bring this sin home to the business and bosoms of his Northern hearers:

This sin of caste prevails here as much as where it has borne its legitimate fruit, the transforming of this separated, darker, and inferior class into the property of the lighter and inferior. To its consideration we of the North are especially called. It is a sin at our own doors, and in our own hearts. It makes us naked before our enemies. It ties our tongues before their taunts. It must be exterminated before God gives us perfect and perpetual peace. It is the most unnatural, and destructive of all the sins of the nation.

I could not have mentioned another subject which would have excited such instant and profound loathing as this. I rejoice that you have so patiently listened to its unpalatable truths. I believe it is because reason commands you, though your feelings yet refuse obedience. Let reason have her perfect work, and see if she cannot subdue this feeling to herself, and convert it to the perfect truth. . . . The presence of a drop of this blood excludes its possessor from all society with whites, North or South.

A gentleman in a New England town brought an elegant and wealthy bride home from the West Indies, who was slightly tinged with this hue. Her wealth, culture, and beauty could not secure her admission into a society below that in which she had moved at home, and she remained in seclusion until death admitted her to the equal society of heaven. These instances could be reproduced every-where.

Their social status has wrought this prejudice in us. It is the lowest any class can occupy toward their fellows. They are slaves. And as the Egyptians loathed the Jews, their whiter neighbors, because they were their slaves, as the Greeks and Romans shrunk from fraternal communion with their slaves, though of their own blood, so we have allowed this condition to work in us its baleful power. They are slaves, bought and sold. We are free. The separation is immeasurable.

Hence arises American caste. The slave is black. The free are white. If the slave is black, then the black man is, and of right ought to be, a slave. If the black man ought to be a slave, and the white man free, then there is a vital, natural and eternal distinction between them, a great gulf fixed by God. Thus the diabolic argument is framed, and our consciences seared as with a hot iron.

To cure this terrible and wicked prejudice, Mr. Haven would have all good men encourage these social offcasts by taking no more note of the color of their skin than of that of the eyes. He would have Christians admit them to their homes, tables, and companionship on the same conditions that others are. Not because they are black must they be so kindly treated, but because they are good, pure, attractive in appearance and manners. Where such traits appear in colored people they should be allowed to open the way to cordial and sympathetic social relations. He gives some glimpses of his own relations with them :

But last Sabbath I had the pleasure of introducing a brother-minister, a fugitive slave, to the table where I was a guest ; and, though many others surrounded that table, none surpassed or equaled him in giving animation to the hour. Among the many who honor my house and table with their presence, none have more refinement, originality of thought and language, rich and playful natures, and none give greater elevation to the society, than some of these despised men and women. You lose some of the best opportunities to enliven and improve your social life by refusing these kindred spirits an equal place at your board. If you could have the humor of an Irving, the wit of a Holmes, or the refinement of an Everett to adorn your table, you would feel that you were exalted by their presence. I know some of these so-called repulsive men and women whose wit is as brilliant as Mrs. Stowe's, whose manners are as refined as Everett's, whose conversation is a perfect mine of genial sportfulness and clear-headed wisdom.

Mr. Haven would have had all the avenues and emoluments of business, professional and public life thrown open to them on terms of perfect equality with all others. That this course of action would often result in marriage between whites and blacks he not only recognized but heralded as a desirable consequence of his principles :

My friends, all I have said is I am aware, very unpalatable to you. It would be insufferable if spoken two hundred miles south of us. It could not have been spoken below Washington, nor there save by one protected by the State he represents. We must not fear to declare the whole counsel of God in this matter. The question that has been uppermost in your hearts in all this discourse, that will leap from your lips as soon as their enforced silence is broken, let us briefly and calmly consider. When Governor Banks, by whose authority we meet to-day, was asked by the southern catechist, when

he was a candidate for the speaker's chair, in order to cover him with infamy, whether he believed in amalgamation, with a promptness, independence, and courage that but few ministers of the Gospel, and fewer of any other class, would have exhibited, he answered, "that the more powerful race would absorb the weaker, and it was yet an undecided question of physiology which was the stronger." So, when you ask us if we believe in the intermarriage of the races, we answer, "True marriage is a divine institution." Such hearts are knit together by the hand that originally wove them in separate but half-finished webs. God makes this unity. If he does not, then it is a conventional human thing, subject to the whims of human society. As respects such marriage, all I need to say is, "It is none of our business. It is the business of the two souls that are thus made one by the goodness and greatness of their Creator." Parents have advisory power to a certain extent. If it is not of God, but only of transient passion, of pride, of ambition, of desire for wealth, then parents may have complete, or nearly complete, control until their children have attained legal age. But if heart is one with heart, then, with Shakspeare, must you say:

"Let me not to the marriage of true souls
Admit impediment."

That greatest of poets and of thinkers carries this principle to its full expression in the marriage of the most womanly of his women and the most manly of his men. He sets the loves of Desdemona and Othello far above the range of groveling criticism. The whole story of that event seems to have been made for our land and hour. It is a protest against this curse such as no subsequent poet in all literature has ever attained. Read it and see the feelings of the American heart painted and denounced by this master of human nature.

Desdemona's father, a rich and proud Venetian, full of the spirit of caste, like many such a father in this nation to-day, when he learned of his daughter's secret marriage, cries out thus against her distinguished and noble husband:

"O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunned
The wealthy curled darlings of her nation,
Would ever have, to incur the general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou?"

In his unrestrained rage he breaks out again:

"That she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
Why this should be."

To this Venetian American, Othello before the duke makes reply—a reply so dignified, so manly, so majestic in rhythm and in feeling, that it seems as if Shakspeare felt that he was pleading before God and humanity against the contemptible prejudices of this age and nation. The great duke, at the close of Othello's speech, says truly, as you and every one unprejudiced would have said:

"I think this tale would win my daughter too."

Even Brabantio, her father, softens in his prejudices, and declares,

"If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man."

And after Desdemona's frank acknowledgment of her love, he generously gave her to him "with all his heart," an example many a wrathful father among us will yet faithfully follow.

In all cases of true affection this higher law than man's must have sway. If God makes such marriages between the white and the colored, who art thou that refuseth to bless his banns? Such marriages, heaven-made and blessed, have occurred. In Jamaica, in Brazil, in Mexico, happy souls, whose outward hue is varied, whose inward blood arises from remote fountains, are made one in perfect marriage.

Here and there a rich man rises superior to society, and abides honorably by his love and vows, though no minister will consecrate them. Said a clergyman to Mrs. Johnson, the God-given wife of Vice-President Richard M. Johnson, "You cannot join the Church because you are not married." She told her husband what had been said to her. He replied, "Tell your minister that I am ready, and have always been, to be publicly married, and ask him to come and marry us this very night." The clergyman dared not do his duty, even at the request of one so high in station. Thus he kept a Christian woman out of the Church for a sin which he and his Church had fastened upon her. No wonder her husband, in his official career, hurled indignant epithets at the Church, and died without its pale.

I have spoken, my friends, with great plainness of speech, my honest, sincere, and long-held convictions on this subject. I believe that caste is the great sin of this nation, and that it is the great duty of every one to extirpate it first from himself, and then from every heart which he can influence. The reform must begin here. I rejoice that it has begun. We have abolished from the statute books laws forbidding intermarriage, creating separate schools, and depriving them of the rights of suffrage and office. In the eye of the law they are equal; but the Gospel must effect "what the law cannot do in that it is weak through the flesh." It must work its perfect work. We must feel the brotherhood of man. We must sympathize with the most oppressed of the human family.

It will be seen by these quotations how completely Gilbert Haven rested his doctrine of the equality of all

men upon the Gospel of Christ, and in what a generous spirit he carried it out in his own dealings with all men, especially the weak, the despoiled, the proscribed, and the oppressed. It will be seen that this comprehensive exposition of the duties of the State and the Church was made in those youthful days of his ministry when Pierce and Buchanan were Presidents of the United States, and when the churches still had a very great repugnance to such practical applications of the Saviour's doctrines.

Remarkable, indeed, was his faith in the speedy overthrow of slavery. In his first sermon he spoke of the efforts of the slave power to assert its authority in the Fugitive Slave bill as "the expiring struggles of one of the most fell destroyers of human happiness." So he closes his sermon on the "Nebraska Bill," entitled "The Death of Freedom," with cries that herald a sure and speedy resurrection:

Roll away the stone from the door of the sepulcher! Be vigilant, be tearless, be prayerful, be believing. We shall triumph, not through disunion, not through perpetual feuds, but through the help and Spirit of God. Some Washington or Jefferson will yet arise, who will lead the North and the South to the battle and the triumph of true freedom and true democracy. The South will not forever keep back, and our Jerusalem, the seat of this death, shall be the seat of its revival in perfect power and glory. . . .

Labor with a largeness of soul that seeks not only this grand and spacious land for freedom, but freemen every-where in a free land. Labor till every yoke is broken and every family unbroken, until the feet of tender women no more sow blood along the paths their taskmasters drive them, until their hearts no longer shed richer drops of

sacred blood over sundered families and desolate households—soon to be reaped in what terrible judgments upon ourselves, our nation, our posterity, God only knows, and the future alone can tell. We may go into deeper blackness, but shall come forth into brighter light.

Soon after John Brown had been hung, (December 2, 1859,) Charles Sumner, the illustrious Senator from Massachusetts, spoke in a private company in Springfield, Mass., concerning the dead hero and the effect of his bold attack upon slavery. Of course, Mr. Sumner did full justice to the heroic qualities of John Brown, but he condemned his judgment in taking the course he did at Harper's Ferry. Said he, "Slavery, so far as human judgment can forecast, is destined to live a long while, and exert a vast influence upon this country. Probably the youngest person in this room will not live to see its destruction. Yet it will be destroyed in the end, though not through such proceedings as John Brown's. They only hinder instead of hastening the coming of that day." "The youngest person" in the room himself reported this statement of the great Senator. And so many of the best and most gifted devotees of universal freedom thought and said. But six days after Brown's execution Gilbert Haven said in "Zion's Herald:—"

Some say he was mad, some say he was bloody-minded. He took the sword; it is right that he should perish by the sword. Was he insane? Was he a monomaniac? Did he labor under a mental hallucination? So some of his many friends represent; but if so, why this mighty, instinctive, irrepressible approval? Why do our hearts belie our lips? Why do we have to put our nature under the hatchways when we condemn him? . . .

It ought not to be a hard thing to understand John Brown. . . . His words are so plain that he who runs may read them. Why is not this central act apprehensible? Simply because we have not yet dared to study it. We have been as afraid of it as they of him. He was too ripe for us, but not for the cause. The instinct of every heart declares the latter, the perplexity of every head the former. . . .

The slain knew he was not slain. No man ever went to a martyr's death with such assurance of success; no man ever had better grounds. And that red slayer, the slave power, that has driven Governor Wise to wash his unwilling hands in this saintly blood, already beholds the dread Avenger come again. They are not eating their festal feasts of victory without seeing the terrible specter, and they cry, with chattering teeth,

"Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence. The times have been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And so an end. But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders in their crowns
To push us from our stools . . ."

Great signs in the religious, the political, the social heavens betoken the overthrow of slavery. All forces are uniting against her—Church and State, society and civilization—and, like every tyrant, she loses every thing, and loses it instantly, if she loses her Waterloo. Ere long she will lose her Waterloo. Within the first century of our national life she will disappear. . . .

Almost John Brown's last act was one whose fitness none can question, whose large lesson all must learn. As he left the jail he saw a slave-woman and her babe near its door, and as she, with a smiling countenance, addressed him, he, stooping over, kissed her babe. Who of that crowd could have done that? Who of the readers of the story? He, face to face with his coffin, face to face with his God, recognizes the cause for which he was to die, and teaches us the lesson this nation is set to learn, and to teach all other nations—the union and fraternity of man.

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It is noteworthy that this perception of the speedily approaching end of the long dominion of slavery in this country runs through this entire volume of sermons. Nowhere does the preacher express a doubt of this swift result, nowhere show fears that the great sin will renew its hold and freshen its vitality. It was his intense faith in the living God, under whose providential care all things move onward to their appointed ends, which gave him such a clear insight into the march of events in his own times. After his long and careful and loving study of Paris he closed his observations in these terms :

We could linger here for hours and muse and moralize on the life that has sailed haughtily down these avenues and through these halls, fluttered and fled. One need not go to Rome or Egypt to see the lessons divine righteousness teaches to men. No rulers were so openly voluptuous as the French. The finest of these buildings was built by a king for his mistress. So was it at Versailles.

The Pantheon was built by Louis XV. for the Duchess of Pompadour. The naked form of Diana of Poitiers Henry II. put into the window of his chapel at Vincennes. The paramour of Henry IV. had like publicity of honor, which is shame. No wonder that God gave such blood to be licked by the dogs of Paris, as he did that of the house of Ahab in an ancient Paris. No one has tears to shed over the fate of the Bourbons. A sterner blood, but as impure, as proud, and more despotic, has supplanted it. It too shall follow that which it has supplanted to a tearless grave. Had this people religion, real liberty from such rulers would soon follow.

Those were intelligent eyes before which hovered in 1862 a vision of Sedan. It was the like profound spiritual vision of the needs of mankind and the designs of

God that imparted to Mr. Haven's conceptions of the work to be done in behalf of the slave and free black a breadth and grandeur such as few antislavery men attained and proclaimed. From his point of view most of the remedies for the kindred social evils of which slavery was only one of the worst forms were very cheap and inadequate. Intemperance, the opium trade, war, aristocracy, monarchy, and all other organized forms of human selfishness, he held to be hostile to any real human equality and fraternity. The various special reforms which he championed all had their life to his mind in the principles of the Gospel.

During a series of years at this period of his life Mr. Haven was brought into contact with leading men in public affairs in Massachusetts in respect to public and reformatory questions. One of the chief of these was John A. Andrew, the famous War Governor of Massachusetts. He had heard Mr. Andrew lecture on some occasion, soon after his admission to the bar, and had marked him as a man sure to rise to high influence; and he had watched the brilliant career in its general outlines until it led to the gubernatorial chair of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Up to this point there had been no direct relations between the two men.

One day a messenger invited Mr. Haven to call at the office of the governor. The latter gave him a cordial reception, and at once proceeded to the purpose of the interview. He said that he wished to have a confidential conversation in relation to the temperance question. He stated that he had no great confidence in some of

the conspicuous advocates of that cause. Many of them hoped to reach public notice and position without any conspicuous fitness on other grounds; one was trying to float an unpopular theology on the waves of a popular reform, and yet others had relations to the matter which made them interested advisers. Hence he had sent for Mr. Haven to learn just what the temperance people really wanted, and to see if the legislation and administration of the State could not be so shaped as to meet all reasonable demands.

The governor went on to explain what he would be willing to attempt in that direction. He would gladly enforce a pretty rigid license law, also a law closing all bars on Sundays, and he would procure the appointment of a State police force, nowise dependent on the temporary popular opinion, who should put the actual laws into rigid execution. Now was not this as much as candid temperance people could expect, and, considering every thing, had a right to expect? Would such measures satisfy them? If not, what would?

Mr. Haven frankly admitted that the measures proposed, if carried out in the spirit suggested, would be a great improvement on the condition of things then existing, and confessed his belief that the governor would put as much vigor as good faith into the work. But he said the temperance people wanted strict prohibition of the entire traffic, would have prohibition, and ought to have prohibition. He not only insisted that public opinion was quite in favor of such measures, but that any bold leader who would bring sufficient ability and

tact to the task would not only do a vast service to public morals, but gain immortal honor for himself. He urged Governor Andrew to undertake the high and glorious service. The governor said, "Any thing I think I ought to do, I dare to do. But I am not a temperance man in the popular acceptation of the word. It would be insincere for me to take the course you point out."

Thus the two men came to understand each other on this great social question. But Governor Andrew, although disappointed in the purpose of the conversation, and perhaps somewhat taken aback by the earnest exhortations of the visitor, appears to have been favorably impressed with Mr. Haven. The two had many natural points of contact. Both were men of open, frank, hearty, generous, sympathetic, and courageous nature. Each loved fun and humor, and overflowed with bright talk and witty stories. Then on all political and anti-slavery topics they were ultra in about equal degrees. Here their agreement was perfect. Governor Andrew was a man of strong religious convictions, and more emotional than Mr. Haven in his religious manifestations. He was a friend of Father Taylor, long a teacher in his Sunday-school, and even when governor was glad and proud to act as Secretary of the Boston Port Society, which sustained Father Taylor's chapel. Governor Andrew's pastor, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, says of him :

He loved to go to Father Taylor's conference meetings and talk with the sailors, and listen to the rough sons of the ocean, when

made tender by the sense of God's presence, and by the softening influence of the place and hour. Also when, as he said, he wanted "a good warm time," he would go to the meetings of the colored Baptist Church, of which Brother Grimes was pastor. And Mr. Grimes always came to Andrew when he needed any thing for his people. In that church, with the colored people, John A. Andrew would often be found, sitting among them, joining heartily in their hymns, or listening with his open sympathizing expression of face to their prayers and exhortations. . . .

In our Church Andrew was always foremost in all plans and movements of benevolence and reform. His contributions were large and generous for the freedmen, for the street boys, for the poor, for the home for aged colored women. He always did the most for those most forlorn and helpless; his maxim being, *Aux plus déshérités le plus d'amour*, "Most love to the most forlorn."

Mr. Haven both admired and loved Governor Andrew, and the latter fully appreciated the faithful conscience which would not let the minister consent to his temperance measures. When Grace Church was re-opened as a Methodist Episcopal Church, Governor Andrew was present, and made a very neat and felicitous address, though, as he said, too weary to be present. It will be seen that for years Governor Andrew and Mr. Haven had been wont to treat worthy and intelligent colored men just like any other worthy and intelligent men. Among these was the Rev. Leonard A. Grimes, who had then been for seventeen years pastor of a Baptist Church in Boston. This worthy citizen had won general favor for his ministerial fidelity, his patriotic devotion to the Government by aiding the enlistment of men of color, securing the election to Congress of Anson Bur-

lingame and Mr. Hooper, and refusing to allow his own name to be used in a ward where his color would have elected him over the regular candidate.

Apparently it occurred first to Governor Andrew that it would be a good and wise thing to elect Mr. Grimes Chaplain to the Massachusetts Senate, in recognition of his eminent service, and as a practical illustration of the principles of Christian democracy. The governor was very much interested in the scheme, and although there were several other candidates, it was thought the effort would be successful. Among others whom he enlisted in the task was Mr. Haven, whose zeal was hot as fire. He visited senators he knew to solicit their votes and help; he approached others through persons likely to influence them; he argued, pleaded, entreated, and was tireless in labors and suggestions. He got some candidates to withdraw in favor of Grimes. He got newspapers to speak for the measure, especially the religious ones. He also drew the petition to the Senate which we cite in part:

As the inauguration of a new era of our national life do we make this petition. We have been struggling for many years to render the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and of the preamble to our State Constitution the law and life of the nation. Through many defeats and discouragements, at the ballot-box and on the field, we have steadily pressed forward. Our cause is to-day gloriously successful. Slavery is in its death struggle, and a pure and perfect democracy is moving the hearts of the people. One barrier to its prevalence yet exists. It is the unnatural, undemocratic, and unchristian prejudice on account of African descent. This has sufficed to expel them from all places of honor or trust, has made

them incapable of holding commissions in the army, or seats in the legislature, and other like honorable positions.

May Massachusetts elevate one who was once a slave, bought, sold, and lashed like a beast, and yet a minister of Jesus Christ, to that position which no other minister by virtue of such experience can fill so well. . . . The act will become historic. Other States will vie with us, and a pure and righteous democracy every-where prevail.

The movement failed, to the equal chagrin of Governor Andrew and Mr. Haven, failed of its immediate object, but was made the occasion of a great deal of fruitful discussion. His liking for Andrew drew Mr. Haven to his side when the governor persistently refused to sign the death warrant of Green, "the Malden murderer." As no reasons for such action were given to the public, much wonder and some anger arose; the reasons were such as could not be given to the public. Mr. Clarke says :

Because Andrew refused to sign the death warrant of a murderer, he was accused of being false to his oath of office, and following his anti-capital-punishment prejudices. There was great excitement against him through the State for his course in the matter, and he gave no reason publicly for it. I once asked him why he did not take some method of giving his reasons and explaining to the people the grounds of nonaction. His reply was : "If I did this it would seem as though I were placing myself in opposition to the courts, which would be an evil. I prefer to bear the misrepresentation myself. My back is broad enough for that."

Mr. Haven shared the governor's views on this case, and, after conference with him, stated that side of the case in a letter to "The Advertiser." The letter made

much talk, and one person was so much interested that he ordered three hundred copies for distribution in important quarters.

But the time came when Andrew, no longer governor, accepted a large fee from the friends of free rum for conducting an onslaught upon the temperance legislation of Massachusetts under guise of an inquiry or hearing before the legislative committee on that subject. Never had so influential and popular a man in the State embarked in such an enterprise. The mischief was immense. Then, sad at heart, kindly in tone, faithful to God and humanity, Mr. Haven rebuked the great treason of his fallen leader. He said to us at the time, "Wait till you have to strike the man you most admire if you would know what it costs me to raise my hand against him." When the great governor died, October 30, 1867, Haven's Journal had this entry:

This afternoon Governor Andrew died. Struck with paralysis last night, he lay insensible till he expired. Sad, sudden, terrible. Great in many gifts. I had the pleasure of considerable acquaintance with him. Had met him at his rooms and house, and talked with him about poor Ed. Green, Mr. Grimes, whom we tried to make chaplain of the Senate, and on the question of prohibition. But for his course on this question his record would have been honorable in the highest degree. But for his course here, too, there would have been no such powerful current against the law as is now running. He died too late for a perfect fame. He was but young, not fifty, and had undoubtedly a high career before him. How surely we walk in a vain show! A moment here, and then gone forever.

We give this as an example of his relations with public men in Massachusetts during his long residence there.

He had a very high appreciation of the personal character and public service of many persons who were before the world as public men. He never failed to point out what he regarded as blemishes in their conduct: Mr. Garrison for his merciless diatribes at the churches and his unbelief; Senator Sumner for his agreement in principle with Andrew on the prohibition question; Mr. Wilson for his willingness to put aside the claims of temperance until the war issues were finally adjusted; Governor Bullock for his want of interest in any urgent reform; and Governor Claflin, whose high personal character, honorable example, and genuine piety he gladly confessed, for his belief that the temperance people could best advance their cause by a close alliance with the Republicans in Massachusetts. To the latter he addressed, in the autumn of 1870, the following letter on the action of the Republican Convention, which had just renominated him:

MY DEAR GOVERNOR CLAFLIN: You will excuse, I trust, the liberty I take in addressing, much more in advising, you. But I have for you so high a regard and respect that I think you will justify my freedom. I have read the resolutions and heard of the treatment the question of prohibition received at Worcester at the hands of the Convention. Every leading man in the body derided it. Bird, Slack, Robinson, Russell, Jewell, all the managing force of the Convention rejected it with contempt. Colonel Wright spit on it, and the mass applauded his insults. The resolution is after the pattern set by Mr. Robinson and copied by Mr. Slack, namely, that the Prohibition party only opposed dram shops, and the Republicans did that; a statement which is not true in either case, as they well know; the former advocating prohibition by name, and the latter not.

What I take the liberty of writing to you for, is to do a great deed that will make you the first man of the hour and one of the first of history. It is to decline the nomination on such a platform. That platform is not your sentiments. It is Governor Andrew's, and no higher, nor as high, for he was in favor of more stringent legislation than this approves. It urges no restriction practically on this traffic. You are, I know, heart and soul for prohibition. You tried faithfully to prevent the bill's passage which came before you. You yielded a little, not willingly, but of seeming necessity. The leaders of that Convention, the real managers of the party, have swept away all barriers save one, and that only they favor the retention of. If you would now take the stand that you could not run on that platform, you would be the most popular man of the State and the nation. You cannot regulate or save this cause by staying as the executive head of the Republican party. You can conquer by refusing that post. You have held it, honored it, and honored yourself in it. You can honor yourself more than ever by declining it. I know how generally your devoted and ardent friends share in my feelings. I have seen many of them, with tears in their eyes, protest against this action of their party. Your name alone keeps them silent. Were you to decline, it would be hailed by them all as the proudest day for you, for them, for the Church, and for the country. You would receive such applause as you enter their assemblies, such an ovation in Faneuil Hall, as has been given to no man in my time. The feeling is deep, very deep; you cannot tell how deep.

I beg you to prayerfully consider this duty. I know it will be greatly blessed of God. I hope you will be persuaded to do it. I have not written a harsh word of you or felt a harsh feeling. I am proud of you, but I hope you will give me and a multitude more a chance to shout it out. Very sincerely and devotedly yours,

G. HAVEN.

This letter serves to illustrate several points in its author's way of dealing with public questions. He had persuaded himself that after the disappearance of slav-

ery and the political issues arising from the close of the war some other reform would come to the front and occupy public attention and favor. He saw none so likely to assume this position as the temperance reform. He used to describe the Republican party in Massachusetts as made up of Rummies, Don't cares, and Prohibitionists, and he fancied that the development of a strictly temperance party would draw into its camp the best elements of the two regular parties. Governor Claflin thought that more could be done by a close alliance with the Republicans than in any other way. Mr. Haven had spoken against this policy in his paper, had got resolutions passed against it at camp-meetings and elsewhere, and he now sought to commit Governor Claflin to his own policy. The calm and wise governor was much better informed as to what was the actual state of public opinion, and what was to be expected from such a new departure than his adviser. The movement which he was thus invited to champion was guided by that prince of American orators and agitators, Wendell Phillips. As the Prohibitionist candidate for the Governor's Chair, Mr. Phillips made an animated but unsuccessful campaign. Mr. Haven discussed the issues of the campaign in the "Herald," and gave his aid to the new party. He abstained from all direct criticism of the actual executive, but claimed that this great moral reform would never succeed until it forced itself upon the public through widespread political action. This course caused considerable discussion and criticism among his readers, but nobody doubted the sincerity of his conduct.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Literary Career—Defective Training—Faults of Style—Writing for Newspapers—Pictures of War and Slavery—Dr. Cuyler—"Life of Father Taylor"—"The Pilgrim's Wallet," and "Our Next-door Neighbor"—The "National Sermons."

THE first thing to be said about Gilbert Haven as a literary man is that he never properly was one. During his college days he had many doubts concerning his vocation, but no dream of being a man of letters seems to have laid hold of him. While he was teaching he turned his hopes and longings toward the law and the ministry, but never toward writing for the press. He was always eager to be a speaker to men.

His training in college was not colored in any degree by aspirations for fame in letters. Had he entertained such plans he must have cleared himself of some of his most obvious faults in style, and mastered some technical details of which his knowledge remained crude to the last. That his worst defects were palpable in his undergraduate period is evident from a story for which President Beach is responsible.

A certain classmate of Mr. Haven's, the poorest writer in his class, was reported destitute of the requisite essay, as the class was about to meet for its rhetorical exercises. Mr. Haven promised to supply the poor fellow's need within the hour, and did so in an essay

intended to represent his fellow-student's range of thought and diction. The extemporized essay was adopted by the destitute student, and put into the instructor's hands as his own production.

At the next meeting of the class with Professor Holdich, that gentleman selected two essays from the batch for special discussion. One he declared the most defective of all he had found, and he went through its faults, bad grammar, bad rhetoric, and cheap wit, with some severity. The other was pronounced the best of all, and its good points were shown up in clear light. Haven was the author of both.

Some obvious faults in writing adhered to Mr. Haven throughout his entire life. Nobody had to read far to come upon errors too palpable to be defended, and negligence too gross to be excused. More than once has he replied to remonstrances on such matters. "O, I never think of such details. I get just as full as I can of any thing I wish to write about, and just as hot as I can over it, and then I drive away at it with all my might." He was so insensible to some of the worst results of this method of writing that he would gravely defend errors and infelicities which should have brought a blush to the cheeks of much poorer writers than he. He thought it defense enough of any sentence, if it could be read so as to express his meaning, and he had a huge, though, in his case, very unwise contempt for small critics. He used to show with grim delight a newspaper critique of one of his books, running like this: "Mr. Haven says the steamer leaves; now, of

course, a shrub or tree is the only thing that can rightly be said to *leave*."

There must have been something in his original make-up which rendered him slow to see things which are readily grasped by much duller minds than his, without being so severely schooled by tutors and governors as he needed to be. Says G. M. Steele, one of Haven's familiars :

He was full of thought struggling for utterance, and it was sometimes more painful to restrain himself than to write. It was like fire shut up in his bones. He drove right at his subject. The mere graces of rhetoric he could not stop to cultivate. He was bound to get his ideas into other people's minds, and this he usually did, whether in accordance with the conventional rules or not, and it was often the case that these rules were recklessly ignored. He had no exactness of style or method.

Evidently one must be a writer of quite uncommon merits to succeed in spite of such drawbacks in style. Had Mr. Haven ever changed his plans so as to make literature his chief business he would have made some effort to escape his most obvious deficiencies. He would have sought to gain some clear insight into the chief modern literatures, to freshen and enlarge his knowledge of the classics, and to procure a comprehensive mastery of the literary treasures of his mother tongue. He never read Chaucer enough to comprehend his language readily. Spenser he found no time to grow familiar with, and knew him mainly at second-hand. Shakspeare he had conned right diligently till he had much of his verse at his tongue's end, but Shakspeare's

contemporaries were mostly unknown to him. The writers of Queen Anne's time he had learned to love in college, and they were long his favorites. His acquaintance with the Lake School was later, and very full and detailed was his study of some of them; he ranked Wordsworth and Coleridge as its chiefs, but he rated De Quincey, Southey, and Kit North far too high. Burns and Scott he knew well. The best contemporary writers in Great Britain and America were his possession and were rated quite at their real worth. That he added much to his literature after this period there is no reason to suppose. He read what came to hand from the publishers: histories, biographies, novels, poems, travels, popular science, magazines, quarterlies. But he knew better than any thing else the recent novelists and poets. They were his favorite reading after the Bible and Shakspeare.

He had a remarkable memory, and things which pleased his fancy clung to it like musk to Sunday clothes. He had read pious Bunyan, and holy Herbert, and witty and wise Sir Thomas Browne to such effect that their choicest dainties of quaint and homely religious truths were always at hand for use, though after we knew him well he no longer read them much.

One practice he had which needs to be borne in mind in judging him, that of fixing striking passages of poetry in his memory, so that they could be recalled upon any occasion. He would keep the volume containing the favorite gem with him, con it over, put the passage into letters to friends and the papers, cite it in the ser-

mon he was preparing, give it to a friend on the cars, toss it off in prayer-meetings, spout it in conversation or at some preachers' meeting. That would long continue a stock quotation with him. He had many such stores, so that people thought it a marvel he should be able to remember so correctly so much fine poetry. When they found him making accurate quotations from books he had not seen for months, in forests miles away from a library, they thought him more a wonder than he really was.

His memory was also very retentive for the general plan of a novel, its chief characters and incidents. On reading a report of a lecture in the house of an acquaintance, he has been known to go to the book-case and take down the proper volume of Gibbon and turn to the right chapter to correct some mistake which had caught his eye. Yet he had not read Gibbon at all later than his college days. Such was the general equipment of Mr. Haven for literary work during his best years.

Mr. Haven gradually drifted toward literature in the journals of his denomination. He began writing for "Zion's Herald," "The Northern Advocate," "The Christian Advocate," and the "Ladies' Repository." He tried to get into the "Methodist Quarterly Review," under the rule of Dr. M'Clintock, but failed. Mr. Haven kept the rejected article, and wrote on the outside, "Rejected by Rev. Dr. M'Clintock." Afterward he was somewhat elated over an invitation to write for that journal from Dr. Whedon, after the latter had

heard Mr. Haven speak at Middletown on some public occasion.

His earliest letters to the newspapers were bright, scrappy, and full of the newest novelties, civil and ecclesiastical. They were witty and bold; and they sometimes talked about the new books of the time, not without felicitous critical touches. There was no appearance of serious literary ambition until about the time of his first visit to Europe. His articles in the "Quarterly" were such as any busy and bright minister might throw off in haste. While a chaplain in the army he saw a chance to paint some carefully wrought pictures of slavery in its expiring condition. He sent some of these to the "Atlantic Monthly," which did not print them; and some he sent to "Harper's Monthly," which did print them after purging them of some "fine writing." Mr. Haven was only too glad to procure their publication at the expense of the "fine writing," though it cost him a sigh and a smile to observe that the purgation of the "fine writing" took away the ultra antislavery passages, and a compliment to camp-meetings.

These successes turned his mind to the chance of making something more out of European travel than is commonly done, and he followed the matter up with great promptitude and success. Some of these sketches were sent to the "Independent," to see whether they would not open the columns of that journal to him. This was the beginning of a connection with that powerful and brilliant newspaper which continued till the

close of his life. One of these papers was an account of the meetings of the General Assemblies of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland. It was in his best vein and made a very favorable impression. Horace Greeley is said to have pronounced it a remarkable production, and to have asked somewhat carefully about the writer.

Mr. Haven heard of this success under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Somewhere in Switzerland, after a hard day's climbing and sight-seeing, an acquaintance introduced him at an inn to Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn. Mr. Cuyler started at the name, and demanded,

"Are you the Gilbert Haven who has been publishing a series of articles in the 'Independent?'"

"I am the very fellow," said the lively pilgrim.

"Let me congratulate you on their success. They have made a great impression," said the Brooklyn divine.

This was good news to the traveler, for he had not seen or heard any thing from his ventures in the paper up to that moment. That evening the two American clergymen held a prayer-meeting at their hotel to pray especially for the overthrow of the slave-holders' rebellion. Their hearts warmed to each other, and Dr. Cuyler, years afterward, laid his wreath of affection in "The Independent" on Mr. Haven's coffin.

Besides his editorial labors and his articles in the "Methodist Quarterly Review," Mr. Haven published during his life-time four volumes: "The Pilgrim's Wallet," "Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher," "National

Sermons," and "Mexico, Our Next-Door Neighbor." The first and the last of these volumes grew out of letters home while he was abroad on his various pilgrimages. The account of the Sailor Preacher he wrote at the instance of a bookseller, and with the hearty goodwill and aid of Father Taylor's family. It is a genuine rough classic, an *aqua-fortis* etching of one of the most genuine men and peculiar geniuses who has lived in our time. Mr. Haven had known Father Taylor from his own boyhood, and had been blessed with some of his heartiest benedictions and maledictions touched off with his undecaying wit. The Sailor Preacher had so long been one of the celebrities of Boston that he was known to multitudes of people. Almost every body had some wonderful story to narrate of his doings and sayings. Travelers put portraiture of him and his preaching into their accounts of Boston. A multitude of Mr. Taylor's associates in various organizations were found in and about Boston. But as Mr. Taylor never wrote a sermon, prayer, speech, or lecture, rarely even a letter, and had dictated no memoranda of his life and fortunes, it was clear that his life must be written at once if at all, and the sooner the better.

The publisher fortunately applied to Mr. Haven to undertake this difficult task. The latter knew the man so well, sympathized with his work so entirely, appreciated his wit and humor so admirably, that on these grounds alone he would have been the natural biographer of the evangelist of the Seamen's Bethel. But Mr. Haven knew personally nearly every body whom it

was needful to consult in order to find all possible materials for his work. He had a cordial way of seeking aid of those who could help him, which made them lavish their stores of information, and feel sorry they had so little to bestow. He had every body's ear and every body's heart at command. As the solution of quicksilver draws to itself from the pulverized rock all its particles of precious gold, so did this biographer bring together from all their hiding places the scattered features of Father Taylor's portrait into a living image. Partly because he was so swift and deft in this employment, the book was done in eight short and busy months. Had the biography fallen into the wrong hands no such gem would exist to-day, and had it come into the skillfulest hands a few years later no such abundant materials could have been found.

The first and the last of Mr. Haven's books grew directly out of his travels in Europe and Mexico, and are quite similar in their structure or growth. The main difference in their interest lies in the difference between Europe and Mexico. In Europe are the grandest nations of the world, with ages of splendid existence behind them. England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece: what avenues into the history of the past do these names open! what splendid literatures do they call up! and what illustrious names in the past and present in all departments of learning, action, and achievement! In Mexico was a novel country, filled with strangely beautiful scenery, whose story was known to him almost solely in the calm and stately history of Prescott. It

had for him no literature, no great lines of historical persons and places, no men of world-wide renown in letters or war. He found there a people of a strange tongue, the Romish Church, with its superstitions and institutions, and a few foreigners with whom he could exchange ideas. Of course, such as the country gave him he put into the book. He was as bright, sagacious, and interesting as ever; but, though very interesting for its novelty and scenery, the Mexican land was comparatively unfruitful. This kind of writing suited him; he had great pleasure in sitting down, after a long and busy day of travel on foot or by carriage, at his inn, to write out the story of his day's travel and sight-seeing. He would write for several hours on the keen jump, and send off his scribblings to some newspaper to be printed without revision or correction.

It is a marvel that he could write so well as he did under the circumstances; and he often makes the circumstances still worse by writing at *dépôts*, on his knee, in stage coaches, on the cars, and even in bed. It follows that the subjects he deals with are such as can be touched off lightly, or are too plain to be missed, or such as his previous studies have furnished him for handling. Even when at home, surrounded by books and as much at leisure as he could be, he was always rather impatient of the drudgery of thorough preparation for sermons, editorials, and review articles. His articles on Wordsworth, John Ruskin, and Inspiration reveal this trait. The last reveals it very badly, despite the reading and sagacity it shows, by the superficial

way in which it deals with the objections it tries to overcome, and the total failure to see the questions raised by Comparative Philology concerning the ultra views put forth on that side. Instead of the slow, patient, comprehensive collation of all the facts and elements of the question, a deliberate estimate of the light thrown upon the subject by the statements of holy Scripture, and an ever-present caution against either pressing his points too far or failing to press them far enough, and a solemn purpose to hold for truth only what has God's warrant in revelation or science, he was wont to deal in the rashest assertion. He says:

If the Book of God, then, is the Book of God, it must be personally, directly, exclusively his book, his idea, and his expression; his in its minutest word, his in its perfect totality. . . . That verbal inspiration is the only inspiration possible is proven from the laws of philology. . . . If God gives any inspiration it must be in words. He cannot give the thought without giving it its appropriate language.

This is given only as an illustration of a certain arrogance of assertion, which was perhaps the worst intellectual fault of Gilbert Haven. He knew nothing about the laws of philology save a little notion caught up for the occasion. This defect grew more marked as he grew older, and sometimes provoked rude rebuke from men whose learning and patience far transcended his, and who had a conscience as quick to scientific duty as his was to social duty.

Speaking solely from a literary point of view, the best of Mr. Haven's books is "National Sermons." The

volume is made up of sermons on subjects of national interest, written at intervals from the passage of the Nebraska Bill, in 1850, down to the election of General Grant to the Presidency of the United States in 1868. There is no prominent event in the long history of the successive advances of the hosts of freedom against the battalions of slavery that is not discussed with the greatest fullness and sagacity. If in any later speech or sermon he soared to a loftier strain than he reaches here, it is either when he touches the same themes, as in his discourse on the Chisholm massacre, or when he handles, in an inspired hour, some great religious theme with which he is quite familiar. It was remarked in the early years of his ministry, that his sermons on political subjects were of much higher type than his usual preaching, and the ordinary explanation was that he gave more time to study in preparing them. But his letters and Journals do not show this to have been the case. These discourses were commonly written in one day, and sometimes at one sitting, and it was not by his choice or wisdom that they were so superior.

Mr. Haven had been gradually prepared to write these sermons from his boyhood. His early conversion to Abolitionism had made him a reader of the books and newspapers devoted to the interests of the slave. In this way he had become very familiar with the arguments for the antislavery side, the objections raised against those views, and the safest way of answering them, and all the readiest ways of stirring up the public conscience. He was familiar with the views of all the

great lawyers and statesmen of the land concerning the legal, historical, and constitutional questions involved; he knew the early hostility of Southern statesmen and patriots to human bondage; the sad story of the encroachments and extensions of the slave power, and the shameless tale of Northern truckling and subserviency to its arrogant demands; and he had witnessed many of the worst steps of national wrong-doing, with an indignation which rendered his recollection of them keen and instant. He had debated all phases of the subject over and over with school and college companions, with Northern defenders of the gigantic iniquity, and with slave-holders themselves, until nothing new could be said on any side. He had assailed the system with the weapons of his wit, sarcasm, and scorn. He had read the Bible against slavery, prayed against it, laughed at it, and prophesied against it. Hence he knew the entire subject by heart.

This vital preparation to discuss at once, without further special study, any aspect of the general subject gave free play to Mr. Haven's best faculties. He always was fervid with all natural and Christian feeling whenever he spoke on this theme, and now he could glow and blaze away to his heart's content. Under the high strain of these intense feelings his wit and humor, his imagination and his memory, alike contribute their best help to the illumination of his pages; and even the style is so elevated as to lose its worst faults. It becomes correct in grammar and rhetoric; it becomes tense and vital in movement; and it flashes with bright-

ness and beauty. The sermons should be read in their completeness in order to reveal the full appropriateness of what we assert, and to show that what we give are really fair samples. He opened a fast-day sermon before the New England Conference in April, 1863, with these words :

The feast referred to by the apostle was the Jewish fast and feast, commemorative alike of the greatest gloom and gladness. It is celebrated to-night and to-morrow all over Christendom, by both Jews and Christians—the solemn sacrifice, typical and memorial, of the blessed Lord. With Paul we see the sacred supper and the more sacred garden that eternally sanctify this day. With him we behold the consummations of the morrow, from the midnight betrayal to the midnight burial, the scorn and scourging, the mob, from publican to priest, seething with ferocious rage, the cross of agony, the torn and bloody hands and feet and head, the blackened heavens and rent earth! How they overwhelm us as we stand on this distant point of earth and time, and look upon that form, high and lifted up! The preliminary services of many generations also rise before us, even back to that Thursday night when there was wrought out the earthly salvation of a nation, type of the earthly and eternal salvation of the world. We see the poor slaves, aroused by the screams of their hitherto haughty neighbors, hastily cooking their unraised cakes, and, in great terror, as well as in great joy, fleeing from the house of bondage. The light of four thousand years shines solemnly upon us. We feel our unity with the emancipated founders of the memorial sacrifice, with Him in whom, “in the form of a slave,” it was divinely consummated.

A year later, with Grant moving toward Richmond, Pastor Haven opened a sermon in this language :

The land trembles with the conflict that has been raging for more than a week in the seat of the Rebellion. The smoke of the great

agony curls up in the central heavens, and casts its lurid darkness over our visible skies. Under its sulphurous canopy our sons and brothers have been wrestling in a death struggle with those who should be our sons and brothers, for principles and privileges that are dearer than life. We gather in this quiet house of prayer, far from the scene of the contest, yet we hear but little save the rapid pelting of the musketry or the fearful boom of the artillery. Our ears are filled with the hurrahs of our boys as they fly up the steep sides of rebel earthworks, or the Indian yells of our foes, as they leap in mighty masses upon our serried columns. The piled dead lie before our vision, ghastly, torn, trampled, their eyes glazed, or staring in muddy impurity. The wounded, sinking, fainting, groaning, bleeding, fill our souls with inexpressible anguish. We see not each other's faces, we hear not each other's voices. These sights and sounds fill sense and soul to a staggering fullness.

In further illustration of the opulence of his effective introductions, take the opening sentences of "The Crisis Hour."

Three years of war! The three months which we were told at the beginning, by the most influential man in the nation, were to see its completion, have stretched painfully into years. Again and again, and yet again, have our harvests of brave men been swept down by the reaper Death. Myriads of souls of heroes have descended untimely to Hades, and still the bloody sickle is thrust in, and still the bloody harvest is gathered.

To see the lavish wealth of these beginnings of sermons, one should peruse those which preface "The World War," "The Vial Poured Out," "The Death of Abraham Lincoln," and "America's Past and Future." We can only cite further the opening sentences of "The End Near:"

After a long, long night of clouds and darkness and storm, thunderings and lightnings, and tempests of blood, with faint gleamings of the muffled stars at times, to show us that the heavens still abide, yet with no grayness even betokening the actual dawn, suddenly we see the "King of day rejoicing in the East." The shadows flee, the golden glory covers the horizon, and shoots its radiance across the whole heavens. Even the blindest bats of night, that beat their leathery wings and eyeless heads against the walls of the national temple, confess that something bright and beautiful is stealing over their feeble senses. They know not what it means or is, for they have torn out their eyes with their own claws. They feel a warmth, a sunniness, pervading their spirits that compels their unwilling recognition of the coming day. But the people see the light, and rejoice in it, and hasten to the brightness of its rising.

The same splendor and force of language and the like brilliancy of imagination shine in all these discourses. They all, but especially those near the close of the volume, are remarkable for fullness of matter, naturalness of arrangement, simplicity of design, and for a grand steadiness of sweeping and cumulative movement. They have the even push of the gulf stream, and the grandeur of whirlwinds. They leap, with volcanic force, from Nature's heart. If one must choose, let him study "The Vial Poured Out," or "America's Past and Future." The intense feeling which glows throughout the entire volume exalts Mr. Haven above his ordinary range, and lifts him out of his worst faults in style. If there is a pun in these pages, it has escaped attention. Even his wit flashes less frequently than usual here, but it has a keener edge than ever for the meanness bred in the nation by slavery.

A friend of mine, a New York lawyer, had a fine Africo-European superintending his farm. The morning after the call for the first seventy-five thousand volunteers, the young man informed him that he could work for him no longer.

"Why not?"

"I am going to war."

"But you can't go."

"Why not?"

He was ashamed to answer the glowing patriot, but he had to.

"You are black."

The poor fellow stood paralyzed, as if a bullet had pierced his heart. He had forgotten all about his brown complexion. His heart was red with the hottest of patriot blood. The call made no reference to white men. How was he excluded? He shrunk back to his enforced shame.

Then he shows that the Church is no better than the State :

We must expunge the word "colored" from our Minutes. It ought never to have found a place there. How abominable that epithet appears in the eyes of the Saviour, by whom these, his brethren, were cleansed with the same blood, and perchance at the same moment and at the same altar. He does not write it in the Lamb's book of life, the heavenly Minutes of his Church. . . . And yet we shamefully degrade them. How unchristian and inhuman such conduct is may be seen from a single example. Suppose an unfortunate dwarf should join this Church, and the pastor should return three hundred full-grown adults and one dwarf, or if a dozen mutes or blind should become members, and we should make the like distinction, how quickly should we revolt from the revelation in ourselves of the old leaven of malice and wickedness ! What a torrent of indignation would be poured out on our Missionary Board if they should publish in their East Indian returns their Brahmin and Pariah members in separate columns. But the worst feature of this

iniquity is that it casts reproach on those who, by the pressure of an ungodly world, are already oppressed. The Gospel is especially tender toward the lowly and despised. We are especially cruel. It also inevitably breeds in us hardness of heart, the extreme opposite of the new heart, whose law is to esteem others better than ourselves.

I was struck with this years ago in a revival that occurred in a country town in the State of New York. The preacher, a godly brother, though not educated in this truth above the community in which he lived, was inviting sinners to the altar. Seeing some of his congregation urging the few of this color present to go forward, the thought dimly struck him that they were included in "all the world" whom they were singing about as being invited by Christ. So he said at the close of his invitation, "If there are any colored persons present who have souls let them come forward also." To such a request no colored person who had a soul would be apt to respond. The same brother, in summing up the fruits of the revival, announced to the Church that so many had been converted, "and John, Jane, and Dinah, colored persons." He was unconsciously but correctly conforming to the custom of our Church.

These citations show some of Mr. Haven's best qualities as a writer. Had he been as faithful in his warfare against literary faults as he was against social vices and religious wrong-doing he would have ranked easily among the foremost preachers and writers of his generation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EDITOR.

Editor of "Zion's Herald"—His Policy and Aims—Editorial Work—New Writers for the "Herald"—The Change—Work of the Religious Editor—Veuillot's Statement—Skill in Editorial Comment—Notices of Books—Reforms, Popular and Unpopular—War on Rationalism and Unitarianism—The Return Fire—General Result—Pet Themes—Journalistic Device—A Lively Paper—Illustrations of his Wit—"Brilliant but Useless"—"All Head"—"Experience Telling"—"Poor Laird"—An Invitation Declined—His Criticism of Secular Journals—Lay Representation—Politics—"Herald" Criticised, but Successful—Call to the "Boston Traveller," and "The Independent."

MR. HAVEN'S health had now so far improved that "The Wesleyan Association," on March 11, 1867, unanimously elected him editor of "Zion's Herald," the organ of New England Methodism. In connection with this subject the Journal says:

The ministers are cordial and quite anxious I should take it. I have accepted, though my head warns me that it is dangerous. I have done no steady and responsible work since November, 1865, almost a year and a half. It seems questionable whether I can again wear the yoke; and such a yoke. The "Association" is very generous, and will do every thing in their power to relieve me. They give me \$2,500 for salary, and \$3,000 for office and outside work. They have never before given over \$1,000 for the latter. Dr. Cobleigh was sick, and could not carry it on. My health may compel me to give it up at an early day. But I hope by the strength given me of God to do the Church some service in this line. The journals are very complimentary, and thus make the work still harder. I little thought I ever should read in the public prints such words about myself as I find there. It is something akin to fame, if

not the article itself. Yet I feel unworthy, deficient, and limited in capacity. I have tried to do my duty as well as I could. I have spoken the word as it was spoken to me, as I felt, by the Spirit of God. I have tried feebly but faithfully to do my duty. . . . My great grief is that these favors cannot be shared by her whose love more than all else, save the grace of Christ, has stimulated and sustained me.

I shall enter on my duties, with God's help, April 10. I hope I may meet in some slight degree the wishes of my friends and the responsibilities that weigh so heavily on that post. To preach to fifty thousand people, what a responsibility! May God help me to declare his whole counsel and fulfill the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus! The time is short. Twenty years more and I am an old man, if alive, which is not very likely.

Despite the very grave sense of weakness and dependence which breathes through these words, the sole obstacle to success much dreaded by the new editor was his ill-health. He had already tested his power and popularity as a writer in so many journals that he had good reason to think they would not fail him in "Zion's Herald." If there was any part of the world which he knew all through it was New England; and if he knew any fraction of New England better than the rest, it was the Methodist Episcopal Church. Here, too, he was better known and liked than in any other part of the land or Church. He had an ambition to do something to raise the standard of journalism in his own Church, in addition to all his other objects of eager pursuit.

Mr. Haven came to the editorial chair of "Zion's Herald" when a decided change in its management was imperatively demanded. It had been directed in

succession by excellent editors. W. C. Brown, Abel Stevens, Daniel Wise, E. O. Haven, and Nelson E. Cobleigh were men of real ability in their work; but they had been hampered by the poverty of the resources at their command. With very little aid they had carried all the responsibilities of the work. The previous editor had given up his work because his health had really broken down under so many cares, and he had urgently demanded that his successor should have an office-editor to share and diminish his multiplied duties. This was needed not only because the general advance in journalism made such a change in the editorial work indispensable, but yet more on account of changes the new editor proposed to make in the general running of the paper. He found an able and agreeable assistant-editor in Mr. C. Henry St. John, with whom his relations were always the very best. Of course, we cannot follow Mr. Haven through the five volumes of the "Herald" he edited; let us notice some of the improvements he brought into the paper, and some of his editorial characteristics.

One very marked change which he introduced was the higher style of editorial work which the "Herald" now showed. His swift pen supplied most of the editorials, though others were allowed and invited to use those columns at their own discretion for the weal of the Church. Topics which lay outside the editor's beat were treated by some of the best informed and brightest writers for the press, as C. C. Hazewell, "Warrington," James Redpath, and Judge Bond. Then the good writ-

ers of the denomination itself were drawn upon as never before. Bishop Thomson, Drs. Stevens, Wise, M'Clintock, W. F. Warren, H. W. Warren, Newhall, D. Steele, G. M. Steele, and B. K. Pierce were enlisted. Among the younger writers who were brought in were W. F. Mallalieu, L. T. Townsend, W. N. Rice, J. O. Knowles, and George Prentice.

Mr. Haven's catholic temper led to the appearance of many new names in the "Herald" from other denominations, as, Drs. Cuyler, Nehemiah Adams, F. D. Huntingdon, and H. N. Powers. Even the columns intended for the less conspicuous matters with which a newspaper has to deal were edited with great taste and skill.

One has only to compare the volumes of the "Herald" issued under Mr. Haven's care with those published before his time to see that he elevated his paper at once to a high position among the best religious newspapers of the period. The new writers dealt with a great variety of topics, and handled them with breadth, learning, vivacity, and fidelity to the wants of the land and the times. With the funds at his disposal his predecessors might have raised the rank of the paper, but candor compels a doubt whether any of them could have done as much for it as he. He had much more than any person known to us the gifts which go to make up a successful religious journalist. Such a journalist must discuss the events that occupy the public mind, and these are very manifold. To-day he must speak of fires, railway disasters, and marine calamities;

and to-morrow the whirlwind, a flood, or the plague asks attention; now it is a mania in speculation, a political convention, and a camp-meeting he has on hand; then it is the death of some eminent person, the luxury of weddings or funerals, and some great scientific discovery that he must discourse of; sometimes it is the corruption of public life, the derelictions of a profession, and the frauds of trade that he has forced on his attention; and sometimes it is the lapse of a minister into public sin, the scenes of divorce courts, and the debauchery of free love which he must castigate. The journalist must watch that kaleidoscopic succession of things which we call public affairs, and be prepared to explain, praise, blame, moralize, and turn to general edification whatever comes uppermost.

The religious journalist must be ready to utter the judgment of the Christian conscience upon such events, to interpret their bearing on public morals and religious interests, and to turn public opinion in favor of Christian ideas.

Monsieur Louis Veuillot, himself one of the great lights of the Parisian and Catholic editorial world, who had great personal acquaintance with the business, and a yet larger range of observation, has given his notions of the demands of such work in words worth quoting:

The journalist's gift is promptness, dash, and especially transparency. He has only a sheet of paper, and only an hour for explaining the issue, beating his adversary, and giving his views; if he says a word which does not go straight to the mark, if he pronounces a phrase which the reader does not instantly comprehend, he does

not know his business. Let him hurry up, let him be clear, let him be simple. The pen of a journalist has all the liberties of daring conversation ; let him employ them. But no machinery, and let him fight shy of eloquence. At the utmost, let him salute it for a moment only on his way.

The two points, among those insisted on by Veuillot, wherein Mr. Haven sometimes came short, were perspicuity and eloquence. His editorials were pretty certain to use all the freedom with language and grammatical construction which the boldest conversation should allow itself ; and sometimes it was even worse than this. But one must remember his habit of writing anywhere and every-where in judging such lapses into rhetorical and grammatical sin. The religious weekly newspaper tolerates, and is even better for, some measure of eloquence on religious and spiritual themes ; and this toleration was never, or rarely, carried too far in Mr. Haven's days at the " Herald " office. Take him all in all, Mr. Haven was much nearer Veuillot's standard than most other good editors of his time.

There have been few men in our day connected with the Christian press who have been better furnished for this rapid, changing, and multiplex task than he. He had a journalistic habit of mind from his youth up. He read many papers all his life, he talked about their ways of serving the public, he used to say that the book, the quarterly, the monthly would all die out, and the newspaper only would remain in the future. He had gained the habit of rapidly observing the current of the world, he knew how to append his messages of truth, warning,

admonition, or alarm to whatever was running, and he liked the rapid hand-to-hand encounters of the journals. That sort of rapid action suited him.

More than any other religious editor known to us, he used his paper for pulpit work in the strict sense of the term. Turn to almost any number of the "Herald," under his editorship, and you find a very telling bit of address to the souls of tempted men. These editorials usually address only one class at a time, and that in clear, plain, swift, and tender words. They are so short that they can be read in a couple of minutes, and so vital and direct that they go home at a flash to the reader's heart. Mr. Haven spent a great deal of time on these little and hearty articles. Yet they were not all his own. Sometimes Dr. Mallalieu tried his hand, and sometimes Dr. J. O. Knowles. One day an editor congratulated him on one of them as being "a gem of the highest water, Haven at his best in his highest line." "O, well," said the victim of the compliment, "Haven at his best is nothing but Jim Knowles, then; for that gem was written by Rev. J. O. Knowles, of Chelsea." He always liked to tell the story where it was needed.

But apart from these brief sermons and exhortations the editorial page frequently contained articles of a similar nature, but more elaborate, and effective at long range. It is a great thing to be able to handle these subjects in such a broad, free way, with such noble simplicity and force, that the chance reader shall find his attention gained and held, even despite a little impa-

tience over such appeals to emotion and conscience. This was done in such a fresh and natural manner, in the tone of a man communing with his fellows, of quick and stirring appeal, that it seemed less like preaching than roadside talk.

This quality showed to great advantage in connection with his discussions of the bearing of accidents and disasters on the divine Providence that finds its own blessed path through storm and earthquake. One of the actual perils of such topics is the assumption that we know all about them, can see and show others their roots in the evils of the times and the sins of bad men, and declare how they might be avoided. Some religious editors are so oppressed with the difficulty of a calm, wise, and enlightened exposition of such subjects that they ignore them entirely, or discuss them in a timidly helpless way. Mr. Haven was very happy in the treatment of such themes. A certain natural religious tact withdrew him from too frequent meddling with these topics, and helped him to the wisely bold assertion that all such events are related to moral as well as physical antecedents. He knew how to speak the Christian word on such occasions without either too much insistence or any timidity. He had a lightness and a firmness of tread which rendered this perilous ground safe and easy footing, and he knew all the turns by which a skillful transition is effected from debatable territory to the regions of universal and confessedly Christian verities.

One point on which Mr. Haven rated his skill highly

was noticing books. There are swarms of books flooding all newspaper offices whose wisest treatment is to notice them as little as possible, an art in which Haven was adroit. He was very felicitous in notices of works of poetry and fiction, and books of travel. His wide reading in these kindred realms of literature furnished him amply with the resources for natural comparison and parallels; his broad glance swept the new book into a long line of its kindred works, and gave it its true place, and his gift of appreciation was helpful, even where his criticism was severe. How he would set forth in loving fullness the beauties of a new poem from any of his great favorites, Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, or a translation of Homer, Dante, Virgil, Faust, or Aristophanes! They seemed to be personal friends for whose entertainment and honor enough could not be done. Of course, he sometimes slipped in his estimate of poetic novelties. Thus he surmised that Morris was Chaucer come back again, and he said that Bickersteth's forgotten poem would yet rank alongside Milton's "Paradise Lost." If challenged for such slips, he would usually defend them, summarize the book or poem for admiration, and then exaggerate his originally mistaken decision. In such cases the theories or stories of which the poems were the vehicles had beguiled his literary conscience.

His own books of travel made his judgment of the merits of such books very safe and appreciative. He had liked such works from his childhood, and so spoke of them from a wide knowledge of the field. He used

to lament his inability to properly review historical works of great scope and importance. Here his remarks were always those of a sagacious and swift-sighted reader, and never of a peer and master. All these great works of human skill, patience, learning, and wisdom had a perennial interest for his active mind.

Within the scientific and religious realms he had sharply defined and powerfully held opinions, which he put forward on every natural occasion. On some points he seemed narrow and intolerant to many, but his own judgment was that on these points truth itself is narrow and intolerant. This is a line which can only be wisely drawn by a man of broad intelligence, faithful conscience, and charitable heart. The two last he always had, even in a high degree, but he sometimes seemed too hurried or too impatient to reach the first in the eyes of some of his best friends.

It is needless to say that a diligent watchfulness over the welfare of religion and morals presided over these reviews of literature. Any thing likely to pervert the public conscience or lower the moral tone of society he branded with unflinching courage and severity. No other gifts, however lofty, could persuade him to silence or gentle speech on such points. He drew from current literature whatever honest aid he could for all the religious and social reforms on which his heart was set.

It is not easy to make out how far Mr. Haven's incessant discussions of caste, co-education, women's rights, prohibition, and skepticism were parts of deliberate plans carried into steady execution, and how much

they sprang without care from the peculiarities of his situation. It is safe to say that he did not deem himself bound to a decorous and prudential silence here by his official position. He went into the editorial chair consecrated and ordained to utter all the great convictions of his soul as to the vices and sins, duties and needs of the Church and Nation. Many of these were entirely clear to his mind from the outset, but perhaps a retrospective view gives us the idea of more systematic planning and far-reaching deliberation in certain parts of this editorial work than there was in it.

Mr. Haven may be credited, reasonably enough, with the fixed intention of drawing sharply the real lines of separation between the orthodox and heterodox elements in the country. In New England any thing was orthodox in his view which held to the doctrinal views of the great historical religious parties of the country. Any thing was sound which professed adhesion to Christ as the head of his Church; any thing was unsound which rejected him. He might have a thousand quarrels and differences on minor points of dogma and morals and ecclesiastical order, with the different organizations who yield entire allegiance to the common Saviour, and avow the Holy Scriptures as the revelation of God's will to the world. But many and serious as these divergences in doctrine and discipline might be, Mr. Haven deemed the confession of faith in the divine authority of the word of God the sufficient provision for all indispensable unity in the Church. Heterodox meant the rejector of the supernatural revelation of the divine

will in the sacred word. He held that any orthodox believer needed only to be faithful to the truth and grace taught in the Church of his fathers in order to gain a Christian character; whereas a rationalist could have no adequate foundation whereon to erect such a superstructure of character. This did not keep him from thinking some skeptics so much better than their principles that Christian charity might hopefully count them the children of God. Hence he treated the Unitarians in general as unbelievers, though he was always ready to name individuals among them as showing true and saintly character; but the most radical among them, those who made Christianity a purely human growth and creation, he utterly cast out. Universalists were more orthodox in his view, because in general they confessed faith in the Scriptures as the supreme and binding norm of religious doctrine. He in theory disliked the Calvinists, who seemed to him to make God the sole responsible author of sin in the universe, more than the Universalists, who stoutly denied that so good a God as the Bible reveals could doom the bad to endless penal fires, but practically his affection took the opposite way, because he held the former more religious and righteous in their life.

Holding these general views of the relations of the various Churches to the work of Christ in the world, it is evident that he would have a plain course in relation to many movements. He had not long been seated in his editor's chair before he began to make an impression on the general public. The representatives of advanced

Unitarianism in those days were more numerous and more active than now. One way or another he had to deal with Revs. James Freeman Clarke, W. R. Alger, J. Weiss, D. A. Wasson, O. B. Frothingham, Hepworth, Higginson, Towne, and Samuel Johnson. They were all very hard at work making way for a new Evangel by stoutly whacking away at every piece of bigotry they could lay their hands on among the Evangelicals, or crowding Jesus of Nazareth down into the company of Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, and Mohammed. It is noticeable that no pains were spared to laud these confessed men, and no chance was overlooked for hinting and affirming that Jesus is merely a man like the others. Soon after Mr. Haven took the "Herald" in charge, Mr. Alger opened a service in Music Hall, of the most elaborate character in its make-up and settings. The wonderful organ, a large and effective choir, elaborate musical performances, and the preaching were combined to attract a great multitude to that beautiful auditorium. The music alone cost yearly from \$7,000 to \$10,000, and other things in like ratio.

This was the most determined effort ever made on the side of that religious party to regain the hold on the public through Music Hall, which had slipped away from them when Theodore Parker died. Mr. Haven knew that the music was only a bait to render the new theology more acceptable, and that many were attracted by the music who had no real liking for the doctrines held and taught there. Mr. Haven noticed the movement, regretted the vogue it would give to a clergyman

who was an avowed unbeliever in the special doctrines of Christianity, who denied the certainty of a future life, and who "put Christ and Buddha together, with Buddha a little ahead."

This article was quoted by the Boston organ of the Unitarians, the "Christian Register," with comments of the most vigorous character. The gentle Gilbert must have thought of Napoleon's epigram, "Scratch a Russian and you wake up a Cossack," as the Unitarian benediction befell him. He was taxed with intolerance, bigotry, cowardice, skulking, falsehood, meanness, and being "a moral pachyderm." This refined form of the apostolical benediction seemed hardly to ruffle the new editor. He had no difficulty in proving that Mr. Alger, on his own showing, and that of the "Register," was all that had been affirmed; an unbeliever in the specifically Christian dogmas, had no faith in immortality, and did often seem to put Buddha before Jesus. Then the storm broke, and raged for a long time. Some friends of the new movement denied rashly that the affirmations of the "Herald" could be maintained, and claimed the Christian character for the ministry of such men as Alger, Towne, Weiss, Samuel Johnson, and O. B. Frothingham. Of course, Renan and Baur are Christians if these are; and to attach such a meaning to the word would be misleading, and therefore mischievous, even in the theologically wide-awake atmosphere of Boston; and Mr. Haven was quite right in refusing to have a hand in any such mystification. We cannot follow the controversy through all its phases and ramifi-

cations to the end. It may suffice to say that Mr. Haven forced the confession from high Unitarian authority that there was an advance party among them, who made Christianity merely one of the manifold forms in which the religious faculties of humanity have developed their creative energies. Such a theory of the true faith would shut off any exclusively divine quality from the Christian system and its founder, and destroy its claim to absolute and universal acceptance. The most noticeable result was perhaps seen in the Methodist camp, where coquetting with "liberal" views and men became less common, and the conviction was more firmly established that fundamental truth should not be surrendered even when the demand is made in the sacred name of fraternal charity.

The questions of caste and prohibition, of co-education and the work of the Church in the South were themes of perpetually fresh discussion. Haven had great skill in giving variety to such topics, and used every honest art to serve these causes to which he was always devoted. Perhaps a suggestion might be justly made that he sometimes allowed such special interests too large a share of his paper. Whether conscious of the fact or not, he had got himself into such a frame of mind in regard to certain measures and certain persons, that it was easy for him to pour out a torrent of matter, hot and hot, or cool and lofty, on these matters and men, as his moods or needs required. And the business was further complicated by the fact that papers like the Boston "Transcript," the "Springfield Republican,"

and the "New York Tribune" frequently took exception to the religious or ecclesiastical remarks of the "Herald," notwithstanding a general liking for the paper for its utterances on public questions. The weeks were few when something of this sort did not demand examination, explanation, retort, or reaffirmation.

Any body who watches the ways of the newspaper world has noticed that nearly every great journal has a set of dreadful examples of some wrong or sin which it employs to occupy the reader's attention at times when there is nothing else astir, and a vacancy of interest is threatened in actual events. Some fine day nothing has been done of any note by the kings of politics, the magnates of Wall Street, the ministers of the Church, or the princes of the literary world, the thieves, and the murderers. The foreign news is calm as a sleeping mill-pond; no king, kaiser, pope, or revolutionist having any graver business on hand than sleep or fishing. At such barren seasons the daily papers fall back upon their pet lists of terrible examples, varied by prayers for rain to break the drought of novelties in the news market.

Mr. Haven had abundant resources of this sort always on hand, and in good condition for immediate use. Usually he had no need to avail himself of such artificial resources; for in most cases the news kept him more than busy. He was once told that his "Herald" was like a certain extempore preacher, who, when he found hard work in getting any thing interesting out of a text he had snatched up for sudden discussion, used

to allude to the "Pope of Rome," and fill out the hour by berating him, and whose last resource would have been missing if the papacy had been abolished. "Yes," said he, "if Alger, the 'Register,' the 'Springfield Republican,' and the 'New York Tribune,' should take to prayer-meetings and the true faith, I should have to sell out half my stock in trade on a declining market."

One result of this way of doing things was that "Zion's Herald," under Mr. Haven's management, was one of the liveliest papers in the country. It always had the courage of its opinions, and sometimes startled the timid by the consistency with which it maintained them. Some of the secular papers were somewhat shocked because a pious lady, seeing General B. F. Butler at a camp-meeting, spoke to him, and invited him forward for prayers; but Mr. Haven only said, he admired her courage in obeying her convictions of duty.

Another charm of the paper was the current of wit which flowed steadily through its columns. Of course, most of this was not original with him, but was gathered from all kinds of sources. He had a ready sympathy for neat things of this sort, and when he encountered them in his reading they clung to his memory so as to be handy for use. His friends knew his liking for such good things, and many of them were uneasy with such an article on hand until they had tested its efficiency on Haven. He picked such hits out of speeches and after-dinner talk, and helped them farther on their

way. It pleased him all the better if he could make them point a moral in the service of some truth. We select one or two examples :

Two stories were told at the Unitarians' Festival that are not so bad. A layman, speaking of ministers' salaries, related this incident :

"They tell a story of an old minister on the Old Colony, who once had a case in court, and lost his case. He surprised all his parish the next Sunday by announcing as his text, 'Hang all the law.' (Laughter.) Now it seems to me, my friends of the clergy, that when you come to the end of the year, and you try to balance accounts, you might add a little to that text, and say, 'Hang all the law and the profits.'"

Another layman got off this good hit, as the audience seemed to think it ; but it hits back a good deal harder :

"I want to tell you a story which I heard at the first Unitarian Conference held in New York, two or three years since. One of Dr. Bellows' laymen was called on for a speech. He said he could not make a speech, but that he would tell what an orthodox brother of his had told him, within a short time, of a dream he had dreamed. He said that this orthodox brother dreamed that he died and went to heaven ; and he said that as he went into the great city of Jerusalem, and approached the throne, there were a great many seats immediately about the throne filled with persons, and he asked the great God who these were, and he said these were all persons who had been members of evangelical Churches on earth. But he looked away off at a distance and saw a great many black specks ; and God said to him, 'Those are persons who, when on the earth, were Unitarians ; now they are here I can trust them to go anywhere they please ; their lives were such that I can trust them to go wherever they please, but I am obliged to keep these others in my immediate sight.'"

 (Laughter.)

The souls who dwell in the light of the countenance of God are full as well off as the souls that float in the blackness, even if these

seem to have a little extra liberty. This story tells much better for our side. It is a good verification of Charles Wesley's vision :

" They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is."

We hope all our friends will accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and escape becoming wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

When it was suggested that he had missed the best way of turning this story against the Unitarians, since he might have asked what sort of people they were whose first and constant use of permission "to go wherever they please" was to get as far away from God as they decently could? he answered, "Yes, I thought of that when it was too late. Jokes are like small beer, when you get a bottle started you have got to get it down any how, no matter how much finer a bottle the waiter may offer while your own goes fizz, fizz!"

As he liked the true Christian reverence for Mary, the mother of our Saviour, he printed stories like this:

A Protestant said to a Catholic,

"The Virgin Mary was just a good woman, like your mother and mine."

"May be," said the Catholic, "but you must admit that there's a mighty difference in the children."

The Boston "Transcript" undertook to make Mr. Haven's condemnation of secular education look absurd by asking:

"Is the connection any closer between a creed and academic groves than between a creed and a counting-room?" and provoked this retort:

It would be well if there were a little more connection than there usually is between the true creed and the counting-room. "I believe in mammon and myself," is its usual creed. Will the "Transcript" tell us if it be possible to separate a creed and a college? Has not every academic grove its altar, some of idolatry and some of true worship?

The same paper got this retort on certain other points:

The "Transcript" replied to the question of the "Tribune" which we quoted last week, "Whether people should be licensed by the State to disseminate a virus?" by asking another question:

"In lunatic asylums there are some cases of insanity caused by religious excitement. Would 'Zion's Herald' favor a law forbidding revivals and camp-meetings?"

If the testimony of the officers of prisons and almshouses and charitable institutions showed that three fourths of the crime and poverty of the land were due to revivals and camp-meetings, we should urge their legal prohibition. Will the "Transcript" agree to submit the drinking of intoxicating drinks to that test?

Having to announce one week that a certain Baptist clergyman had become a Methodist, he welcomed the coming guest in suitable style; and then, the unstable fellow having returned to his first love within the week, he sped the parting guest with the statement that, after all, he was an aquatic animal, "and had only come to the surface long enough to blow."

He was well pleased when he could get in a neat rejoinder on denominational boasting. A certain Baptist minister at a Baptist festival in Tremont Temple, in some rather poorish verses, sung the praises of that Church as follows:

"The Baptists, peculiar, unlike all the rest,
How is it they go toward the land of the blest?
You'll see, looking into the Word as you ought to,
His heaviest freight the Lord sendeth by water."

Whereupon the "Herald" comments :

We are reminded of the story of a German who, having accumulated a pretty fortune by selling milk, well-watered, determined to return to his Faderland, and there enjoy his success. On the way across the Atlantic a pet monkey on board the ship stole his bag of money from the German's bunk, and having retreated with it to the mast-head, began an examination of its contents. Taking a coin from the bag, he bit it, held it up to the light, and then dropped it on deck. Taking another, he examined that, and tossed it overboard. Thus he emptied the bag, dropping first one coin on deck, and then throwing another into the sea. Our German stood below, with staring eyes and hair on end, until the last dollar fell, and then cried out, "He mus' pe der tuyfel. Vhat comed from der cow he gifs to me, vhat comed from der water he gifs to der water."

He was very fond of turning their sophistical arguments against the Baptists, as in the following hit :

Dr. Ide, of Springfield, narrates in the "Watchman" his baptism of a negro coachman, who hesitated about fulfilling this duty, but was brought to see it by his pastor's asking him, what he did with his horses before putting them to work? "I allers waters dem the fust ting." So the doctor told him, "If a man wants to pull well in Christ's chariot, he must always be watered at the start." Whereupon he says :

"At the close of the service I baptized him; and soon as his round head and black wool were out of the water, he fairly blew the spray from his mouth, and with eyes fairly snapping with joy, and his dark face all aglow with heaven's own sunshine, he said to me, 'De hosses am watered;' and went on his way a giant refreshed."

Only one question, good doctor, and "Watchman." Do they water the horses by driving them in all over, or only putting the water and the lips together?

He suggested the same lesson for the Baptists in the form of a story from a negro preacher about his way of meeting the argument:

Dese Baptists tell us that *ter* and *inter* in de passages about being baptized mean *under*. Now, I goes up to Brudder Jones' house and knocks on de door, and he werry perlately says, "Come in." Now, when Brudder Jones says, Come in, do you 'spose I should be fool 'nuf to go under de house? Is dat de way to come in?

He kept a sharp eye on the doings of the Protestant Episcopal Church. On one occasion he invited them all to come over to the fold of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the original Episcopal Church of America, upon whose jurisdiction all later episcopal organizations were intruders. An Episcopal newspaper replied that, "to judge by some specimens who had come from that body, they had not been very well fed." Turning the apostolic hint, "They went out from us, but they were not of us, if they had been of us they would no doubt have continued with us," upon his taunter, he cries, "Like seeks like; never judge a camp by the men who desert it."

A Boston clergyman is said to be responsible for the following:

"Why is milk like dancing?" "Because it strengthens the calves."

Like all editors, he sometimes found himself hopelessly snared by his own oversights in regard to some

details of his paper. His editorials always urged the prohibition of the sale of cider as well as rum and whisky for drinking purposes; but one week the gentleman who furnished the agricultural matter gave something about improved ways of cider-making. Of course, the Philistines had the shorn Samson at their mercy, and poor Samson had to explain how he was caught napping in the very arms of Delilah.

A venerable minister sent to the "Herald" for publication a famous cure for some one of the ills that flesh is heir to. It was sent to the printer without previous examination, and an editorial note commended it to the readers of the "Herald" as well attested by excellent people who had tried its power. When the mischief was all nicely done some vigilant eye noted that the patient was directed to take a formidable amount of cider-brandy in so short a time that he would be infallibly drunk before the cure could do its perfect work. The editor took it all back the next week with touching humility.

We give a sample of his frequent short sermons to ministers:

BRILLIANT BUT USELESS.

On visiting Paris Sir Astley Cooper was asked by the head surgeon of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat in surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times.

"Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times."

"How many times did you save his life?" continued the French-

man after he had looked at the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face.

"I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?"

"Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all; but de operation was very brilliant."

Of how many popular preachers might the same verdict be rendered! Souls are not saved, but the preaching is very brilliant. Thousands are attracted and operated on by the rhetorician's art, but what if he should have to say of his admirers, "I lost them all, but the sermons were very brilliant?"

ALL HEAD.

Robert Collyer implies in a late speech that "it is a shame for a man with a great level head to be a Methodist." Methodists will say such talkers should omit the word "level" from their portraits of themselves. It is a "big head" which indulges in such opinions, a head not unlike that which Irving says a Dutchman, in upper New York, put upon his carriage when the city had made him rich by running streets through his cabbage-patch. He set up a carriage, and put upon its panel, as his coat of arms, a huge cabbage-head with "Alles Kopf," "All head," as its motto. Is that the motto of "big Bob?"

He was fond of telling unbelievers of all shades and degrees that the true reason why they did not understand Christianity, the Bible, the Church, and the vitality of an active faith, is because that knowledge had never been brought home to them in a living and saving experience.

Nothing worries our Unitarian friends so much as Methodist experience. Thus "The Register" indulges in criticism of a subject of which it is as ignorant as a Yankee baby of Sanscrit:

"Confessing one's sins, talking over one's experience, is hardly the thing to do systematically. Very few can do so, and it is doubtful if those few are better for doing it. Practically, the class-leaders find that great artificiality results; often the tone of the whole class is set by the first person who speaks. And these class-meetings do not stand alone. They are but part—with love-feasts, prayer-meetings, and the rest—of a great machinery for keeping up piety at a fever heat. There is altogether too much of it. It tends to put the strain of religious effort on keeping up excited feeling, instead of on living righteousness. It is, moreover, morally exhausting rather than strengthening. It tends to morbid introspection and self-consciousness: and it is almost as bad to be always thinking of one's sins as of one's righteousness. Methodism has done a good thing in teaching the Churches the way to a closer, homelier, religious fellowship; but it has turned that fellowship too much into experience-telling, and too much into emotion, and has made its greatest blunder in insisting upon it as a formal condition of membership."

How little such censors know of the subject. The class-meeting is not a dull repetition of the leader. It is a rare feast of liberty and individuality. A good leader brings out the personality of its members. Nor are the latter words more true. The very richness and strength of Church-life are accounted "morbid;" the delightful "experience-telling," which never tires a Christian heart, is "made too much of." Would that our friends could gain that experience. How quickly would they exult in telling it always and every-where. May they soon experience this true and only Christian fellowship, and find this only basis for a Christian Church—one heart, and then one mind.

Laird Collier told the Boston Music Hallers, Anniversary Sunday, that "when we all get to heaven, as we all certainly shall, many of us will believe that we have got into the wrong place." No doubt of that. They will all wish themselves out of it, and pray Christ, as did the poor devils at Gadara, to suffer them to go away from Him. For all those cheerers hate and despise Christ, Christianity, and

Christians, as our former brother well knows. He brought down the house by his hits at the truth of Christ, and even made his prayer so antichristian as to receive applause at its close. The applause was from sinful men, and not from Him to whom it was professedly addressed. It was proper, however, as it came from those who were really addressed. - Poor Laird !

Despite his incessant war upon them, he enjoyed the personal good-will of many of these editorial enemies. After his election to the episcopate the "Register" celebrated the semi-centennial anniversary of its establishment, and a courteous invitation was sent him to join them in the banquet at the Commonwealth Hotel. He was obliged to decline on account of official duties, but said, "I am glad to see that it was in your hearts to fulfill the scriptural injunction, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him.' " Haven had been the most effective adversary whom they had for a long time encountered. Small wonder that one of the editors of the "Register" declared, when he had left Boston, that it would be easier to edit a Unitarian paper there.

Another conspicuous service rendered by Mr. Haven in "Zion's Herald," to the Churches of Christ and the American people, was his large part in shaming the "New York Tribune," the "Springfield Republican," and the Boston "Transcript," in their shamelessly unfair course toward the Evangelical Churches. The "Herald" printed a number of criticisms and hints about their ill-judged course like this:

The "Watchman and Reflector" has this word of exhortation for a sheet that needs it. All Evangelical Churches fare equally badly

at its hands. It is sectarian, of the skeptical sect, and after the most straitest of that sect it lives a Sadducee.

"Why cannot the 'Springfield Republican' do the fair thing by its patrons? While a large portion of its readers are evangelical in their sentiments, it apparently loses no opportunity to hold up those sentiments to ridicule, and gives free scope in its columns to the fullest presentations of the Free-religionists of the day. We do not ask the 'Republican' to be sectarian, or have any religious bias, but we do ask it to be fair to all sides."

In a like spirit he labored with the "Transcript:"

The "Transcript" grows more and more denominational. Among its editorial notes it speaks of the Unitarian Sunday-schools as "our Sunday-schools," and talks of its fifty thousand readers as if they were all of that sort. It talked about Robert Collyer as we said it would when he came to Boston, in a pile of paragraphs; though it evidently felt our suggestion, and apologized for its frequent praise. It does not seem necessary for the Unitarian Association to be at the expense of publishing the "Register," when the "Transcript" does their work so well. Better devote that money also to "Brother Collyer."

The "Watchman and Reflector" has evidently been reading the "Transcript," and some other dailies, for it asks this question: "Was any other Church burned in Chicago besides the Rev. Robert Collyer's? The first reports of the fire set the number at seventy, or thereabouts, but as Collyer's is the only one mentioned of late, the reports must have been erroneous. If perchance it should appear that some other church edifice was destroyed, we hope the generous-hearted will remember it." Perhaps that gossip can give the information craved.

The journals inculpated in these sharp and persistent paragraphs endeavored to vindicate themselves before their own readers. Particularly the "Springfield Re-

publican " attempted this, but in such a vein that the " Herald " set the matter right in a brief editorial, whose points we give :

The " Springfield Republican " has made several references to our comments on its course in respect to skepticism and Christianity, and lately devoted an editorial to the question involved. It claims that it is tolerant, because it publishes all sides of all questions. It has published two sermons the past year, one by Dr. Hopkins, and one by Mr. Frothingham. That it calls equality. Is Mr. Frothingham's half dozen equal to all the Church of Christ whose central doctrine Dr. Hopkins defended? It publishes many more notices and synopses of orthodox meetings and sermons than of heterodox. This it claims is fair and equal to all parties.

It mistakes the point of complaint. It is not its impartial reports of all public meetings which are condemned, but its partial devotion to semi-public meetings of an anti-evangelical type. Its editorial spirit, tone, and words are manifestly in accord with such sentiments. It devotes more space to the Radical Club than to all evangelical gatherings of a like sort, and many a brief editorial note is wrought in the same spirit. We referred to one a week or two ago which ridiculed all summer work of the Church. It has many such. If it needs to learn the difference between mere reports and its own skeptical flavors, it will find it out by referring to the columns of the " Journal," or " Advertiser." They have as ample reports of all public meetings as it has, but they do not hunt out half private *séances* which itch for popularity and publicity, and whose little parlor-full of quidnuncs would die without relief of this passion, did not the " Republican," or the " Tribune," which the former imitates in this respect, come to their aid ?

Nor do those papers ever, by innuendo or by direct fling and stab, strike at the Christian Church and the Gospel of Christ, as the " Republican " often does. Labored editorials it has once and again published in hostility to the accepted doctrines of Christianity. . . . It carried this effrontery to the utmost when it published, evidently

from manuscript, and without a note of disapproval, that worse than heathen sermon of Mr. Frothingham's, which practically and in intent, denied not only the resurrection, but immortality.

It is in error when it says we "want it to take up the cudgels of sectarian dispute, and thwack our adversaries over the head with it." We ask no favor at its hands for the Church of Christ in any of its branches, organs, or offices. The Church needs no cudgels for any back, not even the 'Republican's.' It only asks fair play on the part of those journals which profess to cater to the whole community. We only trust that until it abandons its pen-snappings against the Church and Christianity, it will not assume that it is innocent of all such attempted brilliancies. It must remember that,

"In many ways doth the full heart reveal,
The presence of the love it would conceal ;
And in more ways the estranged heart makes known,
The absence of the love that still it fain would own."

Another difficult service rendered by Mr. Haven, of great advantage to the Church, was his steady and skillful advocacy of the Lay Representation movement. The object of the movement was to introduce a lay representation into the General Conference, the supreme legislative and judicial assembly of the Church, which had been made up until then solely of clerical members. He had long been in favor of the measure, but had found the New England Conference strongly opposed to this scheme, under the leadership of Drs. James Porter, L. R. Thayer, Mallalieu, and other influential members. The Conference had been so strongly committed to opposition to this change in the Constitution of the Church, that it was jealous of any action that seemed even remotely to sanction such aims.

So palpable was this sentiment of that body that the

boldest advocate of the cause of the laymen did not hope to procure any directly different measures. As late as 1864 Mr. Haven sought a roundabout indorsement of this principle, all he dared to ask, by a resolution in the terms following :

If any plan of Lay Representation is adopted by the General Conference, our delegates are instructed to see to it, that it is based upon the only true and Christian foundation, the entire membership of the Church.

This was an attempt to get the Conference to seem to say something in behalf of Lay Representation through interest in the slave or freedman, which it would not say on the general merits of the issue.

It seemed successful, for it went through without a dissenting voice, and the author of the resolution was just congratulating himself on this advance, when Dr. Porter got in a resolution saying that the one just passed was not intended to neutralize the action of 1862. And this resolution went through in spite of Mr. Haven's endeavor to modify by substituting for "neutralize," "is not intended to express any opinion on the action of 1862." We may give the briefest view of the reasons on which he founded his appeals for this change in his own words, as found in his pamphlet on the subject :

We shall seek to show, first, that Lay Representation is right ; and, second, that it is expedient. By expediency we mean that it is the safe, and only safe way.

I. It is right.

1. Because the divinely organized Church of the old and new dispensations was organized upon this principle.

2. Because all subsequent Church history, with one fatal exception, approves it.

3. Because the Constitution of the Church into which and out of which we were born is established upon the doctrine, and hence our Church in England during the lifetime of Wesley was necessarily subject to it.

4. It is the spontaneous Christian instinct of every believer, lay or clerical.

5. It is according to the spirit of our age, and especially of our Nation.

6. It will relieve us of a long-felt reproach to which our present abnormal system is subjected, and from which all the clerical patronage of the laity cannot deliver it.

7. It will introduce into the highest councils of the Church a vast amount of practical talent of the highest order, that is now substantially unavailable.

8. It will reduce the peril arising from ministerial ambition, a grievous peril in great and growing Churches like our own.

9. It will increase the confidence of the Church in the conclusions of such a blended representation, and will insure a speedier and heartier execution of its progressive decrees.

II. It is expedient.

1. Because it is always expedient to do right.

2. Because the subject is familiar, not hastily sprung on the Church.

3. Because there are greater facilities and larger means for such a representation now than when first demanded.

4. Because our laity are already occupying such positions of influence and importance in the community as makes their presence in the councils of the Church a necessity.

5. Because the discharge of this duty will not imperil our itinerancy, nor the rightful claims and distinctions of the ministers, but will establish them.

Skillful as was his exposition and courageous as was his advocacy of such views, he never was able to change

the current of opinion on that subject in his own Conference. As late as 1868, when the reform was on the verge of success, the Journal says: "Conference met last week; discussion was very warm on Lay Representation, and we lost it."

Yet it should not be supposed that all these services were rendered the Church and the world without arousing any hostility. There were abundant complaints about the course of the "Herald." We have seen that he virtually made it an advocate of the "Temperance" party when Wendell Phillips ran for the gubernatorial chair. This was a bold thing to do at a time when very few of the readers of the paper agreed with him, and the "Wesleyan Association," perhaps, cast a solid vote for Governor Claflin. He had serious opposition to contend with from his warmest friends on this matter; but somebody had convinced him that his course in the past dictated his action for the new party as against the Republicans.

The paper was blamed on other grounds. People complained that it was too literary, too reformatory, too pugilistic, too jocose, and too secular. But the very men who made these criticisms usually were also free to confess that the "Herald" had taken on a new life and power under Mr. Haven. People saw that it was influencing the Church and the country as it never had done, and that its influence on the whole was very wholesome. They saw, too, that the editor's skill and force won wide recognition in the newspaper world.

His management of the "Herald" was not publicly

assailed, but at one time a desperate attack was made on his work among the members of the "Wesleyan Association." A letter was written by an influential member of the New England Conference, then resident in New York, indorsing the various complaints then current, and demanding a change in the editorial chair as a condition of peace. Possibly the assault would have met with some sympathy in the "Association," had its tone been more prudent. But the writer threatened a new paper in case his demands were not complied with, and that threat defeated itself; for the managers of the "Herald" stood firmly by the new editor in his general course, and the new paper remained unborn.

One thing which made the matter easier for Mr. Haven was the general public recognition of his editorial success. He had no real doubts that he should achieve success when he accepted the position, so that his popularity as editor was no surprise to him. But he meant to make his personal success help forward the ideas to whose spread he was of old devoted. It was the perception that he had won recognition for them as well as himself that made his satisfaction complete. He had sent them over all the land, assured that they would yield a fruitful harvest.

His skill and courage as an editor led to efforts on the part of different journals to secure his services. He was once offered the editorial chair of the "Boston Traveller," but he declined the honor because it was not within his proper line. Dr. Curry would have given him \$4,000 a year as assistant editor of the "Christian

Advocate." Mr. Bowen, of "The Independent," likewise made him several offers in connection with that paper. One was to be joint editor with Mr. Tilton, and "having full authority over the religious department." The final offer was the full editorship of "The Independent" with a salary of \$7,000, and work on "The Christian Union," which would have yielded \$3,000 more. These offers he submitted to his friends, with the usual demands for advice. Some advised him to stay in the "Herald," and others to go to "The Independent," and among the latter were Bishop Ames, Dr. Whedon, Dr. Hatfield, and Dr. E. O. Haven. His path in the "Herald" was yet by no means free from difficulties and opposition; yet he declined these flattering offers. The Journal says: "I do not see my way clear yet. Duty seems to call me here." To friends who thought he had made a great mistake he responded with a smile, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

Mr. Haven had often set his face against the habit of taking such outside positions by Methodist clergymen, in public and private correspondence. He thought it a loss to the Church of a serious character, and hence he declined to set an example which he deemed pernicious. He made no parade of these long published convictions, but they had decisive influence on his conduct.

CHAPTER XIX.

HAVEN IN CONFERENCE.

A Genial Critic—Position in Conference—Devotion to Christian Truth—Fidelity to Methodism—His Vivid Convictions—Relations with Reformers—Administrative Ability—Quick Perception of Talent—Wide Acquaintance with Men—In the General Conference of 1868—Election to the Bishopric in 1872—His Consecration.

DURING the early years of Mr. Haven's connection with the New England Conference probably few thought him likely to become a leader there, or influential in the general affairs of the Church. He was not an attractive preacher, his gifts for administration had not yet rendered him prominent, while his ultra views subjected him to much honest ridicule and some that was not so honest. The freedom and severity of his criticism of public events and men gave many the notion that he was either a sorehead or visionary. People who heard him blaming special defects in the Constitution of the Church, or pointing out errors in the general administration of affairs, sometimes doubted his loyalty to the Methodist Episcopal Church. One of his early newspaper articles spoke his thoughts with so much unreserve that good Bishop Janes, to whom its substance had been stated, cried out, "Don't tell me the author's name, I fear I could not do him justice in his appointments."

But such people soon found out that this keen-sighted

critic was neither sour nor malicious in his writings. His sunny temper and Christian spirit infused themselves into all that he said and did so fully that such misconceptions speedily gave way. Men began to observe that he had an inevitable eye for excellence of every sort, and that his praise was readier and warmer than his blame. This was so marked a trait that the suggestion readily obtrudes itself that Mr. Haven must have been drawn to this prudent conduct through deliberate policy. Seeing how critical his attitude had become toward certain institutions and their advocates or apologists in Church and State before he entered the pulpit, one naturally thinks that he foresaw the need of flavoring abundant and unsparing criticism with generous praise. But the same qualities show themselves in his private letters, and his first communications to the journals about educational matters, and it was the man's inmost nature that spoke in all such kindly utterances.

But, as the years went past, Mr. Haven had quite naturally grown to a leading position in his own Conference. His radical views on slavery, caste, temperance, co-education, and women's rights had, for the most part, long been popular in that body. Nearly every body agreed with him on the main points, though at some point he went farther than almost any body else would go. Some disapproved his notions concerning caste or women's rights, who, nevertheless, had a great admiration for the self-denial, patience, and courage with which he explained and defended his general position. Even where men of more conservative temper failed to accept his conceptions con-

cerning the duty of the nation or the Church on some particular topic, a thrill of admiration sometimes stole over them as he sought to show that his ideas had their vital roots in Christianity, and that no political or religious millennium could come until they were carried out. There was always a fraction of the New England Conference which doubted the practical wisdom of some of his favorite measures, but their doubts gradually ceased to influence the vote against them.

His thorough devotion to evangelical religion gave him a strong hold on a body that has had to contend for such principles as for life, under steady, subtile, and unrelenting criticism. He believed the entire Christian creed with full and unswerving faith. The Bible is God's word all through, from Genesis to Revelation. He held the extremest view of the fullness, power, and pervasiveness of divine inspiration. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were realities in his worship and belief. Heaven and hell were real places, like London and New York; devils and angels as real as his enemies and friends in this world. The scriptural doctrines concerning man's sinfulness and redemption were more real than the constitution and laws of the great Republic. On all such subjects he held the common faith of the Christian world, but his mental character gave a vital intensity to his creed such as less imaginative men rarely show.

One day a young minister blamed Spurgeon for saying that hell is an actual place, and its fires material flame. "Why not," Haven broke in, "why not? Take

a harlot whose den is in North Street and whose vices are consuming her body through syphilis. There is a material fire actually consuming her body in this world. Why not in the next?" This way of looking at the Scriptures as intended to teach those great and broad lessons which they obviously convey to plain Christian people rallied every-where to his side a multitude whom his political and social ideas might have repelled. They felt that he was true to the old traditional orthodoxy of the great historic Churches of the world, and that he could be depended on neither to give nor accept quarter on all the issues of living faith in opposition to the pretentious liberalism of the times.

It was the same with his strongly pronounced views concerning Methodistic doctrines and ecclesiastical work. He was a firm believer in the peculiar doctrines to which the Wesleys and their followers gave such emphatic utterance. He had come into his belief in them, not merely from study and argument, but in the vital ways of personal experience. He had been a conscious and convicted sinner. His soul had been justified freely through a faith that appropriated to itself the benefits of Christ's sacrifice and intercession, and made a new creature in Christ through the renewal of the Holy Ghost. When he spoke of these profound personal experiences in pulpit discourse or in private conversation there was no limping uncertainty in his deliverances. This deep inwardness of his love to God ran through all his theological thinking, inspired all his work, and commended him to all of like precious faith.

He also deemed the special institutions developed by Methodism the best suited to do her reformatory and saving work. He liked the itinerant ministry, the local ministry, the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, the love-feast, the watch night, the quarterly meeting, the revival services, the mourners' bench, and the inquiry-meeting. He thought that the success and triumph of the Church would come, not through discarding such methods of operation, but by working them under the highest pressure of Christian love and zeal. All these convictions he carried out in his own ministry with such steady fervor as to make deep and lasting impressions on many of his auditors.

Mr. Haven's profound interest in the popular reforms of the day brought him into sympathetic relations with many of the leading men who bore a prominent part in those movements. Some of them were of other Christian denominations, some indifferent to religion as an inward life, and some avowed unbelievers; but all were drawn warmly toward the Methodist preacher whose devotion to reform shamed their own. Such connections tended to make Mr. Haven widely known outside his own Church. One result of this was that these people frequently sought to obtain through him any desirable action in their special fields on the part of the Methodist Church. He used their example to shame indifferent ministers, and preached to the reformers the necessity of purging their movements of irreligious elements. He told them that such elements not only kept very many earnest and devoted Chris-

tian people from joining them, but also that unbelief and real reform in human society are incompatible. It was perfectly understood that he always brought with him to their meetings his personal faith, and that he would be quite likely to air it in their discussions and his public addresses.

Mr. Haven had gradually become at home in all the administrative work of his own Conference. He had much to do with the starting and working of the New England Conference Church Aid Society, which did in a limited field much the same work now done in the entire body by the Church Extension Society. He served on all sorts of committees of a practical sort, and was fruitful in resources in times of emergency. If he wished to get any thing done it was pretty sure to be brought about. If he was not in a position to act, he always knew who was, and the gift of persuasion was strong in him. This was, in part, because he saw so clearly what could and could not be done in a given case. It soon became the habit of many of his seniors in the ministry to turn toward him for counsel, for suggestions about practical work, and for his influence with men not easy of access.

One trait which, in the course of events, gave him a large influence with men was his finding out so promptly the special gift and ability of men about him. He wrote to his classmate, Jones, away back in 1852: "John W. Beach is fitting himself for the White House at Middletown by great success in the smaller one at Amenia." This fine gift of appreciation never failed

him. When he was a member of the Malden congregation he entered in his Journal such words as these: "Heard Brother Barnes preach his last sermon save one this morning. He has had great success here. He is a fine fellow, genial, whole-souled, eloquent." Of the next preacher he says: "Brother Townsend is a young man of much talent, of deep nature, of earnest spirit, fine scholarship, writing choice sermons. . . . The Church will yet know him, if he abides in her pulpits, as one of her great and shining lights." There was nobody in the Malden pulpit while Mr. Haven waited on its ministry for whom he did not record some such expression of generous and intelligent judgment, and almost every exchanging minister was touched off in the same true and pleasant way.

This turn of mind showed itself about other things than mere preaching. If any member of his Conference had a talent for succeeding through pastoral work, revivalistic power, Sunday-school management, social tact, financial skill, his particular gift could not be hidden from those keen eyes. He knew the special needs of a large part of the societies, and often made wise suggestions to such of their pastors as came within his range. When he became editor of "Zion's Herald" all these qualities had full range and scope. He was always ready to preach for any one who was sick, or over-driven with pastoral labors, or who took leave to invite him with or without good reason.

The perpetual loneliness of soul which weighed upon Mr. Haven in consequence of his wife's death made in-

terruptions of this kind rather welcome to him than otherwise. He visited several camp-meetings in course of every year, and was ready to bear a hand in any honest religious labor that offered itself. His paper made him known throughout New England, and brought him into demand in many places as preacher or lecturer. He spoke in lyceum courses, and at school and college anniversaries on literary topics. And he was ready to speak on the temperance question or woman's rights at a moment's warning. Thus he had come into direct contact with Methodists in all parts of New England during the term of his service as editor of the "Herald." For him to come in contact with people was to make of many of them warm friends. Even where he provoked repugnance and opposition, it was usually to his notions rather than to himself. His ability as a preacher and lecturer had been growing during all this period, and that growth had set men to thinking as to what higher usefulness lay before him.

He had been a candidate for General Conference as early as 1864, but had been defeated partly in consequence of misrepresentations that had been circulated against him. He was chosen four years later a member of the General Conference, which held its session in Chicago. He was a hard-working, useful, and jolly member. The question of Lay Representation was discussed warmly before that body, and the debate awakened such general interest as to provoke the ablest members to a full exertion of their powers. Mr. Haven wrote a speech, and read it with so much dash and

spirit, that he made something of an impression on the body.

Before the session of the General Conference of 1872 Mr. Haven's name had been mentioned pretty widely as one likely to be summoned to episcopal honors and burdens. This kind of talk obtained pretty largely at first among the younger members of the New England Conferences. There was hardly a Conference in New England in whose ranks some candidate was not marked out for that high office by current rumor, and in some there were several. No delegation could be sent from Mr. Haven's Conference which would not contain persons whose names had been freely mentioned in that honorable connection. It occurred to some of the younger men of that body that New England was in danger of losing a representative in the episcopate through a multitude of excellent candidates. The New England Conference delegation was likely to contain the successful candidate, but was a little in peril of having a delegation made up solely of episcopal candidates. In order to open the way for Haven's election, it was requisite to give him a larger number of New England Conference votes than any other could command, and then get a confirmation of his candidacy from a general meeting of the New England delegations, so as to make him a prominent nominee at the very start. Some measures were taken to learn how such a movement would be received, and the response was encouraging.

When the delegates of the New England Conference were chosen it was found that five of the eight minis-

terial delegates had been mentioned as candidates for the episcopacy besides Mr. Haven. The younger members of the delegation favored his candidacy, and at the proper time the nomination was duly made at a general caucus of the New England delegations. This gave him a good send off in the canvass that was going onward for eight new Bishops. But the opposition to him was severe, and the arguments employed against him were of the strangest sort. He was regarded seriously by many who knew him only in his writings as a visionary fanatic, without the administrative abilities required for the position. He was deemed too free and easy, and wanting in piety for a Bishop. The most ultra passages from his books and sermons on social and political questions were produced against him. He was not a prudent candidate. Dr. ——— was on the floor of the Conference seeking to defeat Mr. Haven's election at the very moment when the latter was vindicating his foe against charges which seemed to him unjust, when every body knew that such a speech was likely to cost him some votes.

Two ballots had been taken, and several had been elected Bishops, while Haven's vote, though large, was yet something too small for an election, when the Conference adjourned. The colored vote had gone solidly for the champion of equal rights at every ballot. The colored voters used their influence warmly for their favorite, and they held prayer-meetings to see if they could not move heaven as well as earth. The third ballot was taken May 22, at the morning session. Just

as Dr. W. F. Mallalieu was entering the conference-room one of the big black heroes of the prayer-meeting came up to him, with a face full of sunshine, saying, "I've got the witness, Brother Mallalieu; it's going to be done to-day. We had a prayer-meeting last night, a powerful meeting, and the Lord gave us the witness that Brother Haven's going to be elected to-day."

The third ballot was taken. The total vote was 404, and Mr. Haven's vote was 209. As soon as this result was ascertained, Dr. Mallalieu, who was teller, signaled the result to the New England Conference delegation by some concerted sign, so that Haven was aware of his election in advance of the official announcement.

The men who had labored so long and hard for this result did so in the fixed conviction that their candidate would show himself rarely well suited to the general work of the episcopate, and would show a dignity and energy in his office which would put him in the forefront of the Church's battles. They knew him, and felt no fears concerning his fidelity and success in the new calling. Some of them held that such a man as he was needed in the episcopal board to vindicate the anticaste ideas of which he was the apostle.

The chief value of the election in Mr. Haven's eyes was the sanction which it gave to doctrines that had been so dear to him, and which he felt called of God to preach and illustrate in his new work. But it had another value for him, since it would enable him to direct and elevate public opinion on these topics to a better and loftier plane. He had a secret feeling that

he should be able to do much more for God and man. Yet he saw that the episcopate must also involve no small sacrifices for him. His literary life, with the leisure and charm of its pursuits, must mainly be given up. This was a great sacrifice for him. Then it would take him away from home, his mother's home, in Malden. The home circle seemed greatly to need him. His mother was in her eighty-sixth year, vigorous still, but likely to mourn over his frequent and protracted absences. There was already some anxiety about the health of his sister Lizzie. The children were in their teens, and the care and responsibility for their welfare would fall more heavily still upon the other sister, Hannah, who had long been tirelessly watchful for their comfort and happiness. Only occasional visits with the dear home circle would henceforth be possible. This was the most troublesome part of the new life. But he faced it as cheerfully as he could. To a friend who saw him after the election and before his consecration, he said, "I have not sought this work and I dare not decline it. But it is the last turn in my career. Ten, fifteen, or twenty years of this work, and then rest, heaven, the Saviour, and my blessed Mary again. How sweet and delightful that will be for my poor heart!"

Mr. Haven was ordained Bishop in the Conference-room on May 25, 1872. At the same hour were consecrated as bishops T. Bowman, W. L. Harris, R. S. Foster, I. W. Wiley, S. M. Merrill, E. G. Andrews, and J. T. Peck. Bishop Haven presided gracefully over one of the closing sessions only of the General Conference in 1872.

CHAPTER XX.

BISHOP HAVEN.

Abundance of Information—His Conferences—Traits as Presiding Bishop—Successes and Mistakes—Prejudices against Him—His Preaching—At the Vineyard—His Wit Dreaded—His Use of It—His Aims in Correspondence with Papers—Oratava—Three Sunsets—Accounts of Public Men—Sumner—Brownlow—Brother Tate—Rebuke of Popular Sins—Sermon at White Earth—Wrongs of the Indians—Their Piety—Divorce—The Sins of the Pacific Coast—The Utah Ulcer—New Baltimore—The Newest South—Sentiments of Southern Methodist Episcopalians—A No Caste Administration—Incidents—The Tinted Venuses—Letter to the "Holston Methodist"—A Conference in a Tent—Governor Brown—A Southern Heart Touched—Hotel Experience—A Conductor's Rudeness—Dines with a Colored Gentleman in Atlanta—Echoes—The Renomination of Grant—His Courage, not Physical but Moral—Hotel Proscription—Danger of Violence—Newspaper Abuse—His Confidence in Grant's Statesmanship—More Hotel Proscription—Peremptory Conductor—Distrust of Hayes—The Chisholm Funeral—The Scene and the Preacher—Discourse—Education in the South—An Appeal—His Interest in the Schools—Boston University—Will of Isaac Rich—Trustee of Wesleyan University—Founds the Mexican Mission—Report of his Mexican Tour—Visits Liberia—A Kruman—Trees—The Witch Home—Witch Detection—A Modern Hero—The Negro in Liberia—Henry—The Conference—Comparisons and Questions—Missionary Graves—Perils in the Wilderness.

FROM the great abundance and variety of information at hand concerning the episcopal career of Bishop Haven only what is most characteristic of the man and his work can be woven into this sketch of his life. Hundreds of private letters covering every part of his episcopate, the book that grew out of his visit to Mexico in the winter of 1872-3, a long Journal about his life on ship and sea from New York to Liberia, another Journal of larger dimensions relating to the rest of his life as Bishop, frequent and long communications to nearly all

Methodist Episcopal papers and the "Independent," occasional letters to any journal he chanced to encounter on his pilgrimages, give us only too-abundant knowledge of this part of his life. The Review articles he wrote, the lectures he delivered, the reports of sermons, speeches, and addresses which got abroad in the journals add ample gleanings to our harvest. Of course, this biography cannot follow him closely upon this round of official and extra-official duties.

We must try to give some general notion of his characteristics and work as a Bishop. At the semi-annual meetings of the episcopal board he was assigned to the presidency of the following Annual Conferences :

1872, South-west German, West Wisconsin, Minnesota, Wisconsin ; 1873, Louisiana, Mississippi, Lexington, Maine, Holston, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama ; 1874, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Wyoming, Des Moines, Iowa, North-west Iowa, Upper Iowa ; 1875, New England, New Hampshire, Vermont, East Maine, Rocky Mountains, Colorado, Nebraska ; 1876, Louisiana, Mississippi, Philadelphia, Liberia ; 1877, Central German, Indiana, Cincinnati, Ohio, South-eastern Indiana ; 1878, Northern New York, Troy, Vermont, Central New York, Genesee, Austin, Southern German, West Texas, Texas ; 1879, Virginia, New York East, Providence, Columbia River, Oregon, Southern California, California, Nevada, Central Illinois.

Of the fifty-four Annual Conferences thus assigned Bishop Haven during his episcopal career we know that he did not attend some. In the winter of 1872-3 he

visited the new and promising mission in Mexico, and no doubt some other Bishop must have taken his Conferences during that period. Once or twice he presided over Conferences not formally given into his care, in order to relieve a sick or bereaved Bishop of his burdens. The reason he had so few Conferences in 1876 was because it had been planned that he should visit the Liberia Conference during the latter half of that year. When circumstances made it necessary to meet this African appointment somewhat later, no other work could be given to the incessant laborer. It will be seen that the work thus committed to Bishop Haven's hands was such as might well occupy all the hours and thoughts of the most industrious and vigorous of men.

It is known that the skill and dignity shown by Bishop Haven as a presiding officer surprised some of his closest friends. When Dr. Mallalieu asked him how he had gained his training, he replied, "O, I used to see Edward Everett preside, and made him my model." This statement must not be taken too strictly, since he had at the outset no such acquaintance with parliamentary law and skill in applying it as that implies. But he had a strong perception of the equities of debate and of requirements of courtesy. He had a swift skill in fastening upon all the turns of Conference business and doing justice to all parties. At first he used to speak of the fact that he got through his work with very few mistakes as the result of good luck rather than skill; but gradually he became quite at home in the chair.

Members of one of his latest Conferences spoke with admiration of the blended tact, courtesy, and firmness with which he held a certain difficult business in its proper limits, despite the efforts of a veteran tactician to confuse the Conference and the chair. Perhaps he held the veteran a little more rigidly to the letter of the law from a suspicion that there was a slight willingness, afterward confessed, "to haze a freshman Bishop just a little." Yet, from some slips made later over matters not so difficult, the conclusion is probably justified that Bishop Haven never mastered very fully the refinements of ecclesiastical and parliamentary law.

He held that Methodists had better be Methodists in all points. Such emphatic stress did he put upon these things that he provoked the strange criticism that he had a Romanist and hierarchical taint in his mind. He was strenuous in demanding that ministers should keep clear of all entanglements with secular business, and should give themselves only and wholly to the work of God.

In the general management of the business of the Church he was unusually successful. Generally his appointments provoked little criticism, because they were made kindly as well as wisely. Of the few cases where his appointments awakened open and public censure was one in regard to which he had been very careful and considerate, and even loving, since the appointee was an old friend. The censure appeared in a note in the paper which would most surely send it broadcast among Bishop Haven's old friends, and yet he kept

silence, though he had a perfect defense. Such things saddened him, but left no bitterness behind in the few cases where they did happen. He sometimes was held to have made less successful appointments than he might have done, through acting too largely on his own uninformed judgment, and sometimes where no want of information could be claimed. He improved his only presidency over the New England Conference to execute a scheme which he had long cherished. This was to make Lowell the head of a new district. He fancied that the measure would be readily accepted, would develop a new enterprise in the Churches of that region, and become so plain a success as to overcome all opposition. The writer slept with Bishop Haven that week at the residence of Rev. William Rice, D.D., and to him alone the plan was communicated beforehand. To his very warm remonstrances about the unwisdom of the measure at a time of general business depression, when heavy church debts were carried by many societies, and when our financial work was a serious burden, he answered that his only chance to do the work was at that session, and that success would crown his bold measure. He could not be induced to consult Dr. Rice, whose perfect knowledge of the ground and sobriety of judgment made him a wise adviser, nor did he consult his official advisers. The measure was so instantly and unreservedly condemned that the new district, after a year's uneasy life, disappeared. There is no doubt that his ardent conviction as to the possibilities in any given case sometimes led him into mistakes of this sort. But

this did not happen very often, while usually the results justified his expectations. Speaking in general terms, his entire episcopal work may be pronounced successful. It was found that many of his rash-seeming schemes had a good sense at their basis which justified his courage.

Bishop Haven had certain prejudices and doubts to overcome in the general opinion of the Church, and even on the part of some of his colleagues. Some doubted whether the episcopal dignity was quite safe in his hands. Such people lost their doubts as they saw the gravity with which he executed the public duties of his calling. They found that he was one of the last persons to be trifled with in such matters.

Concerning Bishop Haven's preaching in the closing years something should be said. It had the same general characteristics that it showed when he was in the pastorate. Most of the sermons he speaks of preaching in his official rounds of duty are the same he used to preach as pastor. The sermons, no doubt, were far enough from being the same. The preparation for preaching was still the same outline that he had formerly employed, but it was subjected to a great deal of modification and improvement in delivery. The sermon usually became simpler in plan but richer in argument and illustration. Much reference to scenes the preacher had passed through and to current events was sure to appear. It is certain that these old-new sermons were among the most effective he delivered. The new sermons which he wrought out were usually prepared with more leisure

and care than the others. Some that we heard seemed to be as good examples of pulpit discourse as are often heard in the best pulpits of our time.

Great as was the improvement in the general substance of his preaching, there was perhaps a greater one in his style of delivery. He was uniformly cool, self-poised, and easy in bearing. His voice was pleasant and natural and adapted to its matter. He liked to say his most daring things in a quiet, careless way, which greatly heightened their impressiveness. Bishop Janes heard him preach and speak a few times after his election to the episcopate, and spoke in the highest terms of his effectiveness in such work. His gifts were all softened and mellowed with age.

Rev. V. A. Cooper gives the following account of a sermon delivered at Martha's Vineyard, in August, 1874, on the camp ground :

A few years since Martha's Vineyard was visited by General and Mrs. Grant. Bishop Haven preached on Sunday, and preached a great sermon to the unsaved. The truth was hot, pungent, convincing, convicting. At the close of the sermon he invited sinners to the altar, and amid weeping they came from many parts of that great congregation of at least ten thousand people. Men of less faith were anxious about the general, how he would take it. Mrs. Grant was in tears. The Bishop went down into the straw to point sinners to Christ. The President's wife was on her knees, her husband sat with folded arms looking down upon the scene. One of the polite managers asked him if he did not wish to retire from the stand. Said Grant, "No, I propose to stay and see this thing out." And he did. Victory turned on Zion's side; amid the shouts of many redeemed souls, the meeting closed.

The Bishop's text on that great day was one on which we have several times heard him preach, "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision." Joel iii, 14. It was in itself no better and no worse than many such camp-meeting discourses he has preached all over New England; though he was probably stirred up over the multitudes he had to preach to and answer for. His sermon was also hot with prayer, and quick with the Spirit's power. The Journal only says, "I tried to be faithful."

He was not always prudent, even when he meant to be, in his pulpit labors. When he had resolved not to preach more than once a Sunday he was sometimes beguiled into a little talk, "not a sermon at all, but just a little bit of a talk." But the talk often grew to greater length than a sermon should have. After he had preached a morning sermon in one church at a certain Western city his talk at the other church in the afternoon, very bright, sharp, and eloquent, was at least twice as long as the sermon. One of his auditors said to him: "Your talk, Bishop, reminds me of a certain story. An Irishman went to a menagerie. Pat was shown all sorts of beasts, and with the rest a great American moose.

"'And is that an American moose?' he asked.

"'Yes, Pat, that is a great American moose.'

"'Wull, if that is the American moose, plaze show me an American rat.'"

There was a vague fear in many minds that Bishop Haven would continue the intimacies with reformers of all stripes which Gilbert Haven had begun. This he

did, and yet neither the reformers nor the bishopric seemed any the worse for it. He presided at reform conventions of various kinds, and spoke in the interest of all the causes he loved without bringing on any great public convulsion. Some people hinted in the papers that a Bishop ought to be more circumspect, but such suggestions were all wasted on him. Some people hoped and some feared that his new office would make him more conservative, as official duty is supposed to do, but all were soon undeceived in reference to their foolish apprehensions.

M. Guizot tells us that Sidney Smith's wit had a share, perhaps, in keeping the episcopal miter from his brow, and remarks on the shock which all decent Englishmen would have felt at seeing the reverend wag in lawn sleeves. Many Americans shared this notion in respect to Bishop Haven, and some hinted their belief, it could hardly be called hope, that now, at least, he would restrain his overflowing mirth within narrower bounds. But Gilbert Haven was himself in his new relations. His fun was sometimes used to protect his official dignity. The newspapers spoke of him as though any body might salute him as Gil Haven or Bishop Gil Haven, a privilege which was confined to a very few old familiars. Soon after his election a reception was tendered to the Bishops at some private residence. During the evening a lady cried out, rather too loudly: "Ah, Bishop Gil, I am glad to see you. How's your health, Bishop Gil?"

"First rate, thank you, Sal. How's Clint?" was the

pat rejoinder. It is believed that this perilous experiment was never repeated.

At a reception tendered a little later to Bishop Wiley, at Horticultural Hall, in Boston, Bishop Haven chanced to enter the room at a late hour and unexpectedly. Some people saw him and began to call out in a pause of the proceedings, "Haven, Haven, Haven!" while some cried, "Gil Haven, Gil Haven!" The demand was so vociferous that the managers were obliged to summon him forward to satisfy it. As he stepped to the platform the cries were renewed and redoubled. When quiet was again secured Bishop Haven told them the following story:

"During the late unpleasantness a boy enlisted as a common soldier. When he went away from home the village folks touched their hats respectfully and said, 'Good-bye, Jim.' As the war went on the volunteer rose from grade to grade until he became a general. Having had no respite till then, he resolved to get leave of absence to go and see the old folks at home. He packed up, after his furlough came, and just as he was starting his comrades took off their hats and bowed, saying, 'A pleasant journey to you, general.' When he had gone on some days' journey further he encountered some former companions in arms, who touched their hats and said, 'A pleasant journey to you, colonel.' Further on the salutation came, 'A pleasant journey to you, captain.' But one fine morning, as he was alighting from the train in a little village, the people cried out, 'Hullo, Jim, how are you?'"

At this point the laughter and shouting broke out so violently that the tired Bishop sat down without finishing the story.

On one occasion he sat in the recess of the pulpit in a church where Bishop Peck was holding one of the colored Conferences, arranging in whispers some imperative business with Mr. Phillips, one of the Agents of the Book Concern. Bishop Peck had a great deal to say to the Conference about the necessity of quiet and good order in doing their business. After Conference had adjourned for the day, Bishop Peck said to Brother Phillips, "You and Bishop Haven disturbed me very much this morning by your whisperings."

"Did we," said the courteous agent, "why didn't you send me word? I would have kept as still as a mouse if I had suspected we were troubling you."

Pretty soon Bishop Haven came up, and Mr. Phillips asked him, "Did you know that Bishop Peck was talking at us this morning when he was lecturing the Conference about quietness?"

"O yes; I saw that he meant to touch us up full as much as he did them."

"But why didn't you tell me? I would have been as dumb as the tomb."

"Well, Brother Phillips, they are used to it. It isn't the first time niggers have been whipped for white men."

On occasion of the Bishops' Meeting in Baltimore, Bishop Ames had introduced Bishop Peck, the last elected of the Bishops, though not the least in weight, as the *baby* of the episcopate. The opening remarks of

the responding officer showed that he did not quite relish the jest, when suddenly the company was convulsed with merriment over Bishop Haven's whispered comment, "Bishop Ames, the baby is crying!"

Putting down a few such hits as these gives no notion of the sudden electric effect which these witticisms produced as they leaped from the living lips. They were sometimes used to parry the strokes of opponents in rapid debate. A minister once cited a remark of Cicero's to prop up some position he had taken. "Give us the Latin original, brother, and perhaps I shall understand that better than the translation," said the wag with a comically desperate look of perplexity clouding his face.

He was introduced to the editor of a Southern Methodist paper, who had not spared the Bishop in various articles where he had taken occasion to discuss his doings in the South. Before they parted the editor hinted at an explanation, if not an apology, for his course by saying, "Well, Bishop Haven, I belong to the Church militant."

"I to the Church triumphant," said the militant Bishop.

These traits made him widely known in ways which were not always best nor suited to convey a correct notion of the real man. That he had nobler and holier characteristics was not so clear to people who only knew him in this fugitive and superficial way. But a bishop of any Church must be steadily doing high and serious work in the religious realm in order to real succe's.

Bishop Haven's work as a bishop has certain characteristics which give it personal distinctiveness.

One peculiarity of Bishop Haven's episcopal activity was the free way in which he took the readers of the Church papers along with him on his various episcopal tours. If one wishes to gain a full conception of the impressions made upon his mind by his episcopal tours he should take the list of his Annual Conferences each year, and then read the letters dispatched to the various papers for which he wrote. The letters disclose a sharp eye for all sorts of interesting objects within the special region visited, an eager appreciation of the social and religious changes going forward, and a sure perception of the faults and virtues of the communities he saw. That nobody may be mistaken as to the spirit and purpose of his notes of travel, he tells us what their character and aim are :

At the beginning of these occasional notes I beg leave to say that I shall have nothing to say, as I have said nothing, of any thing or any body, except what is true and kindly. With good-will toward all and malice toward none, I shall do as I have done, scribble of that which comes under my own eye, in my own work and wanderings. A class of views that will not include places, parties, and peoples with whom I am not acquainted. I shall note and commend our own work and men, believing that he is a successful merchant who praises and pushes his own goods. "Mind your own business" is a good motto for all Churches as well as all persons. That has been sought in this correspondence, that will be its continual aim.

Other Bishops had done the Church the service of giving a general view of distant lands, and the religious

missions carried on in them. Bishop Haven was the first who acted on the conviction that the different parts of our vast republic are quite too little known to each other. He thought it would be just as pleasant and more profitable for people to peruse pictures of home travel in a land where home extends from the gulf to the lakes, and from ocean to ocean.

Accordingly he threw off hurried notes of travel for the papers wherever he journeyed. He paints "An American Venice" on the Chesapeake; shows the glowing lights which brighten and die on lake and mountain; photographs Western cities, towns, rivers, and prairies; depicts the beauty and delights of Southern landscapes; exhibits New Orleans under the blaze of midsummer and the softened radiance of midwinter. He portrays Los Angeles as the "American Damascus" in such effective colors that the local paper reprints the portrayal and sends it far and wide as a worthy picture. Each landscape has its own special character caught and fixed forever in his swift words. To see the value of this gift we simply produce his account, abridged somewhat, of the Valley of Oratava, which startled his imagination even more than the peak of Teneriffe soaring above it:

The scenery grows softer and richer as we come over the side of the upland. The sea lies before us on one side, the high uncultivated, uncultivable mountain ranges on the other. Between descend the valleys, rich with vineyards, cochineal plantations, and other tropical fullness. The trees that line the roadside are full of white blossoms. We wind around a deep barranca, down and up its steep sides. Beyond the village of St. Ursula was passed, a sharp

turn was made in the descending road, and the Valley of Oratava lay wonderful beneath us. . . . This is the spot, we were told, where Humboldt fell on his knees and thanked God that he had been permitted to see the Valley of Oratava. We ought to have followed his example, and did so in our hearts, if not with our knees and lips. How foolish to essay description! Yet for what other purpose have we led you so far? You few who have patiently followed us thither stand here and see. Your road hugs the side of the mountain whose ridgy back is the eastern wall of the valley. The opposite wall is fifteen miles away, and rises straight up from the ocean to the dome of the mountain, a wall not less than three thousand feet above the slope of the valley from its beginning near the sea to its termination on the shoulder of the mountain, on which rests and from which rises the symmetric, majestic, mighty dome. The rear wall of the valley is a like cliff of rock, that goes out straight from that shoulder at right angles to the ridge, descending to the ocean, until it meets the wall, down whose side your road descends. The valley begins two to four thousand feet below that wall, and descends by an easy grade to the sea. You have, therefore, a valley on the side of the mountain, inclosed by three gigantic walls, two of them so sharp and steep as to be practically unscalable. The other admitting of a roadway, and not much more, on its side, with the ocean at the bottom, parallel to the back ridge and the vast dome, rising four thousand feet above the uppermost line of the wall, black with ravines and precipices, white with snow, glittering with ice. The whole scene a bowl filled to the overflowing of its rims, and even the gigantic knob that crowned it, with the blaze of a tropic midnoon.

But this cold outline only gives you half the picture. The mountain walls and the valley itself are a wonderful freak of nature. But so is the *Mer de Glace*, and many another granite wall inclosing a vale of ice. This valley is the center of beauty, if the mountain is the point of sublimity. Such a landscape I never saw before and never expect to see again. Every inch of this space, of fifteen miles wide by ten miles from the ocean upward, was clad in tropical perfection. Not perfection of wildness, but of culture. On your right,

as you descend the mountain and slide gracefully and slowly down to the sea, sweeps the most exquisite picture eye ever saw that never saw Damascus, and to that I will not surrender. Vineyards inclosed with walls, fields of wheat and lupin, cochineal, and other fields, potatoes and common edibles mingling with rarer productions. We dismounted and walked down the hill. Far away for the whole breadth of fifteen miles, far up to the edge of the great brown wall, lay cultured fertility. Fields mapped with careful lines of walls or hedge, black with the plow already at work, green with rising grains, brown with grape-stalks. Every-where humanity trampling over nature. Clusters of white appeared here and there, towers of churches among them. Three towns are on the slope, one at the sea. Oratava, the chief, lies half way down the slope, and also at the sea. All over the broad incline are scattered villas and cottages. The cheapest and poorest seem clad with a beauty not their own by the richness of their surroundings. To add to this richness, flowers of strange and familiar aspects (familiar, however, only in hot-houses or July heats) lined the roadsides and appeared in the courts of the houses. Such large and rich-toned geraniums are never seen in an American hot-house. They grow profusely in the gardens and almost wildly by the roadside. So do the nasturtiums, the periwinkles, a pretty blue star, the plumbago, smaller or in bunches or tall bushes, cineraria, wild roses. A deep magenta flower, more magnificent than all the others, was running over a veranda in great profusion, and a rich orange flower shared half the same veranda. One cannot get over the bewilderment of this luxurious and abundant life. It grew at every advance into its heart.

The dragon-tree and the cork-tree added their novelties. So, by violent contrast, did an immense dome, five hundred feet high, which is only an ash-heap. Cinders were the whole of it. Not a tree, hardly a green blade was upon it. The latter had made out to get soil enough together to struggle feebly into life. At the summit a like mound had been pointed out, which had no stone in it. It has been dug up to the depth of twenty feet, and never a rock, a stone,

a pebble. A thousand feet high of rockless earth! It was covered with trees, gardens, grass-life, to and over its smooth dome. So nature contrasts with herself.

Of course Mr. Haven did not have such a landscape to depict very often. But his account of Teneriffe itself is hardly less effective than this picture of the valley beside it. Very life-like are the sketches of Los Angeles, the Yo Semite, and Another Amenias. But this swift eye for the picturesque brings a good store of pleasant reading into his most ordinary correspondence. Even from that book on Mexico, which the critics handled so severely, one may select many pictures which those critics never approached, as this one seen near Monterey:

A single rosy ray streamed up from behind the easternmost mountain like a finger, an index of the coming sun. Homer's figure which Milton appropriates, as he does so much of Homer's,

"The rosy-fingered dawn appears,"

was suggested to my mind by this unusual spectacle. Anon a second broad ray joined its fellow, two fingers uplifted by the coming sun. The rosy light, soon changed to yellow, shone through the openings of the hills, and sent its luster across the lovely plain and upon the high and gracefully molded mountains which shut that in. The richer line of Tennyson expressed the glory that followed:

"The rosy thrones of dawn."

Contrast with this two tropical sunsets sketched on his passage to Liberia:

Some of these sunsets are as perfect as any ever gotten up in Italy. A week ago we leaned over the monkey rail, gazing upon a matchless picture. The blaze shot up into some of the cloud masses

piled above. Banks of velvet lay along either side, a base for the hues adjusted above it. Black clouds turned to rose, saffron, and blue ; so delicate as almost to cease to be color, and so definite as to be positive and clear in tone, touched at their intersection into an exquisite green. Unlike northern sunsets these masses and touches of color do not gather alone about the sun itself ; they spread around the whole horizon. The east was tinted with rose, and the heavens suffused with color. It was warm, soft, and delicate, a perfect picture. Wordsworth's pen or Turner's pencil would utterly fail in giving the outer garment of this innermost glory. Yet an hour or less exhausted it all. No twilight lingers around the dying bed of day. Like the dolphin, it died in wonderful brilliancy, but it died suddenly. A dark pall quickly covered the corpse of the dead day. . . .

Last night another sort of sunset occurred. It was simple and astonishingly effective. Could an artist catch its tone he could make a hall superb with two colors alone. From the unseen sun shot up masses of gold, each a segment of a sphere. Between these glowing curtains hung narrow strips of blue. The blue might have been a tenth of the width of the gold. This blue strip was a rivulet of plain, honest sky, running down to the sea, between broad bands of yellow haze. The golden blaze suffusing the misty segment, contrasting with the tender azure, was perfect for contrast and combination. Looking at it one said it seemed to fit perfectly Charles Wesley's grand line :

“ Loose all your bars of massy light.”

Another interesting feature of Mr. Haven's public correspondence is the accounts of conspicuous public men that constantly glide through it. He knows so many interesting people, and gets acquainted so readily, that one way and another he has something worth telling to say of them all. Parson Brownlow, General Rosencrans, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, General Grant,

General Butler, Bishop Ames, "Warrington," Emerson, Garrison, Phillips, and Sherman are some of the men whom one meets in these lively pages. It is true that his relations with most of these persons is only momentary, but he has the swift sense of what is characteristic which fastens upon and fixes instantly what is precious. He has points of sympathy with all sorts of men. Mr. Sumner showed him all his literary treasures and rarities. His profound admiration for Mr. Sumner's character and public services does not in the least blind him to his faults, mistakes, and seeming willfulness. He knew how to maintain an independent bearing toward all such men. Grant asked him what cure there was for the southern anarchy. "Territorial governments" was the immediate reply. So he is very definite in his notions concerning the faults of Bishop Ames, Garrison, Butler, and Wilson. He defended Protestantism against Rosencrans, whom he found well furnished with the best weapons, offensive and defensive, of modern Catholicism.

The following quotation from his private Journal shows how coolly he could do justice to distinguished contemporaries :

Went to Washington, called on Mr. Sumner, spent two hours with him trying to keep him from going over to the enemy. He received me very cordially, and was very free in his conversation. He hates Grant so that he fears terrible things if he continues in the government. He quoted a Latin writer as saying of some one's government that it was "crass." "This is crasser, crassest!" he exclaimed. He said that his San Domingo speech had not a word against Grant which Mrs. Grant could have objected to; yet after he had defeated the treaty, as he affirmed he did, Chandler went reeling into the

presence of Grant, and said, "Sumner has killed the treaty. You must strike him through his appointments, and the best place to hit him is by cutting off the head of that English snob who parts his hair in the middle. You and I don't part our hair there." Then he removed Motley.

There is no doubt that Grant acted in an ugly manner and in a bad spirit, but it is also possible that Motley did not properly treat our own people, or represent our nation in its democratic qualities. . . . Sumner impeached Grant's capacity. "He don't know any thing. He will sit all night smoking and drinking." At a dinner party that sat down at six, Grant was present, and they sat till ten. He got tired, waited for the President to break up the party, but he sat and smoked. "At last," said Sumner, "I got up. I couldn't stand it any longer. As I entered the drawing-room, Chief Justice Chase and the British minister entered it also, having followed my example. He is the most ignorant man in the country. He knows so little of public affairs that I should get a better answer if I should go into the streets and say to the first man I met, 'I beg your pardon, sir; I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but I have a point relating to the Geneva Arbitration which I wish to submit to your consideration.'"

But, I suggested, it is not General Grant's business to know the Geneva question especially. That belongs to the Secretary of State, "He don't know as much as the President." As he had just said. Grant is the most ignorant man in the country, he could hardly get Fish ahead in that line. Yet his rage at Fish is greater than at Grant. He rose up in his remarks, spoke in his deepest, richest tones, gesticulated violently, and looked as magnificent in his wrath as Achilles doubtless did in his. Governor Cummings, of Pennsylvania, was filling his ears with deceptive words about the success of the new movement. I expressed my doubts. "You are the first man who has expressed a doubt to me, except Henry Wilson." So completely was he befooled.

I entreated him not to go, for the sake of the principles he had espoused his life long. He said Grant and Fish hated the negro. I

claimed that Grant had given them their rights and protected them better than any one. I said his election was only for four years and he could do no harm. He said Grant would undertake to annex San Domingo. I contended that the annexation of San Domingo was wise. It would carry out the principle of no distinction on account of color. It would put two senators of African descent in the Senate, and when Hayti was annexed four. He said he had not raised his objections against the annexation, but its method. I said I did not approve of the mode, but of the fact. As I rose to leave he rose and began a new flood of invective against Grant.

I left him regretfully and look upon him as ruined politically, all through spite. The trouble goes back far. I think it goes back to his not being invited to be Secretary of State. As head of Foreign Affairs in the Senate, through the terms of Lincoln and Johnson, he came to look on himself as the regular successor of Seward. He was not taken. He struck Grant before he was fairly sworn in by preventing Stewart's confirmation. Motley was given him, though Fish desired Jay, and so the quarrel has grown.

Yet when the noble Senator was dead Haven entered in his Journal words of profound sorrow over his departure, doing no niggard justice to his splendid endowments and wonderful achievement, and praising especially his unfaltering fidelity to all the claims of duty in the interest of the oppressed. He also regretted that Grant could not have been wise and fortunate enough to have this purst of contemporary statesmen for his Secretary of State.

How graphic are his portraits of Senator Brownlow and Brother Tate :

SENATOR BROWNLOW.

You see a long, thin, pale face joined to a long, thin body with long, thin hands that shake incessantly. The face is smooth and even child-like in its looks, while the eye is as bright as the light.

The face, form, eye, and shaking hands belong to Senator Brownlow, the greatest man of Tennessee since Andrew Jackson, and not a whit behind that chiefest of Tennesseans. He got his "shakes" in a dingy stone house at Nashville, that stands back from the street on the chief residence avenue, an old-fashioned jail where his rebel friends confined him in such a state of the weather, and with such associated cruelties as brought on this shaking palsy, from which for ten years he has ceaselessly suffered. But he has made them shake inwardly worse than he shakes outwardly, and he makes them shake still. He is one of the men Johnson liked, not Andrew, but Samuel, though Andrew would not object to the opinion, a good hater. He is a terrible hater. And the worst is, his hatred is in perfect method. He finds all there is black in his adversary, and he hurls it at him in the best, that is, the broadest of English.

He is mild-spoken, genial, fascinating in conversation, rich in fact and thought, a delightful whisperer, for his talk is all in whispers. He looks not unlike Father Taylor, whom he resembles also in many features of mind, though he is more of a dead-in-earnest debater, that rare wit caring but little which side he fought on. He bears no malice, and talks of his antagonists as a rival lawyer would, more with the instinct of combativeness than destructiveness.

BROTHER TATE.

A blacker man you never saw nor one less Apollosish. A large, strong-featured, Erebus gentleman, with open collar and tossed-up bosom, and indifferent clothes, but not unseemly, as if he cared nothing for nobody, and was perfectly willing that every-body should know it. "You'll hear some fun," says a live Yankee, now elevated to the dignity of eldership, "when Brother Tate reports his district." And, sure enough, the heavy, gruff voice, the calm, cold, careless manner of the tall, broad-chested black man arrest attention at once. His words keep the attention afterward. He takes up his men and work *seriatim*, and each receives a compliment and a "but," the butt end of a whip sometimes. But every "but" is not for them.

It is for the lily hued brethren (all but the lily) on the other side of that pew line between the southern half of that row of seats, and its northern, a thin piece of board, but impassable by his color as the great gulf was by the rich man and Lazarus. In this case it is Lazarus that is kept from creeping over. His words pass over, however, as in the former case, and sound sharply and pleasantly in his brethren's ears. They feel and enjoy his hits. He describes a brother and his attempt to carry on a hopeless enterprise. He preached to a congregation consisting of himself; took up the collection from himself, which, consequently, was not large; held class all to himself, which did not make it very long; said every Sunday that he would never try it again; and at last backed out of the church, gave up the key, and retired in disgust. "The trouble," he adds, "with this brother is that he has too much Scotch-Irish blood in him, which makes him lose his temper too easily."

Another is described as a "Dutch-Irish nigger, who ought to be in the penitentiary, who went West and when last heard from was in Missouri, and probably is now somewhere far out in that country State." When one of Brother Tate's men was proposed for missionary ordination, one on the other side of the color gulf was advising his taking a regular course. "Yes," melodiously thunders Brother Tate, "we have noticed how the *superior* color is injured by putting them along too fast." The cool, biting tone of sarcasm in which those comparatives are used is one that Disraeli would envy. He characterized one itinerant on his district as "a good brother, but rather lazy. This is because he has so much Anglo-Saxon blood in him. But he is not to blame for that." At which all laugh and accept the shot.

Behind their backs he laughs heartily at the prejudices of his brethren, but no one knows better than he how to nurse them, and stab their pet at the same time. He is a rare specimen of genius.

One remarkable feature of Bishop Haven's work grew directly out of his unusual interest in public affairs.

He had been accustomed in the "Herald" office to point out the sins of America in all matters of general interest. Our offenses and omissions of duty in dealing with the Indians, the blacks, the question of divorce, the problem of Mormonism, the Chinese in America, the custom of dueling and assassination, so prevalent in some parts of the country, he discussed. He was very quick and careful in gathering up information on these social aspects of American life from every quarter. His private Journal noted many such facts which he was not permitted to give to the public; others crept into his sermons and led him to enliven his discourses with denunciations of evils prevalent in the communities among which he spoke the Word of life, and others went abroad over the whole land on the pinions of the papers. In a "Sabbath Among the White Earth Indians," he touched off a picturesque account with matters of graver import :

White Earth Lake is a beautiful sheet, embedded in white soil, encircled in more lustrous green. The dusky audience gather on the piles of lumber, reclining at their ease, one of them lighting his pipe, as the soldiers used to do at Sabbath service on Relay Heights. A fine looking gentleman, with plume in cap and blanket hung carelessly over his shoulder, sat smiling quietly, his sharp black eye being full of strength and repose. Another small old man stood erect through the whole sermon. . . . After our short sermon the little old man motioned a desire to speak. He came down to our pile of lumber and began to speak with great earnestness of voice and gesture. Mr. Beaulieu interpreted his speech. It was this: "About four years ago [he marked off these four years on his fingers] I came to the conclusion that a change must come over our

people. The nomadic course of life must come to an end. I had also concluded to join the Church. I had a paper drawn up and signed that in two years I would join the Church. [He supposed he was speaking to Bishop Whipple, who annually visits the Reservation.] That time has arrived, and I have sent for you to fulfill that agreement. I am glad you are come. Now I am ready to join the Church if you will make an agreement. I have lost two sons lately. One of them was killed by the Sioux. I do not ask any help in that case. I will take care of that. The other was killed by the whites. The whites are too much for me. If you will agree that the whites shall make proper amends for his death, I will join the Church."

I disabused his mind as to the preacher, and talked to him and his brethren on "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," as a duty they owed to the Sioux. The interpreter laid down the Gospel with special unction, and poured the coals of fire crushingly on his head. The old chief heard the interpreter through, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Ugh!"

Why the Indian had such notions of Christians the following may be meant to show:

The President's policy is not very popular here, nor very popular with the politicians. They have kept the Indian Agency as one of their richest perquisites for relatives and dependents. It has been taken from them, and they repay the act by every sort of denunciation of the Indian. The papers are kept full of their barbarities, so called, while the preliminary and far worse barbarities of the white settlers and speculators are left unrecorded. Take an instance at hand: A school teacher was outraged, murdered, and mutilated not far from Brainard by one or more Indians, made drunk, lustful, and murderous by the white man's whisky, sold by the authority of the Christian State of Minnesota. The Indian women found out who the murderer was, and told his name. The sheriff came to the agency and arrested the accused. He took another with him under suspicion. Mr. Smith told the Indians to go. They would have a fair trial, and, if

innocent, would be cleared. One of them was as innocent as a babe. They went without resistance on this promise. The sheriff put them in the jail at Brainard, a rough "construction" town, full of gamblers and drunkards and saloons. These wretches raved at the Indians with all the atrociousness of our race in its degradation—and none is more atrocious—broke open the jail with the connivance of the sheriff, took out the Indians and hung them to a tall pine in the street, overhanging a saloon called the Last Turn—the desperate fortunes of the proprietor giving it this prophetic designation.

Was any thing done by that sheriff or State to arrest that hangman? He boasted of his deed openly and to strangers for days afterward. None presumed to touch him. What did the State do? Why, raised a *furor* that there was to be another Indian massacre, and General Howard telegraphed that troops were wanted to keep the natives quiet. Such has been our constant course toward our weaker brethren.

Mr. Haven's remedy for all this mischief was to make the Indian a citizen, clothed with all the rights and subject to all the responsibilities of citizenship. He felt sure that this course would in time change the face of our Indian population. He not only believed in the fitness of the red man for civil equality, but also in the reality of the religious work carried on among them.

The Indian is attaining Christianity. It may be imperfect. What is yours, good reader? But it is the real article. Churches I heard of about Winnipeg and saw at White Earth, ministers I have met, children I have heard sing, assure me that the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world hath shined into their hearts to give the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. They sing our pleasant songs, they recite the commandments and creed, they enjoy spiritual feasts, they grow in this grace. This will change and tame these tribes.

He once spent a night in company with Dr. Dashiell, who was a Democrat, in a region where the Indians were thick, and somewhat dangerous. The pair had their room together, though they took different beds. Neither slept very well. About midnight Bishop Haven, cold, nervous, sleepless, and somewhat frightened, spoke up:

"Dr. Dashiell, are you asleep?"

"No, Bishop."

"Are you warm?"

"No, Bishop."

"Is there any danger from the Indians?"

"Some, Bishop."

They got into the same bed, piling on all the bed clothing they had; then Bishop Haven lay down at the back side and Dashiell at the front. Then the Bishop said, "Now I am going to put in some solid sleep. It is a comfort to think that the red skins will have to kill at least one Copperhead before they can get at me."

On a visit to one of those States of the Union which have won an unenviable notoriety for their looseness in the matter of divorce, he took great pains to obtain exact information as to the practical operation of such institutions. He found all the testimony he desired as to their unwholesome fruits. He heard of clergymen making their pastoral calls in a very anxious frame of mind lest some chance remark or question should be taken amiss by those they met. One minister stated that he was often afraid to ask ladies on whom he was making

his first call about their husbands lest the absent husband should be reported divorced; and another said that he protected himself against such difficulties by taking some person with him who could put him on his guard against venturing any such questions where it would be a delicate business to respond. He saw that such a state of affairs would put a padlock upon the mouths of many timid and all time-serving ministers in discussing with all boldness the law of God as it bears upon the marriage covenant.

He sent forth his voice of warning and rebuke on the subject with his usual insight and earnestness. He blamed all Churches, and especially his own, for not following the rule of Jesus instead of human law. He also praised the Catholic Church for its noble fidelity on this delicate and troublesome subject. He warned all ministers that they must denounce this sin on their responsibility before God.

When Mr. Haven visited the Pacific coast, the last year of his life, he showed the same swift insight of the popular and perilous sins of that region. The public sentiment against the Chinese was so strong as to make it a difficult matter to discuss on the spot. Mr. Blaine had just made an adroit and unscrupulous bid for political support there by utterances which appealed too plainly to popular prejudices. Mr. Haven instantly made his addresses in Conference, his sermons and his lectures ring with a cool exposure of the unchristian, selfish, and non-American nature of the feeling against the Chinese.

Twenty-five years earlier he had denounced the Know-Nothing movement as hostile to all true American principles, and had charged its abettors with narrowness and intolerance. Hence he was quite familiar with the best and most effective lines of attack on that favorite wickedness of the Pacific slope. It did not worry him at all that the newspapers of the region responded somewhat violently, for he knew that speech is free and safe in all that broad domain. He could speak out his inmost thoughts with no such fears that an assassin's bullet might silence his daring discourse as sometimes haunted him in the South.

When Mr. Haven visited Utah, saw its social organization for himself, gathered information in regard to the actual workings of those infamous institutions, and gathered up the results of his inspection in a telling and scathing account of "The American Ulcer," he gained general applause. It is so popular to denounce "The Latter Day Saints" that only Mormons objected. There was no doubt in his mind that all such denunciations of Mormon abominations were the natural outgrowth of the doctrines of the Bible and the principles of republicanism. But he saw just as plainly that the sins of California, of our Indian policy, of intemperance, of free divorce, of dueling, of caste sentiment, and of hatred to human fraternity, ought to be subjected to a like universal and vigorous arraignment.

When Bishop Haven first entered on his Southern residence he gathered up in his public correspondence all kinds of facts throwing light on the condition of the

negroes in the old days of slavery. As he talked with all sorts of colored people, he had no difficulty in finding facts enough of the most fearful nature wherewith to bolster up his stern indictment of that unhallowed system. He gives the names and residences of many of these parties in the private Journal. It does not appear that he had any especial end in view in gleaning up such facts. Perhaps he wished to be able to show any gainsayer that the abominations charged on slavery were not half equal to the truth; perhaps he desired to enter them as memorials of evil days soon to pass away from the face of the earth; and possibly they had a polemical purpose in case rash editors should impeach his statements as incorrect.

He noted the changed condition of the colored men with a grateful eye. Some of these notes follow:

I took tea in Baltimore with Brother Cook, and met there several ministers, Edwards, Diehl, and —, of Union Square and City Station. In a conversation on the unity of all races, the latter brother said he was a native of Napan, and had lived in the British West Indies. Though the negro had every right and filled every office, doctor, lawyer, judge, etc., there was no intermarriage. I told him Mr. Bleby, a Wesleyan missionary, according to Dr. Stevens, had married a colored lady for his second wife. He grew warm, said he knew Mr. Bleby, whose son had married his niece, and that the young folks were on their way to visit him. I told him Dr. Stevens was my authority, and that the latter said he would do the same thing if he lived in the West Indies. As he did not know the second Mrs. Bleby, Dr. Stevens may be correct.

This conversation was brought about by the fact that Mrs. Cook was an unmarried daughter of Brother Jarboe when I first visited

Baltimore, in 1861, with General Butler. At Brother Cook's store I met her father, who invited me to his house. I spent the evening with them. The talk drifted to amalgamation, as it always does here, showing what they dread. I said that was none of our business. They asked me if I would marry white and black? I replied, "I have done it." Their appearance was frightfully amusing. Getting over the horror, they exclaimed, "If that were known in the city of Baltimore ten thousand soldiers couldn't save you from a coat of tar and feathers. I knew they could not keep it secret, and so quietly added, "Well, it will be known by to-morrow morning."

That story of eleven years ago and this to-night fitly come together. The change has been enormous. It will be less so to reach the utter abolition of all such sinful caste.

My being here makes some talk. Coming up on the boat it was whispered that I was an amalgamationist Bishop, and after sermon a Miss Clark, whom I knew twenty years since in Northampton, and her father spoke with me. They said when they were coming a friend asked them, "Are you going to hear that amalgamationist preach?"

"Are you going for Greeley?" was the retort.

"It isn't best to talk politics on Sunday," was the quick counter thrust.

In a letter to a newspaper he gives us another glimpse of the "New Baltimore:"

On the anniversary of Bull Run I had the privilege of speaking in a Baltimore pulpit, and the same evening of sitting at a Baltimore gentleman's table, that of David Creamer, Esq., with a presiding elder of the Washington (colored) Conference, Rev. Mr. Bryce, on the right hand of the host, and several ministers of the Baltimore Conference around the board. I am not aware that even Brooklyn saw that sight at the General Conference, though Mr. Knapp's brilliant reception was equally impartial in its invitation.

The novelty of the condition of things in the South was especially impressive, too, in its public as well as

social aspects in certain Southern States. Hence he describes what he calls

THE NEWEST SOUTH.

I have found a place for my superlative. It did not belong to Baltimore. A city growing in ideas does not deserve that epithet. But New Orléans does. She showed sights which only the superlative degree of novelty can properly describe.

It began in the Preachers' Meeting. One of our wisest leaders says the devil invented the Preachers' Meeting. He would hardly have thought so had he been in New Orleans the morning after my arrival. There I beheld the newest newness of the Church of Christ. In Ames Church sat a president of a city Preachers' Meeting of the loyal color of the South.

Some of the fathers of our Methodism in this city and State were among those present, the fathers of the Methodism that was and is to be. Among them was Father Green, a good-natured, common sense, wide-awake brother, whose fires are getting well besprinkled with ashes, but who shows in his age the activity of his youth. Emperor Williams was perhaps rightly named, for he is *imperator* still. He remembers the first Conference held here after 1844, when Bishop Janes was sent down to stay, if possible, the downward progress of the brethren of that generation; he was sent in vain. To destroy slavery the Church was given over to slavery, and the fierce debate of that hour impressed itself on the hot heart of this youthful Emperor, possibly a slave then; despised and ignored certainly by his lighter kindred; of no value in their eyes save such as he might have in the market-place. He is now a commander in the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of our wisest ministers and presiding elders, who is molding the State in truth and righteousness. He is short, thick-set, with round head, a dark brown face. His smile is affable, his bearing courteous.

The president let me also introduce you to, Rev. Mr. Darbis, formerly of Cincinnati. He is one of the mixed hue so common here,

black being almost as rare a color as white. He is clear-cut in features, with bright black eyes, tall form, and a pleasant voice. He has one distinction of which he probably is very proud. In his house I saw a superb engraving of the General Conference of the Church South, held at Nashville in 1856. It is very large and excellently gotten up. The hall of the House of Representatives in that capitol is the room. The platform presents the body of the Bishops, the venerable Soule standing stately in front. The sides of the gallery are adorned with portraits of Methodistic celebrities of their own and the ante-forty-times, Dr. Capers being most elaborately portrayed. Bishop Hedding is absent, but Bishop Emory is allowed to stand among the fathers. The gallery is set off with the ladies of the Conference, and the floor with the Conference. Each is in the best array of countenance and confidence. Close by the secretary's desk, which Dr. Cross occupies, stands the only black man allowed to appear in that august assembly. To make it evident to all that he is not a member, but a hewer of wood and drawer of water to the true Israelites, he is represented in the act of pouring out water. The liquor flashes on its way from pitcher to glass. It is extra abundant. As if to prevent all possibility of mistake, Dr. Cross looks out on the grand assemblage utterly unconscious of this dusky Gibeonite, as is also the whole distinguished body. Yet that drawer of water, a Nehemiah, cup-bearer to these kings, is himself a king to-day, and these—well, not where they were.

It is Rev. Mr. Darbis, the President of the New Orleans Preachers' Meeting, who held that office and won that place in the grand engraving of the Church South. Janitor of the capitol, he was allowed to appear in the front of the picture; like Daniel among the lords of Belshazzar's court, he appears as forerunner of a coming doom and type of a coming dawn. This engraving was made, I believe, for the Metropolitan Church at Washington. The only copy I have ever seen of it hangs in a black man's parlor, while the body it commemorates is finding its success only in fraternity with the brethren it then rejected as of another race and condition. Mr. Darbis pointed to one gentleman standing in the center of the body (I am

glad I have forgotten his name) who gave an address on the subject of the negro, in which he said that some of this sort of men in the center of Africa had their heels so long that they could not tell until they were ten years old which way they would walk, and probably were able to walk either way with equal ease ; a fortunate condition for politicians in Church and State, some of whom always seem to be thus constructed. He also said their hair was not wool, it was porcupine's quills.

But I can show you a still greater novelty than this, even—the government of Louisiana. It is the best specimen the country has to-day of its near future. You recall the massacre of 1866 or 1867, when Rev. Mr. Horton, son of Rev. Jotham Horton, of New England abolition fame, with his companions, was done to death by the bullets and bayonets of a dying curse. Now enter the same building. The streets are not filled with raging men, nor rife with shots and shouts and groans, and “the silent horror of death.” A few men gather about the entrance and passages, less than commonly obstruct legislative bodies. A few soldiers sit quietly in the vestibule. Go straight ahead to the end of the passage-way and you enter the Senate Chamber. A colored gentleman, grave and dignified, is opening the session. Senators of all hues sit solemn in their curule chairs, or cordially chat in undistinguishable communion.

Above, the House is more black, and less orderly, as the House usually is. But no disorder makes it unmindful of parliamentary rules, and the rapid raps of the nervous young speaker keep the body in the tightest reins of discipline.

Many of the white members and ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South were drawn to its fellowship on account of their intense devotion to the Union. They had long been Methodists, loyal in every fiber of their hearts to the constitution and laws of the land. They regarded secession as not only polit-

ical madness, but also religious sin. They did all they could to hinder it. When civil war began they had all sorts of sacrifices and losses and injuries to undergo. The storm broke over them in fury and raged for long and mournful years. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was woefully tainted with treason, and hence was entirely unacceptable to these ardent patriots. Meanwhile the latter did not share the intense antipathy to slavery and the caste feeling which Northern Christians so generally entertain. They welcomed only pastors who shared their loyalty to the old flag, and were ready to take their places by thousands in the loyal bosom of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They did not generally share Bishop Haven's sentiments concerning the wickedness of all separations among Christians of the same faith on any grounds of descent or color. To some of them he was not an entirely welcome Bishop, though their dislike almost always died out when brought face to face with his telling example of self-sacrifice and devotion. But he was as faithful against their sinful narrowness as he was appreciative of their zeal for the flag and against traitors of every name. His private Journal shows his bearing toward them in such matters.

I had concluded before these Conferences began that I would proceed impartially, as I had done in the North. There was great fear that I should destroy somebody or something, so I proceeded to first administer the sacrament. It was not ready at the time of opening Conference, as I had not given the brethren notice of my intentions. I sat in the pulpit half an hour waiting for the elements.

I next read the thirteenth of St. John and parts of the tenth of First Corinthians, and then asked all the presiding elders forward to assist. Two of them were colored. All came. I gave them the elements before taking them myself, so that none should say that I was not willing to do as I would have others do. The next table was all whites, the next of both sorts, and the next of ladies and others. The ice was broken at the start. The Church South ministers ridiculed our men for partaking of the sacrament with niggers, but our men defended themselves. One said, "You have taken your food after niggers have chewed it, and yet you ridicule us for partaking of the Lord's Supper together."

I made the colored brethren give up separate services at night, and they were present at church in one of the amen corners. Sabbath-day I had the brethren called up in alphabetical order. A bitter caste man called them, confessing himself that it was right. I preached on the parable of the leaven. They seemed profited by the truth. It is a great change within a few years, and will lead to greater ones.

At Tullahoma, where I met the Tennessee Conference, I had a less enjoyable time. I began in the same way, and the colored elders assisted by distributing the elements and dismissing the tables. But the Conference was evenly balanced. The pivot on which every thing turned was white and black; but the force that turned it was the proposal to admit a colored man who had married the woman he had lived with for twenty years. He had been prosecuted for this act, and pending the suit the woman had died. Brother V. said if he was admitted at least a dozen men would locate. I told him if they located for that reason their places would be filled in six weeks. Secession is as vain a threat in Church as in State. He reported my remarks outside. Some of the ministers got excited, though every thing went on pleasantly.

Saturday the case came up, and it went on the table instantly, ten men jumping to their feet to make the motion, and all of them greatly excited. I preached on, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things." I had much liberty in unfolding the su-

periority of Christians in knowledge and power, and the necessity of showing this by adhesion to principle. In the ordination of the elders I asked the colored elders to assist in the laying on of hands; a new sight here.

The Georgia Conference met at Atlanta. They got wind of my course, and when sacrament was prepared not one of the white brethren would partake of it, except the elders. Several sat grouty in their seats. Most stayed out or left the house. Brother P. sat chief and stiffest through it all. It was a fearful exposure of this sin of caste in its depths. I felt it keenly, but the elders felt it worse than I. I arranged to ask Brother P. to lead the morning prayer-meeting next day, and then put him on a committee with a colored minister as chairman. He grew in grace every day, and so did the others. The house was well filled, and in the middle seats blacks and whites got badly mixed up. A report in partial approval of colored Conferences was introduced, and awakened vigorous discussion. It prevailed. It will have hard work to go through next year unless somebody presides who favors it.

There was no special friction at this session, though many expected it. Their complimentary words were honest, I think. But caste is yet here. A resolution to ignore it in the sittings of the Conference was tabled by all the whites. They agreed, however, to have the next session at a colored church in Rome, quite an advance.

The last Conference was in many respects the worst. It was held in the woods near Lebanon. I have described it mostly in a public letter. Some things I did not dare write there. The prejudice against the colored brother was immense. As I stood in the parlor of Mr. Hoge, Brother Lakin, a presiding elder, saw another colored presiding elder going by with two ministers. He called them in and introduced them. They sat down a few moments. On their going out a lad of eighteen said to Lakin, "Don't you ask another colored man in here." He promised not to. That noon I told the presiding elders to meet me at Mr. Hoge's. Brother Louis came trembling. They were surprised to see him cross their thresh-

old, and, opening the door, told me a colored man wished to see me. I said, "Let him come in." The next day we were put in a back room. Saturday the girls told Louis to go around by the back way. The boy put his head into the room and said, "Bishop, here's a nigger wants to see you." I was very indignant as I went out, and said, "Don't you ever again insult any gentleman who comes to see me by calling him nicknames." It was a colored youth on horse-back with a telegram. I had hardly got back into the room when word was brought that the Mission Committee, a committee ordered by the Conference, was at the gate, but the girls would not let the colored members in. I was angry exceedingly, and had it not been so late in the session should have sought other quarters. But I saw that would make trouble, so I followed Job's example and swallowed down my spittle.

But the next day the tent was crowded full of whites, and I had the privilege of ordering the front seats vacated for the black candidates, and also of asking Brother Louis to assist in the ordination of the candidates as they stood in alphabetical order before the amazed multitude.

I asked Mr. Hoge if we could have a meeting of the elders and the Mission Committee in his house. He consented. Unwisely I allowed some one to announce the latter, and his girls sprang on him, so that he had to ask to withdraw his consent. The elders, however, sat in the parlor till midnight. Next morning the Mission Committee sat in the big tent near the pulpit. Mr. Hoge and daughters came in near the door. I spoke out, "Mr. Hoge, you and your daughters will have to leave. We are very particular what company we have here." They ran very quickly. The elders laughed, and so did the Conference. It did good in many ways. One of the darkest ministers, Lynch, said, I had done them great good, especially in asking one of them to join in the ordination of the ministers. The story ran through the Conference, and the bit-terest of them felt the force of truth.

I feel that the Lord led me in these Conferences, and that he did some good through so unworthy a servant. Glory to him!

Sometimes Mr. Haven drew such pictures of Southern society and life as provoked the taunt from Southern lips that they were of impure tendency. This was true in particular of the articles which he wrote in respect to the practical results of the illicit relations which once existed between slave women and their owners. He told a friend that a man whom he held in the greatest esteem and respect had thus denounced him, and he said it as a man might announce that he had been charged with murder. Let us see his worst offense of this kind :

THE TINTED VENUSES.

But there's a new anti-Boston. Not so anti, either ; a Boston which out-Bostons Boston. That radical old town is far more radical in fame than in fact, for a heroic deed it has never as a city done, since it became a city, neither in the interests of antislavery nor anti-rum. This old and aristocratic Charleston does put on a new life. Its harbor may be sailless, its streets lifeless, yet it has a life exceeding that of any other city, a life of man not less than ideas. I can pardon a little to the devil of slavery when I see what fine specimens of humanity it produced. If you wish to see the coming race in all its virile perfection, come to this city. Here is amalgamation made perfect. Let none of my Southern brethren object to this truth of the Gospel, not even he of "The Holston Methodist," who seems beyond all price, though only Price, as a defender of the old and cold, and an assailant of the new and true. Come with me, good editor, for you are a good *editor*, however bad an advocate of bad things, come with me to Meeting Street, and see these "blue-blooded niggers," as you love to call them. What exquisite tints of delicate brown ; what handsome features ; what beautiful eyes ; what graceful forms ! No boorish Hanoverian blood, but the best Plantagenet. Here are your Pinckneys and M'Gills. I have met

those very names in these handsome forms and faces. Here are your Rhett's, Barnwells, and Calhouns, and all other lordly bloods. The best old Beacon Street wine of humanity is theirs, and soars to the rich quality that flashes in these eyes and veins and figures.

It is an improved breed, the best the country has to-day. It will be so reckoned in the boudoirs of Newport and the court of Washington ere many years. Well, anti-Boston did beat Boston there. Dr. Nehemiah Adams said that if the sin of the North were stamped upon its offspring by a detective complexion, it might produce as visible results as the sin of the South has. True; as visible, perhaps, but not so beautiful results. The sanctity of the mother redeemed her child from the sin of its father. It was not mutual sin and shame, as is all Boston and Northern lust, which cannot breed beauty or character of comeliness; it was violent and cultivated lordliness, trampling Christian sweetness under its lustful feet, and God gave these still untarnished souls an offspring after their virgin souls and not after the hellish spirits of their fathers and owners. Some of these tinted Venuses are said to be favorites of their late masters. Such favoritism often speaks better for their taste than for their morals. Let the white gentleman make the less white lady his wife, and let her not degrade herself by any voluntary associations of sin. Her mother's purity can never be transmitted in guilty relations. The lighter are not always the more lovely. Some quite dark skins are very rich in tone, and "black but comely" is not an unknown trait in Charleston. One knows not but the blackest is of the best blood, for pureness of Africanism does not go according to color. The best old family stock is in these shapely features, that are as black as Erebus.

Now let our kind "Holston" snapper curse these godless violators of God's law, and not those who approve its righteous marital expression. No Southern man of the old school *dare* look in the face a believer in the absolute oneness of mankind and deny the truthfulness of that Word of God. No one of them *dare* write an honest editorial, on his knees before his Christ, and find a word of fault with these truth-utterers.

Of course, Mr. Price, of "The Holston Methodist," did not fail to open his batteries on the man who could write and publish such things concerning the union of whites and blacks in such intimate relations. As an answer to Price's lively comments Bishop Haven sent a long epistle to that journal headed, "A Few Facts and Principles." We quote what may clear up the issue and show the real aim and spirit of the condemned articles. He says:

The real question is simply and solely whether the Bible doctrine of the absolute oneness of the human race is true or not; whether Christ is the elder brother of all humanity, or only of a proud and petty portion thereof; whether all came from one father and mother who lived in Eden and another father and mother who were saved in the ark. For whether we be of Ham, Japheth, or Shem, the reputed order of their birth, matters not, if we are of the family of Noah. We are still cousins at but the second remove, and no one is averse to that kindred as such, but rather the contrary. We are brothers in the higher relation, and one in the highest.

What is true of our scriptural kinship must be true in all its results. We cannot affirm the unity of the race, and still deny its common, perfect, and indissoluble brotherhood. We cannot accept the histories of Adam and Noah as verities, and not accept the negro as being as completely our brother as the Englishman. We cannot be Christians, and not adopt, with all our hearts, this truth of truths. A late editor in your Church and one of the ablest in the country, a born writer and leader, Dr. Thomas E. Bond, in a discourse delivered at Wesleyan University, points his most brilliant sarcasms and weights his heaviest argument against the abomination which separates the Afric-blooded man from all his brethren, whether in the kingdom of nature or of grace.

It was to defend this law of man and God that the words were written which you so generously publish, and more generously con-

demn. It was in rebuke of the antichristian and antihuman falsehood of caste that that true description and discussion were penned. The argument was largely in the shape of portraiture, but it was none the less an argument. It described members of a class of our fellow-men who are treated to-day, in all this land, with unspeakable contempt and contumely, simply because of slight complexional differences from their own blood relatives and near of kin. I said, in substance, that they appeared modest and maidenly, modest and emotional, modest and manly. Do they not? I merely declared that no one dared to write upon his knees before Christ an editorial and find fault with those who approve the righteous marital expression which this state of things suggests and demands. . . .

It was to show my old neighbors the folly of this prejudice in the light of former Southern life by that true and exact picture of Southern amalgamation. I did not suppose I should awaken the ire of my new neighbors. Nor do I think, judging from your good-natured remarks, that I have aroused it in any special degree. You do not object in your editorial to the legal and proper relations of these mixed bloods with the whites. You only affirm that the former relation was not usually sinless on either side. I said that it was sinless on one side in some cases. . . .

The demon of caste which sets us wickedly at variance with our brother is rebuked and annihilated by this offspring of our common blood and language, whose fathers, but for a godless law, would have often gladly recognized them as children. An eminent example of this was Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, Vice-President of the United States. He brought up the children of his bond woman as tenderly as any gentleman ever raised his daughters. And when a minister refused their mother the sacrament because she was living unlawfully, he said to her, "My dear, go and ask the clergyman to come and marry us this very night." The minister refused to perform the ceremony. The law forbade it. Which was the greatest sinner, the law or the lover?

I commend no one for the least offense *against the law of God*. But what shall be said of a State which still enacts such Christless

laws? They are operative to-day all over the land, except three States in the South, and about an equal number in the North. Denounce them, as you love Christ and represent his Church, and seek the purification of society. You say, "These views will yet prevail in that Church." Thank God for that expectation! May he hasten the day! It has already arrived. In many a Conference and in not a few Churches through the South and North, the Methodist Episcopal Church is faithful to the spirit of this central truth of the Gospel. In her Discipline she has but one blot. In her administration she has not one. But I can reciprocate your welcome prophecy. The Church South is certain to embrace this same truth.

Your political leaders, through desires for immense voting powers from the hands of their brethren of color, will abandon all the false fancies of distinctions among men, as men. I was introduced to the Governor of Georgia by a colored gentleman, and no northern politician in like office would have treated such a gentleman so heartily as Governor Smith did this clergyman. Why? Because he represented one hundred thousand votes, almost half the whole voting population. Another colored gentleman introduced me to another white governor with like cordiality on the part of the official. A white minister introduced me to a colored governor, who was at that moment in intimate conversation with a former eminent and eloquent minister of your Church, one of his most active supporters, and still, for aught I know, one of your members. I saw no caste in these political associations. . . . Every vestige of that barbarism must disappear before the shinings of the Holy Spirit in humanity. May your Journal assist this abolition!

Among all his reports of the doings of the Southern Conferences under review one of the best illustrations of the state of the ecclesiastical South is his account of a

CONFERENCE IN A TENT.

Many's the odd place in which a Conference has been held. In a kitchen was the New York Conference once assembled. But I think

it was a new sensation that saw the Alabama Conference under a tent. True, it began its convocation under a different sort of a roof—a rude structure of rough boards, with large chinks between; with holes for windows and doors, but nothing filling them; with sawed slabs for benches, and a very leaky roof. Such was the spot.

Across a wood path and small opening in the forest rises, on the edge of the woods, the large tabernacle, the gift of Cincinnati brethren, which moves over this country as the first tabernacle did about the wilderness, and, like that, bears the Shekinah to all places whithersoever it goeth. Like that, too, it is still spoken against by the Moabites, and other cousins who dislike to behold this moving pillar of cloud and pillar of fire, and to witness the multitudes that throng its solemn feasts. Not one single thing or thought has done more for us than this tent of the Lord.

The scenery around our unkempt chapel is not less interesting. Here is a valley a couple of miles broad, "be the same more or less," with not lofty and not lowly hills inclosing it. This valley is laid down to corn and cotton, the former chiefly, and is lined on either side with the cottages of the planters. The hills are covered thick with woods, and the woods thick with flowers. Nowhere does the American forest appear more magnificent.

"O with what glory comes and goes the year!"

one exclaims with Longfellow, as we gaze on these waves of red and green and yellow of every shade, rolling in quiet fullness along the sides of this cultured hollow. Better yet, and a sight unseen by Northern eyes, this blossoming of the woods is attended with the blossoming of gardens. June roses are blooming in the yard, while November roses are blooming on the mountains. You don't see that often on the Hudson or Connecticut, or Susquehanna even. It is not frost, but ripeness turns the leaf. The ripeness is perpetually renewed in the rosebush, but has only one season in the maple. So the orchard blooms of spring are offset by the forest blooms of October—each

"All at once and all o'er,"

as the Falls of Lodore.

Inside our ecclesiastical shanty the sight is most interesting. Here are gathered nigh a hundred ministers, all, with one or two exceptions, natives of Alabama or the Gulf region; all, with no exceptions, sufferers for their country and the Church of Christ. Here are venerated fathers, who held high places in the Church South. They are valiant Union men, who know what it is to endure afflictions and distresses for their faith. Dr. Miller, one of this sort, was entreated by Dr. Hamilton, once a famous Boston preacher, not to desert his old home. Our good Brother Miller brings his family with him, one brother and two sons being members of this Conference.

That graceful, genial gentleman of years and culture, also once high in rival councils, but now knitted heart and soul with us, is Dr. Franklin. He is of a gentle spirit, yet firm as a mountain of rocks to his principles and his "boys." He has charge chiefly of brethren of the "colored persuasion," and his pet and pride is that tall, black, comely youth, so cleanly and neatly dressed, with sparkling linen that would make most gentlemen sigh for his laundress—W. O. Lynch. He was a favorite house slave of the doctor's neighbor's, and his favorite brother to-day. He deserves it, too. He acts as secretary of the District Conference, and acts well, being a good writer and an apt student. His wife helps him with her washing, of which his own linen is an illustrious example, and he also teaches school, and attends school while faithfully superintending a large Church. Surely such a worker will win.

Here is a tall, venerable man of seventy and over, stooping with years a little, but still endowed with great preaching force—Brother Cole. And another, hardly younger, not stooping yet at all, more popular still, and good for many years—Dr. Jones, of Irondale, who, almost alone of all the members on his side of the house, appears arrayed in broadcloth complete, the gift of a Pennsylvanian iron manufacturer where he preaches—Brother Thomas, late of Leighton. He is one of the most enterprising of our Northern allies, and one who sticks to the Church with all his heart and purse and head. I put these words in their proper order.

The general apparel is yet largely of the homespun sort, especially in the nether garments, which certainly look warm and cleanly, and show how wisely our brethren adapt themselves to their estate. Preachers and people are alike in this style of dress. But the young folks come out in city hats, flowers, and feminine fantastics as gorgeously as the autumn foliage. The old folks make the necessary butternut background to their brilliance.

There is the presiding elder of this district, Brother Parker, a wise, genial man, who knows too much to wear to the Conference the new suit Brother Thomas gave him. It would have ruined him among his fellows. And Brother Self, another of the same sort, with the calm, strong sense of that order, whose dress is like the people's he serves so well.

This Brother Louis, "black as your hat," if it be of a dark-brown tint, dresses up to the city fashion. He is a well-built, muscular Christian, dressed in a heavy overcoat—too heavy, one would judge, for this weather—a shining hat, and handsome apparel. His presiding eldership is a success. His ministers trust in him, and the Conference also. Close by him sits another, not less dark, nor less compactly built, who has seen and suffered much for liberty. He was the special object of hate by the Ku Klux, and when they raged at his brethren through Tuscumbia, they especially sought his life. By almost a miracle—by an actual and visible Providence—he made his escape. They caught six of his brethren, and hung them to the bars of a bridge, and for him they substituted an effigy; so that he is as one raised from the dead, whence also his brethren receive him as in a figure. He escaped from his murderers across an open field, and by the very railroad train that passed over his murdered kinsfolk. To-day he is sent over the same region a presiding elder, establishing the Church against which these garroters especially foamed and fought.

Here is another, White in name and complexion, but of the same faith, hope, and love, who has also seen and suffered for the common cause. He describes the horrible massacre of a youth near his present residence, whom these hounds of hell seized, cut out the

small bone of his forearm, and otherwise maltreated alive; shot sixteen balls into him, and buried him in a swamp hole with the burial of a dog. He will have the resurrection of an angel. The wife of a Baptist minister saw part of the hellish deed, and told his friends where he lay. For this little information they ran her and her husband out of the country. And this is the people who would still ravage, tear, and slay their brethren, but for the strong arm of Grant. They still breathe out threatenings and slaughter. They carry elections in Virginia by feeding hot this ancient grudge. They write and speak in Alabama equally detestable sentiments against their own kinsfolk of any color, who are loyal to the flag, and to freedom, and to humanity, and to Christ; and they are supported too largely by the Church, so called, of Jesus Christ.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity,
Under this sun."

These brethren are a unit against these wrongs and evils of every sort, and are almost the only representatives of the true Church. Though not yet advanced to all the fullness of truth in all its forms, they are accepters of it in all its seeds, germs, and principles. They will embrace it in all the practices that necessarily follow.

It will not do to close this catalogue of our heroes without mention of the chief—he who is the father and founder of the Conference. It was said by a wise listener at our late General Conference that there must be one very remarkable genius among its members, for he was found on almost every committee, and was always the chairman thereof. This happened because the committees were elected one from each Conference, and Alabama headed the roll. Yet it was not altogether without cause that such a coincidence occurred, for A. S. Lakin is in no undeserving sense the head of our Church work in the South, which, of course, makes him the head of the General Conference; for no one of our brethren here has done or suffered so much for the Church and nation as he. Coming into the country as soon as the war opened the way, fighting his way

hither at the head of the armies, as a clerical co-worker with Sherman and Thomas, he planted the banner of the Church as soon as they did that of the Nation. He has been "run out" of more than one county by the Ku Klux; has been plotted against as often as Paul was by the Jews, and as unsuccessfully; has had a price set on his head; has been honored with innumerable newspaper assaults, and yet is a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well. He got the Conference together in 1867, and has been its secretary and all in all since that time. The hearts of his brethren trust in him, and though the enemy ceases not to assail, the friends form a triple wall of brass about him. He is said to be the best stump speaker in the State, and is as full of tropes as Beecher, or Spurgeon, or Longfellow, though, like the last, he sometimes gets the figures mixed in the affluence of his fancy. He can be all things to all men—the darks being devoted to him, and the lights holding him in warm regard. He balances contraries with contraries as keenly as any other manager of men and things, and if he has a secretary, which he may yet find in Brothers Lynch and Brashear, to relieve him of drudgery he loathes, he will not lose his hold on the child he has created for many a day to come. His courage and wisdom are both pledges of success in his labors of love.

The Conference has held its Sabbath and Monday services in the big tent. An immense audience filled it Sabbath morning, pouring in for miles around. A full house attended its last session, and drank in the novel spectacle in this country of all men being treated as equals. There is yet something to be learned of this truth in the North as well as the South, and it is not unlikely the South will get her lesson learned first and best. These ordinations, in their alphabetical and proper order, assisted by all the brethren in the presiding eldership, are no small sign of a return to the first scriptural ordination—that which separated Paul and Barnabas for their life-work, in which, by direction of the Holy Ghost, one of the impositionists was "Simeon called Niger," (the "i" is pronounced short and "g" hard here, after the true classic fashion.)

There have been some amusing instances of fears lest the whole

social fabric would be turned topsy-turvy if any variation from the dead letter of past caste was indulged in.

“Strange horrors seized them, and pangs unfelt before,”

at this dread possibility. But nobody found any chance to indulge the fears he feared, and the Church moves on her way, melting all together in love and labor and life. They get used to nicknames and rather like them. They will not be scared nor scolded nor insulted out of the Church by any epithets, but wear them proudly, as true men always do. Alabama will yet be a land of rest, as she is rightly called, for all her children.

We have seen that Mr. Haven practiced that doctrine of political and social equality which he had so urgently taught as one of the chief duties of the Church in our times. One of the most novel and interesting phases of his episcopal life was revealed in his effort to carry out the same line of conduct in his work in the South. He made friends so readily that hardly another Northern clergyman could have gained so much general influence, personal and social, as he did under the same circumstances. His Journal abounds with incidents of this sort. We give an account of his meeting Governor Brown, of Georgia, as an illustration :

Met Governor Brown and Commissioner Delano. Had a long talk that evening, and several the next day with Brown. He was a leading Confederate, but accepted the situation when the war ended. He said he called his slaves together when Sherman crowded on North Georgia, and told them he had a plantation in Southern Georgia ; that they could go there or stay here. If they went down there they would be slaves if the South conquered ; if they stayed they would be free. They all went and worked that summer, only stipulating that he should bring them back when the war was over

They had great faith in the result. When the war was over he divided the crop between himself and them and took them all back.

He says cotton is still profitable and the negroes make as good workmen, though free, as they did before. He was very cordial, and promised to call on me when I return to Atlanta. Another gain.

How deftly he knew how to touch the rebel heart is told in a story of his wanderings in the Georgia hill country.

We came to a deep-shaded homestead, with a large yard full of large trees and bee-hives, a rivulet dashing through it, and the beds and truck all out doors, the spring "scalding and scrubbing," as they say, going on. A goodly lady is petitioned for milk, but none comes. Water is supplied, and even the bucket is called for before the meal is finished. So we draw near her placid majesty, as she sits between the house and the kitchen, in the most cool and shady and breezy spot at her command, and proceed to interview. Her boy has found us out, and asks if he did not hear us preach last summer at the camp-ground, near twenty miles away? "Yes." So we are already known.

"What Church do you belong to?" is asked.

"The Methodist Church, South," is the short reply.

"We both joined the same Church, I reckon?"

"If you joined the Methodist Church, South, we did."

"I joined the Church in '39; when did you join?"

"I don't remember."

"That's strange. Most Methodists remember that event."

"They ought to, if they have much religion," she replies.

The editor struck in, "I joined in '42."

"So did I," responded madam.

"Then we all joined the same Church," is the triumphant concluding remark.

We chatted on other themes, and left the lady "weakened" a little, perhaps, by the unexpected recall to her memory that her

Church beginning was with that which she evidently wasn't yet ready to fraternize with. Our return trip gave us a goodly welcome from host and hostess, and a right nice dinner. So fraternization grew from what it fed on.

While he was so cordially received by all classes of citizens who came into personal relations with him, he had a peculiarly warm greeting from the colored people. He was their Bishop, the ardent defender of all their rights, the champion who made his voice heard in all the land when any privilege of theirs was withheld. He visited them in their homes, shared their hospitality, treated them as free and honorable men, and loved them as servants and disciples of the Lord Jesus. He took a colored minister with him into the dining room of a Southern hotel. The clerk put them into a separate and disagreeable position to eat their dinner. Mr. Haven protested against the indignity with great ardor. But the clerk, while admitting that he was bound to receive the novel guest, asserted that he was entitled to seat the guests according to his pleasure. Appeal was made to the landlord, who said to the reluctant clerk, "Seat these gentlemen where they wish."

In one instance a colored minister, conversing with the Bishop, was rudely ordered to another car by a somewhat surly conductor. At another time the brave Bishop was himself ordered to leave the colored people's car, where he was in conversation with a negro. In some cases the ladies of the households where he was entertained were unwilling to have the colored ministers enter their parlors and sitting-rooms

on the same terms as the rest. Such rude conduct always moved his soul with the bitterest indignation, and made him more than ever careful to show all such victims even more than his wonted courtesy. His Journal mentions the fact that a colored gentleman on a certain occasion asked the Bishop to take a drive with him about the town. He excused himself because he was sadly fatigued and worn out. But something led him to fancy that either the gentleman himself or his acquaintances would see in the act a refusal to associate with a respectable colored man. He reproached himself in the sharpest way for his own want of forethought, and resolved to make special exertion to hinder that construction of his act. Such doings were only a continuation of practices which had marked his entire life, and he would have held that he had forfeited all title to the Christian name if he had relaxed his zeal in them.

These acts of genuine fraternity found their natural coronation in 1874 in a scene which "The Atlanta Constitution" announced to the public in these terms:

But few men of the Northern Church have been so talked of in late years as Bishop Haven, on account of his pronounced and repeatedly asserted views on the subject of the colored race. Many remarks attributed to him have circulated through the press all over the country, which may or may not be true. Among others is the one that he hoped to live long enough to see a negro in the presidential chair. Many such reports are exaggerated, but one thing is quite certain, Bishop Haven is a radical extremist on the subject of our colored "friend and brother." He has been sojourning in Atlanta for some days in discharge of his duties, and while here an incident has occurred which places him in the foremost ranks of the

civil rights' hosts, entitling him to the highest claims for leadership. He is a public man, and his acts as well as views upon the great political and social questions agitating the country are matters of public interest which should be given to the people. We lay before our readers a most notable incident of his stay in Atlanta.

A few days since it came to our ears from a gentleman in this city that somebody had said to him that he had heard that somebody had said that "Bishop Haven had taken supper with a negro." So we went for that item, and our reporter after some difficulty and delay worked it up.

The fortunate African was Dr. Badger, a worthy colored dentist of this city. Having first posted himself pretty thoroughly, the reporter sought confirmation. He was glad to find that the individual so blessed was not at all willing to take the suggestion based on the famous remark of Bob Tombs to a gentleman as to the time "he ought to have died." Our colored brother has had "glory enough for one day," but he evidently wants more days with or without the glory.

Stumbling into a pleasant and comfortable dental office, (by chance, of course,) the reporter went at it thusly :

"Why, how are you, Badger? is this *your* office?"

"Certainly," he replied; "I have been here a long time.

"How are you getting on?"

"Very good, indeed; my business is good, thanks to many white friends."

"Glad to hear it. And, by the way, you had a distinguished honor the other night as well."

"You look here," said the doctor; "now don't put that in the paper. I was just expecting 'The Constitution' to get hold of it. You came here just for that."

"But didn't he take supper with you, Badger? He is only living up to his principles."

And the reporter, to be honest, told him that he did come for the very purpose mentioned. The result was that the information was confirmed.

On last Friday Bishop Haven took supper with Badger and his family at their residence. A young lady, the Bishop's daughter, with a small and very select party, also enjoyed the repast, of which we have heard that it was a sumptuous affair, abounding in dainties, rich in conversation, and sparkling with wit, good feeling, and enjoyment.

Dr. Badger showed himself a capital host, and, determined to leave no courtesy unperformed, took the Bishop and his daughter to ride in a carriage.

The Bishop has evidently eclipsed his Northern rivals. He is far ahead of the most rabid of the social equality howlers, or civil righters, which is almost the same, but who are fonder of preaching than of practicing. The Bishop has shown his faith by his works.

We sincerely hope that none of our Atlanta darkies will perish for sheer envy, for Badger is deserving of his good fortune. He is a good dentist, and has the reputation of a gentleman. If white men court his society, he surely can't be blamed for it. We don't charge him one cent for this big advertisement, nor the Bishop.

No act of his life cost him more criticism than what the papers styled Bishop Haven's renomination of General Grant. We give his own report of it :

I attended Preachers' Meeting at Grace Church, called there to hear Professor Wells' speech on "Bismarck and the Pope," and then and there "fired a shot heard round the world." It was on this wise :

The Boston Preachers' Meeting had been visited several weeks before by Rev. Mr. Ayres in the interest of the Wesley Memorial Church, at Savannah, Ga. He tried to get several to introduce him, Brother Hamilton, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Upham. All refused. At last, for form's sake, Dr. Upham introduced him, and the brother made his appeal. A motion was made to approve his enterprise. The question was raised whether he would allow me to preach in his church. He said he could not. Personally he had no objection, but it could not be allowed. Likewise with

our colored preachers. They put an amendment on the resolve, "Provided we be permitted to preach there." For four hours they discussed it before a crowded house, the longest and most heated discussion that meeting ever saw. The amendment was laid on the table by a vote of 30 to 27. The resolve passed by the same vote. The brethren felt very sore. A letter was written by Dr. Sherman to the "Atlanta Advocate," making the statement about me. Private letters were sent of a like purport. I called the attention of Brother I. J. Lansing to it, and he, being chairman of the Committee on the State of the Church at the Georgia Conference, then in session, put in a resolution condemning such conduct as a reflection on the Georgia Conference. That went back to Boston. They had agreed to give a memorial window.

Dr. Ela brought up that vote, then called for the reading of the resolution of the Georgia Conference, and a new war of words sprang up. In the midst of it somebody said, "You invited Bishops Foster and Wiley to speak here on the South; you dare not invite Bishop Haven." This was a mistake, for I had often been invited to speak there on that subject, and had often spoken. They laid all other motions on the table, and unanimously asked me to speak on the South. I did not wish to do it. The air and soil are too hot here, and every word I speak is caught up and hurled every-where. As I did not wish to say that I would not, I sought to evade it. The next Monday after that was Vice-President Wilson's funeral. I went to that. The next was Professor Wells' speech, and I thought that would let me off.

I stayed at Magee's until half past eleven o'clock, and then went to the church to see the brethren. I had previously told Brother Hamilton, and Brother Bates, the president, that I did not wish to speak. But I was greatly burdened about the dark and dreadful state of things at the South. Oppression of the severest sort—no political, no financial, no civil, no Christian rights. I felt that if any change was made in the administration we should all be imperiled; and if it should become Democratic, we should all be driven out. I also felt that the people wanted General Grant to hold the position

another term, while the politicians and the press were opposed to it. Burdened with this feeling, I thought as I was walking to the church I would write a letter to the "Independent," entitled, "Pray for the Renomination of Grant," in which I would put my reasons and appeals for such a duty. I got to the Church just before twelve. Professor Wells was speaking. I sat near the door with Brother Kendrick. The reporters were going out. They asked Brother Hamilton if I would speak. He said I was not present. Some one overheard him, corrected him, and pointed out my seat. He came to me, but I protested, and urged him not to tell Brother Bates I was there. He refused, told him, and in a few minutes called me out. I went forward, stood in the altar, overcoat on, and hat in hand. I spoke twenty minutes, and closed with saying, "Brethren, pray for the renomination of Grant." Several, I don't know how many, said Amen!

When I sat down Dr. Sherman, who was anxious to get the Preachers' Meeting back into the hands of the twenty-seven, moved a vote of thanks that was carried by a rising vote. Bishop Wiley declined to speak, saying, "I indorse all that has been said," a remark that has never got into print.

Bishop Haven did not for a moment conjecture what a commotion this simple speech was destined to stir up. Rev. J. W. Hamilton said to him, "Your speech will make a great stir in the country." The Bishop did not think so, as he had only asked men to pray for an event which he deemed essential to the peace and welfare of the South. He was slower than usual in reading the signs of the times. The papers, and especially the politicians, were on the watch for some evidence that General Grant had withdrawn from the ranks of the candidates for the presidency in the approaching election. Candidates for the presidential succession, with their

friends and allies, had been keenly disappointed in the fact that the President in his recent message had not announced or indicated a purpose to retire from public life at the close of his second term. The public shared the general feeling of doubt and uncertainty in political circles. Every body was alert for some hint as to impending movements. Bishop Haven was so full of the Southern question that he did not realize that the country was in a tensely strained political condition, where effects might show a strange disproportion to causes, as a single clap of the hands in the Alps sometimes releases the poised avalanche.

Some of the reporters worked up the incident with a shameless disregard of truth. A Philadelphia paper represented the meeting as made up of six hundred ministers, as being addressed in a long and heated episcopal harangue, at the end of which the Bishop put Grant in nomination for a third time, and that the meeting indorsed the nomination with great unanimity. These wild statements went the rounds of the press all over the country in a very short time. This report was made the basis of all sorts of wild conjectures and comments. As nearly all the metropolitan journals were at work to defeat the third-term project, in the interest of some favorite candidate, whose hopes of success could not be very bright so long as Grant remained in the field, a concurrent effort was made to turn this excitement in some way against the President. The newspaper writers were anxious to learn whom Bishop Haven represented in this expression of his views. Were all

the Bishops of the Church like minded? Was the ministry in general favorable to such a movement? Was the Methodist Episcopal Church in America likely to be drawn into the current of political maneuvering? Such were the questions which were seriously asked all over the country. The "New York Herald" devoted four columns of a single issue to the purpose of collecting light from every available quarter in reference to this event. It was learned pretty soon that no Church in the land is more free from any real taint of partisan politics than the Methodist Episcopal. From clergymen and laymen all over the land came an emphatic denial of the right of any body to engage by his own conduct the political action of any member in any political emergency in the interest of any party or candidate. Ministers, presiding elders, editors of Methodist papers, and laymen, including even Congressman Springer, on the floor of Congress, declared with one voice that no Bishop could bind their free political action. Despite these protestations from the best-informed parties, and in the very issue which contained them, the "Herald" sought to stimulate the excitement by announcing in startling head-lines, "The True Story;" "The Bishop's Presidential Support Promised Long Ago;" "Six Hundred Preachers Indorsed and Sustained It;" "Is the Methodist Church Committed to the Renomination of Grant?"

Meanwhile there was a strong sentiment of indignation in many quarters over these rash and unwarranted proceedings of Bishop Haven, as they were reported and distorted in the newspapers. Cautious and

conservative men who had long been familiar with a certain incalculable and volcanic quality of his speech and conduct, shook their heads and said, "There goes our sky-rockety Bishop again." And friendly critics wondered how this untamable fire-brand was ever flung into such conspicuous and perilous position as the episcopal chair. Cooler heads observed to the disturbed people around them that no authentic and credible report of the meeting had yet got abroad; that the brethren who were present had not confirmed the reports; that the accounts were so grossly and ridiculously exaggerated that no credence should be given them; and that, above all, Bishop Haven had not yet been heard from on these wild charges. It was only by urgent and ardent effort that some ministers' meetings were kept from denouncing the over-bold Bishop for meddling with matters which were too high for him.

Presently the real facts came to light from all quarters, and great was the relief in many circles to learn that the whole vast tumult had been blown forth all over the country on the strength of a single light breath of episcopal exhortation: "Brethren, pray for the renomination of General Grant." The spirit and tact with which Dr. Curry, in the "Advocate," and Dr. Edwards, in the "North-western," defended him were always gratefully remembered by the good Bishop.

To understand Bishop Haven's feeling about the South one must remember that he was not slow to scent danger. He showed what stuff he was made of in his war Journal in these words:

The night I arrived, as I was turning in, there was a sudden cry and a rapid firing of musketry. I drew my revolver, conscious that it was but a straw in my hands against a real attack, and expecting to be soon overwhelmed by the enemy. It turned out to be sentinels giving an alarm. For those few seconds I thought my life about ended. I felt a tremor such as I expected to feel as a well man face to face with the destroyer; but I also felt calm and sustained. The grace of Christ sustained me.

After having known as brave men as the world ever saw, one may be permitted to doubt whether a braver than Gilbert Haven ever lived. Some are born brave, and some achieve bravery. His bravery was not the result of perfect physical health, strong and unfaltering nerves, and complete mastery of all his forces. To be sure, he had these in so great a degree that the surgeon who examined him, before he was appointed chaplain, declared him the healthiest man he had handled. But Mr. Haven had one of those active imaginations which see all the magnitude of any risk or task they confront. A duller mind would have made his physical equipment for facing perils and death much greater. He had to suppress the sallies of his imagination before he could be entirely master of himself when he first came under fire. He must have passed through many a scene in his various career where his own words told his feelings: "I thought my life about ended. I felt a tremor." But when that flutter had spent itself he came to the second and permanent condition of sentiment: "I also felt calm and sustained. The grace of Christ sustained me." When Bishop Ames appointed him a missionary

at Vicksburg, General Banks and Mr. Redpath and Judge Russell told him that he would never come back alive ; but he would have gone at once if Ames had not made it impossible for him to engage in that work without doing violence to principles dearer than life. He opened all his perplexities and troubles to the writer at that crisis hour, and the intensity of his vision of the dangers of his perilous field was only matched by the cool resolution with which he turned to meet them. The private Journal shows how vivid was his perception of the perils that infested the South all the while he resided in Atlanta. About the time he asked the Boston Preachers' Meeting to pray for the renomination of Grant he made this entry :

The South is full of murder. New Orleans rebels have risen and driven out the Republican government. Grant issued his proclamation ordering them to disperse in five days. There is a big war afoot there. It is not very safe to go back. How slow the steps of liberty ! . . . For the first time I have felt death near."

A little later this occurs :

Saturday I arrived at Atlanta. Mr. Spalding had informed me that he did not wish to board me longer. Social reasons controlled him. He had also sent away Rev. Mr. Otheman, because he had defended the civil rights of men of color, and his boarders said they would not stand it. I came to the Kimball House, and here I am yet. Things are very much darker here than before I left. The elections have gone heavily Democratic. At the polls here Mr. Sherman told me negroes were kept from voting. The United States Marshal went to Savannah and put a traitor in his place. He swore in wicked fellows and refused to swear in a Republican, Mr. Clark. Mr. Sherman rode up and saw that the colored men

could not vote. The crowd prevented their coming to the polls, they were packed so close. He told them to follow him. He sat on horseback and took the names of sixty-seven who could not vote. He called on the Chief of Police to assist him. The latter rode up and Mr. Sherman placed his own horse beside his still taking names. The mob followed him round the square, inside the fences, headed by Major Spencer. Two policemen insulted him to get him to strike back, but as he kept near the blue-coats people jeered and mocked and said, "Sherman is keeping a poll of his own. He's no gentleman, he's a rigger lover." It was plucky.

And yet later :

Saw Congress adjourn. It has been very cowardly. But it gives us the Civil Rights Bill in part. Lunched with General Butler. He thinks war will come. Says he will lead the colored troops if it does break out.

I wrote an article in the "Independent," headed "Ding Dong," a ringing note for amalgamation. The papers strike it. It wakes up terrific echoes. The North is as bad as the South. This shows where the sore is. God will ring that bell until he rings out this crime of caste. The South hates me so that under protection of this cry they may take my life. Be it so. Perhaps my hour has come. The truth will win whether I live or die.

Then follows this :

I have testified to a wicked people. God may yet require me to testify unto blood. God help me if such is his will ! This most cruel-hearted hate of brothers and sisters touched with color must disappear, though it will not go without blood. They lie in wait for my words. Only night before last I saw Brother Wilson, of Baltimore, at the depot and talked with him a few minutes. Next morning out came a statement of my conversation, not true, in the "Constitution," caught in part and manufactured mostly by some eavesdropper. How quick they would kill me if they dared. But they fear

that will elect Grant. Yet I do not feel perfectly safe. Even as I write I listen for sounds of foes without.

“Jesus protects ; my fears, begone !”

How the colored people crowd to me. Such love and confidence I never expected to see. God bless them, and all their enemies !

Southern papers published a multitude of articles criticising him in his work and its methods. When these were candid and courteous in their temper he never thought of complaining. He was glad of free discussions between all honest men whose duty or inclination led them to examine public questions with the aim of molding public opinion. He knew that such debates are great disseminators of truth in the minds that are most reluctant to behold it. But other Southern journals published columns of coarse and vulgar misinterpretation. The ignorant, vicious, lawless, and rebel element of the South was what he feared. He knew what it was capable of, for among the victims of its rage were many of the colored people whose guest he had been. Preachers whom he appointed to perilous places had in some cases been raided by the Ku Klux. Ministers had been murdered solely because they would preach the Gospel of Christ to men of color.

What he feared was that the bitter hostility of Southern fanatics and the half-way approval given by better people to such outrages might nerve some crank to send a murderous bullet through his brain. This apprehension was so vivid and constant that he one day told the whole story with the remark, “I have never heard a pistol shot in the South *without wondering that I was*

alive to hear it." But that constant apprehension never kept him from a place, a deed, or an utterance called for in the line of public and official duties. He had the spirit if not the honor of martyrdom.

He was no blind worshiper of General Grant. He thought his first nomination for the Presidency a mistake, mainly because he feared that he would not put heart enough into his defense of the freedmen. It was not until he saw that the modest soldier brought a resolute will to this thankless task that he began to feel any thing like a personal enthusiasm for the taciturn hero. Before he had ever seen the President he had warmly defended his course in these matters. After he had pointed out such facts to Mr. Sumner, Mr. Haven saw President Grant at different times, conversed with him about the state of the South, answered his questions, told him of the religious and educational work going on there, and even got subscriptions from him for some of it. He grew to think that all the nascent growths of religion, education, civilization, and patriotism there, were safest in his hands.

In an unfinished letter, probably intended for the "*Independent*," he says :

A third term for President Grant is the only hope for the future safety and prosperity of the South. A civilian in the Presidential chair cannot hold this people in check. I know what I say and say what I know. Men may say and think what they will to the contrary, but I know this people as well as any man living, and am bold to say that "the man on horseback" is the only instrumentality that can control the mad and blinded disunion element of this coun-

try, and bring order and beauty out of confusion. The old leaven of hate and treason is still here. Such men as Toombs and B. C. Hill are doing all they can to fan the passions of the people to greater destructiveness.

I have no idea that President Grant has ever for a moment contemplated a third term. But the quiet, thoughtful, union-loving people of the country have, and an unanswerable necessity will force on him the laborious cares and duties of another term. This fact dashes all contrary argument into atoms, and gives them to the wind as utterly worthless. The blood of the Unionists was spilled to cement the Nation for all times to come, and, I repeat, President Grant is the only man who can complete the work of reconstruction and give us a perfect union and perfect peace.

In judging these views of Bishop Haven, we should bear in mind that the condition of the colored people in the South was a source of keen and wearing anxiety to his mind. He had learned the whole story of their wrongs and oppressions from the very lips of men who had been smitten by the blind fury of the defeated rebel. Others might be mistaken or deluded in regard to the condition of that country, but he could not, and he was stirred to the depths of his being when public opinion was led astray on these topics. We give some experiences of his own on this subject :

At Jackson, Miss., I had a new sensation. Going into the hall of the Edwards House, Mr. Johnson, a presiding elder, introduced me to the clerk by my title. I asked the clerk if my friend, Rev. Mr. Scott, could breakfast with me. The clerk said he would ask the proprietor, and soon returned and said they would be happy to serve us. So they showed us to our room, and when we returned the clerk took us into the dining-room, carried us to the upper end and placed us at the side-board, the front of which had a white cloth

and three plates, the back being occupied with castors, pitchers, and such ware. We sat down, looked at each other, and Mr. Scott said,

"Do you understand this?"

"I think I do. I shall not stay here."

The clerk stood at the second table looking at us, as did two or three gentlemen who had come on the train with us. We rose and went back to the first table. I said,

"We'll take our breakfast here."

"You can't do so," said the clerk. "We claim the right to place our guests where we please."

"You can't place us there; we shall sit here."

"You can't be served here."

"Where is the proprietor?"

"In the office."

"Go and call him."

"You can go and see him."

I went out and met him in the hall, and asked about our breakfast.

"Breakfast has been waiting for you some time."

"Yes, but we wish to sit at the regular table."

"What's the matter? what's, what's"—all in a fluster.

I told him. He came in and said,

"Serve these gentlemen where they please," and the scene ended. It is said that no colored man had ever dined there before.

I wrote Mr. Sumner a note only a week or two before he died on the Civil Rights Bill. I hope it will pass. The feeling here is exceedingly bitter toward it, never so bitter toward any other bill. How detestable is this feeling! I am often in jeopardy by my conduct toward it. Last week, Monday, I went into the colored car from Augusta to Waynesborough, and was driven out by the conductor. I declined to go, but he ordered me out. I did not quite refuse, but sought to postpone it. He would have put me out if I had not gone. I asked him if he did not have trouble in the matter.

"Not often. Seldom do we see any body so particular as you."

I vowed to the Lord that I would not rest till that brother could come and ride by me.

Blaine and Morton have made thrilling speeches on the right side. Every body is scared. The South is ugly and venomous. In Mississippi we were in constant jeopardy. We dared not leave our windows up. The whites were very mad at my being there. I was able to say some things which they will remember. The blacks are terribly oppressed. They are in peril every hour. I have felt quite sure I should not pass through this trip unharmed. I am not without fears yet.

We see from these statements, all written before the scene at the Boston Preachers' Meeting, that this much heralded and criticised deed of Bishop Haven sprang out of the deepest emotions and convictions of his mind in regard to the duty owed by the Nation to the negro.

It was the act of a chief pastor of the flock of Christ and not the theatrical exploit of an adroit politician. The only thing about which he was anxious during the weeks when his name was tossed about the Nation as few names ever have been, was to avoid any seeming interference in partisan politics. The papers having been foolish enough to speak of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a political body, Bishop Haven told some interviewer that his second choice for the presidency was General Sherman, a Catholic by affiliation.

It should be borne in mind that nearly all Mr. Haven's interest in politics during his later years turned around this pivot. He distrusted the Hayes administration, in spite of its high merits, almost solely because he supposed it timid and half-hearted in its handling of all Southern questions. He was bitterly assailed in the Northern press for the steadiness wherewith he denied the rose-colored notions concerning the state of the

South which it was, for a while, the fashion to maintain.

Events soon put an end to this heedless and unwise way of talking about such matters, and showed that the Bishop had the surest eye for all phases of Southern life, which was then spying out the land. The most interesting part of his relation to these questions showed itself in his funeral discourse on the first anniversary of the murder of Judge Chisholm, his son, and daughter, in Kemper County, Miss., delivered at the Metropolitan Church, in Washington, May 19, 1878. Bishop Haven had only been able to give a few broken hours between the sessions of the Episcopal Board to his preparation for speaking. He arrived in Washington late Saturday evening, went to the hospitable house of his friend Judge Tullock, and withdrew into the library to resume and complete his funeral oration. His health was not firm, and both while writing it late into the weary night and the next day while reading it in a low, intense, subdued manner, not daring to give vent to the fiery tide that glowed within for fear of the inevitable nervous prostration, he felt the slow, cold, and deadly creep, creep, creep of the African malaria in all his veins. As he went on speaking he felt a sensation as of an icy wind blowing through his flesh and bones, and he sat down at the close dreading a sudden relapse into most perilous chills and fever.

Mary Clemmer, in the "Independent," told the story of that service as a spectator saw it. We select from her recital :

On one of the fairest of May mornings, a jewel of sunshine and azure set between days of shadow and storm, the concourse that entered the Metropolitan Church was noticeable, even in this church-going city. It was announced in its pulpit the Sunday before, that the morning of this day would be set apart for memorial services in memory of Cornelia Chisholm, her father and brother.

This announcement brought together a remarkable congregation. First, the usual congregation of the Metropolitan Church, which is a large and intelligent one. . . . Amid this goodly company I counted the rarely good face of George W. M'Crary, the Secretary of War; of Senator and Mrs. Rollins, of New Hampshire; of Senator and Mrs. Windom, of Minnesota; of Mrs. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire; and of many another less known to the world. In addition to these were men and women widely known for their public opposition to the administration of Hayes. In a seat near the front sat Mrs. Chisholm, between her two fatherless boys. She was dressed in deepest mourning, and beside her sat a woman, wearing the same attire, whose unutterably sad yet sweet face no one who looked upon it could fail to observe. She was Mrs. Gilmer, less widely known yet scarcely less a victim to Southern barbarism than Mrs. Chisholm. Her husband, whose only crime seemed to be his adhesion to Judge Chisholm while in prison, was shot dead by the ruffians of Kemper.

To such an audience Bishop Haven spoke in condemnation of

MURDER FOR OPINION'S SAKE.

It is an instinct of man that funeral rites should accompany his body to its long home. The ancient heathen could not cross the Styx and reach the Elysian fields if his body lacked the proper ceremonies of sepulture. However hasty the flight of the living, he must still pause long enough to throw three handfuls of dust upon the corpse of his comrade, and pronounce a solemn hail and farewell. Otherwise that companion must wander a hundred years on the shaded side of the land of shades ere he finds repose and bliss.

What is instinct is also religion. Christianity lays a like necessity on its devotees and the peoples to whom it is the only religion, even when they are not its devotees. One shrinks less from the cremation fires than from the faithless, hopeless, and riteless circumstances that attend that act. No prayer, no word of sympathy, no hymn of consolation, no hint of reunion accompany the dread burning. The ancient employers of this mode of burial were less irreverent. To the height of their religious knowledge they performed this sad service.

In accordance with this race-honored custom, we come together to-day to engage in the solemn duties demanded by the dead, no less than by the living. We come to bury, not to praise. We come to satisfy the just longings of a widowed and child-reft heart, of a fatherless and sisterless family, that their dead may be decently buried. We come to scatter flowers from full hands on "a rare and radiant maiden," on a brave and true man, on a sweet and loving lad. We come to bury the dead out of our sight by those ceremonies known and felt in all ages and lands as befitting these sad necessities of humanity. If the occasion leads further in its suggestions, these suggestions do not create the occasion. A stricken family craves a funeral service. Shall it be refused? They have waited a year and a day for such services. Shall they continue to wait? Shall the wife and mother mourn with bitterer mourning because no voice of prayer, no song of comfort, no word of Christian consolation have been uttered over her lost ones? Who of us can begrudge this little gift? Who of us shall say that such consecration is a desecration? Who shall complain that the Lord's day and the Lord's house are employed in this most Christian service?

Let us with bowed hearts dwell under the shadow of this still present calamity. Let us stand round this mourning Rizpah, who lies prostrate before her dead, not sons alone, but husband and daughter and son—that perfect trinity to woman's heart—who has lain there, lo, these many months; who refuses to be comforted, not only because they are not, but also because, in every fiber of her soul, they are still unburied. Let us gather about these lads, who

stand in manly silence before the graves of their household, the revered father, the oldest brother, heir thereby in their consciousness to the headship of their own family and generation, and their adored sister, and who solemnly await the due rites of the Church over their beloved dead. May Rizpah now find comfort, and the household accept these tributes as a proper burial! I shall not dwell upon the scene that rises before your eyes in all its horror. I dare not. My own feelings cannot bear the sight. A year ago, the 29th of last month, no happier family blossomed in all this land—in any land. . . .

Into that scene of loveliness in home and nature the destroyer came. On the 15th of the next month, a year ago last Wednesday, the grave had closed over three of that household, gone down in bloody winding clothes, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. No prayer, no sermon, no word of Christian strength and sympathy was uttered at the darkened home, or at the grave's mouth. The stroke of fate was never swifter or sharper. "So swift treads sorrow on the heels of joy!" Had this violence happened at the hands of the red man, how the whole land would have rung with indignation, how fast would have flowed the tears of neighbors and of the Nation, how intense the throb of sympathy, how earnest the prayers, how hot the righteous anger! But it was thou, my equal, my guide, my acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company. It was those that had eaten bread from his hands that smote him unto the death—nay, it was the great, great Wrong behind, above, below, through these which bore them on too willingly to the deed. To-day the only reparation meet is a public funeral where they fell, a public confession from those by whom they fell, a public monument testifying to their sorrow at the event that has made their county fearfully famous in all the world. Such lamentation and dedication will yet be made. If they or their children fail to do this holy duty, others will certainly do the same. It is the eternal law.

A week ago I rode by a granite statue, exquisitely carved, of a brave and beautiful woman. It was erected only a year or two since,

and is in honor of Hannah Dustin, who, in 1698, nearly two hundred years ago, there showed extraordinary valor in rescuing herself and children from savage captors. The land has never let the memory of her courage die, and has at last molded it into enduring shape. None the less will the same land remember the not inferior courage and faithfulness of Cornelia Josephine Chisholm. Nay, it will the more remember, for this woman died for her love and devotion. She chose to die. Her "sweet papa" was in jeopardy—nay, was in the grip of death. Rather than fly from his side she hastened unto it. She prepared for the defense of his life with ammunition concealed about her person. She interposed to save him after her own face had been filled with wounds from shot that cleft the iron from the bars, and her arm had been shattered from wrist to shoulder as she covered his heart with its protecting embrace. She begged them to take her life and spare her "darling papa." But all in vain. Theirs was the long intimacy of the oldest child and only daughter with the father, an intimacy the deepest that family ties can know, unless it be the corresponding affection of the oldest child and only son with his mother, and this intimacy is less delicate and tender in its filial phases. They had made this depth of mutual devotion deeper and dearer by their winter in Washington, and in Northern travel. They had clung together these many months of home separation, only now to show how they could die together.

Brave and manly as were the father and son in that awful hour, they were exceeded in coolness of daring, in intensity of purpose, in completeness of self-possession, in readiness of resource, in earnestness of petition, in every element of highest humanhood by this frail girl of nineteen. Cornelia is a name that ranks high in Roman annals. Her boast of her sons as her jewels has shone her brightest jewel for more than twenty centuries. But this Cornelia excelled the earliest of her name. Her jewel was her passionate devotion to her father in this hour of death. That shall shine forever. No waste of time can dim its brightness. Immortality will but increase its beauty and its worth. Josephine is a historic name. A proud and capable woman stands at the front of this century mastering

the master of the world. Divorced and degraded, she rules him from her enforced seclusion. Those of her blood still sit on thrones, and are heirs to imperial crowns. But this Josephine would be gladly welcomed by that illustrious lady as her peer in every quality of womanhood and manhood, for the highest traits of humanity met and mingled in one brief hour.

But that morning she was a simple girl, "heart-whole" as she wrote loving, girlish things. In that hour she towered an angel, princely and potent, glowing in the fires of death with the strength and glory of Beatrice in the upper circles of the heavens. Welcome to the undying names of mankind be that of this worthy successor of the great Cornelia and Josephine.

We shall not enter upon the field that lies before your every thought. Why was this deed done, and what shall be the end of these things if allowed to go unrebuked of the nations, ye need not that I should teach you. Your hearts are inditing no pleasant, though, perhaps, it may prove a profitable matter. The sodden lamb, the unleavened cake, and the bitter herbs made a useful meal to the thoughtful Israelite. He reflected on the hour when death reigned in every Egyptian household, and his own, by miracle, escaped. So we may sup on lenten food this hour, and find it nutritious to soul and spirit. The angel of death, not God-sent, but devil-driven, hovers over much of our land, smiting with blood-strokes the victims of his cruel wrath. He has left your homes free, yet only for a season. If we allow murder for opinion's sake to be the law of one part of our land, it will soon be of all parts. Can one member suffer and all not suffer with it? Can a leading citizen and his family be set on and slain in Massachusetts for political causes, and peace and safety attend the ballot in Mississippi? No more can the reverse be true. The present honeycombing of Pennsylvania with murder, which stern and unrelenting justice cannot abate; the communistic threatenings in Chicago and California; the bloody strikes along the Ohio; the tramp wandering murderously over one half of our Union, is the natural, the inevitable outcome of the unwillingness of the national Government to protect its citizens in the

other half. The theory that State Governments have such absolute control of life and death within their territories, that the nation cannot cross their boundaries to protect its citizens and punish their murderers, has brought us to this weak and miserable pass. We are affrighted at the shadow glowering at our own hearthstone. In secluded Vermont, in crowded Cincinnati, in remote Maine, in Central Indiana the same terror besets us by night, the same deadly danger by day.

One Indian massacre arouses every part of the land; be it the Modocs of Oregon, or the Sioux of Minnesota, or the Utes of Colorado, or the Comanches of Arizona, indignation and wrath leaps from end to end of the continent, and that, too, when no one dreams that the dread foe is to steal into Eastern homes and renew his horrors at Wyoming or Schenectady. But this deed has universal national application. It proves universal national weakness; it breeds universal national disaster. A people that cannot protect itself is no people. It falls to pieces when it allows its members to be cut to pieces.

Said a gentleman to me but yesterday, who had just returned from abroad, "The old world is over-governed; we, under-governed. Nothing strikes me more forcibly on re-entering this land than the lack of national power over its own citizens." Unless a stronger government arises, we shall dissolve and disappear as a nation. We sigh for the verification of the seal of Massachusetts—an uplifted arm holding a sword, which alone gives placid quiet under liberty. We have taken the first step in verifying our right to exist as a nation on gigantic fields of strife by bloody and costly valor. We must carry forward and complete this work in the national protection of every citizen in his every right. We must defend freedom of speech and freedom of ballot, or we perish from the earth.

To this coming perfection of national peace and power this sad event will contribute. This family group are martyrs to American equality of right, to the Declaration of Independence, and to the preamble of the Constitution. It was for the cause of equal rights

the father fought and the family fell. It was for the protection of every citizen at the polls ; for true Democracy—the government of the majority of the voters legally and fearlessly expressed ; for the American nation ; for the rights of mankind ; that this citizen of America, with his brave son and braver daughter, laid down their lives.

Their cries of agony and death shall never be forgotten, never below, never above.

“ Their moans
The vales redouble to the hills, and they
To heaven.”

Their forms will be wrought into marble, painted upon canvass, honored in prose and verse, held in high and higher remembrance as years and ages go by. The children of the fathers who so ignorantly slew them will build their sumptuous sepulchers. That lone and dread procession that thrice threaded the dismal path a score of miles—a feeble few, without minister, or even sexton, to assist them, bearing the bloody dead, in jeopardy of life as they pursued their mournful journey—will yet be changed into a solemn, penitential, but glad multitude of the citizens of the same county, with their wives and daughters and sons, gathering about that green spot, where they were thus buried, to make confession of their fathers' transgression by such deeds of atonement as marble, and eulogy, and prayer, and sermon are able to give. May those remains, now on their way to a safer resting-place, be recalled, as were those of Dante, by the city of his birth, by those still hostile fellow-citizens to the place of their birth, and death, and the name of that county, so dishonored now, by this act of penitence, be restored to its former esteem !

To the future, then, poor stricken wife and mother, poor fatherless and sisterless youth, to the future cast your wet but hopeful eyes, wet with joyful tears, tears for the dead beloved, joy that they died so gloriously, and won in one short hour immortal fame. Had they not thus died, the world had never known them. Had they not thus died, liberty, equality, fraternity for our land, and all its peoples,

perhaps, had never been attained. There may be many another bloody step ere that high table-land of humanity and America is reached.

It may be that others, who now speak and hear, may be required, also, to make for their nation like holy sacrifice. In this city, where our greatest citizen gave his life for the life of the land, we can properly note the slow and bleeding feet of the martyrs to Christ and our country. May we, if called, be as willing and ready to follow the Christ, and these his disciples, for the protection of the work of human regeneration. It may be that the whole nation will yet be compelled to wrestle in the sweat of this great agony for equal rights of all men, as it has had to wrestle for independence and for existence. It may be that Enceladus will yet arise from under this mountain of permitted prejudice and hate in a manner at which all the world shall stand aghast—a Kemper County massacre in every hamlet of the land. It may be that we shall yet be compelled to cry out in bitterness of spirit :

“ Ah, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair !
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air ! ”

God forbid that such a horror shall light upon our land ! God will not forbid it if we let his children’s blood cry to him from the ground. God did not forbid, could not forbid, Cain’s deluge from washing out Cain’s sin.

Yet if the deluge shall come, if the waters of death shall prevail even above the tops of the highest mountains, if the nation shall be wrapped in the flames of civil strife more dire than any we have yet felt, and our indifference to the fate of our brothers shall doom us to a worse suffering, out of it all shall the new earth come. The deluge shall pass away ; the land of righteousness, of brotherliness, of Christ, without caste or violence, or hatred, or disloyalty, or murder, shall appear above the flood. And then will still gleam forth, nay,

will more brightly blaze, the fame of this just father, this brave lad, this Cornelian jewel of filial maidenhood.

Hope, then, sad hearts ; hope and endure, and be patient. Pray for those who have despoiled your house of its home, its head, its heart. Pray for them by name, pray for them with all the heart. So will you be still one household, for thus prays your family in heaven. In Christ they lived, for Christ they died, with Christ they dwell. Live ye in Christ in petition for the forgiveness of your enemies, so that, if spared the martyr's fate, you may still rejoice in the martyr's crown. For thus you shall win like honor from God, with those of your own flesh and blood that have gone up—yes, blessed be the Lord ! gone up, up, up, up, in human love and reverence, in earthly fame, into heavenly seats, through great tribulation, and have washed their robes of blood, and made them white in the bloodier blood of the Lamb, who died for them as they died for him, and will make them to reign with him in peace and bliss forever and forever.

There was no subject, apart from the direct work of preaching the Gospel of Christ to lost men, which enlisted more fully the interest and labors of Bishop Haven than education in the South. This grew largely from life-long familiarity with the educational work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There was not a phase of that work in the North with which he was not familiar. He had repeatedly visited all the chief centers of this enterprise from ocean to ocean, and from the gulf to the lakes. During his later years few men in the Church had so full and intimate an acquaintance with the condition and work of such institutions. He was thoroughly familiar with every movement of our educational work and workmen in New England ; he knew every teacher and officer of any repute among them personally ; and he had borne a part

in the labors and sacrifices through which such excellent results had been achieved. He knew quite as well as any body the great and perpetual benediction which had accrued to the Church and country through these faithful activities, and he thought their work had only just begun, even in the East.

When he entered upon his episcopal residence in the South, Bishop Haven found a new and wonderful field for the work of education in all that region. For the freedmen and the poor whites the scope and needs of the work are best set forth in his tract called

AN APPEAL

DEAR BRETHREN: You have had many private appeals to help our schools in the South. May I ask you to read these lines? The Conference year in most of the Eastern and some of the Western work is near its close. In the crush of collections and other business which comes at this hour, I fear you will forget one of the chiefest claims which the Church has upon you. It is that of educating our people in the South. The name given to this work confines it to the freedmen, but, I am glad to say, the secretary of that Society has distributed aid, irrespective of the former condition of applicants; still, the majority of our students are those who, ten years ago, by the fortunes of war, became free from bondage, and most of our means go to educate them. Let me ask you to consider these facts:

Practically, the work of educating the freed youth, so far as Methodism is concerned, depends upon our Church. If we do not do it, it will not be done by Methodists. Nor will it be done, to any great extent, by other Churches.

It is not ten years yet since the battle-flag was furled; not twelve years since our teachers began to penetrate the subdued edges of this great territory. It was in the winter of 1863 that Rev. Mansfield

French carried the first colony of teachers to Beaufort, South Carolina. In this decade what hath God wrought! We have schools in every Southern State, except Arkansas and Kentucky. Some of them are well, and have been long, established. In 1866 I visited, in Nashville, the first, I think, that was founded, through the efforts of Bishop Clark. It was then conducted in an old gun factory. The pupils were dressed in rags and linsey-woolsey frocks and plantation shoes. Not a respectable dress was on any one of them. They came in as they had come out of the house of bondage.

To-day you can see in the Tennesseans, singing through the land, the wonderful change. Could you visit the grounds of that college, the Tennessee Central, and see the four fine brick buildings upon it, one of them towering so as to be visible through all that section of the city and surrounding country, you, too, would tearfully and gladly exclaim, What hath God wrought! Could you visit the school itself, see its order, hear its recitations, note the dress and manners of its students, listen to its music, behold it in its sports and in its social meetings, you would still more rejoice and be exceeding glad. If you went into the Conference you would see its influence. One of its secretaries and presiding elders is a young man of modest and intelligent bearing, who came out of slavery as ignorant as any of its victims. He entered this school, and abode here for several years. Now, clothed, in his right mind, he sits among the princes of his Israel, respected by every member, whatever his former prejudices and training.

The same is true of the Conferences of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, as well as those on the South Atlantic coast. I have visited all these States, and nearly all our schools, and I can affirm that I have never seen better improvement in any schools in the North than I have witnessed here.

These schools feed our Church, and are fed by it. Without them we could not push and advance our work. With them we leaven every Conference and community. If you wish to help Methodist education among these our brethren in the South, you must help support our Methodist schools.

These schools cannot yet pay their current expenses without outside help. Leaving out the erection of buildings and furnishing apparatus of the cheaper and only absolutely necessary kind, they cannot pay the salaries of the teachers. You must remember that these youth came into freedom almost as naked as they came into the world. Their fathers were more beggared than themselves, for they had age and penury. Your fathers helped you get the only education you ever had; these cannot do so. The young men and women have to help themselves. If, under these circumstances, they can pay their board they do well.

How, then, must the teachers be supported? By your contributions. There is no other possible way. If you will not give them the little they need, they must abandon the work, and what a cry of joy from their foes, so many and so active and so powerful; what a cry of sorrow from their friends, so many and so poor and so despised, if these fountains of God be shut up! You cannot, you must not, you will not allow it to be done.

Who are these teachers? You hear no good word as to our workers in this field. They are all cursed with opprobrious epithets.

Never was a greater falsehood screamed into the ears of a thoughtless nation. Look at these teachers. I speak not of the scholars of Yale and Amherst and other famous schools, in charge of our Congregational institutions, men of the highest merit as students, but of our own teachers. Here are graduates of Middletown, one or two of whom were her valedictorians; of Delaware, to one of whom she gave last year the title of Doctor of Divinity; of Indiana Asbury; of Evanston; of the State University of Wisconsin, in which college one held a place as instructor after his graduation, a high approval of the faculty; of the Boston School of Theology, and of many other institutions. One has been among our most successful educators. He was president of a college, and head for ten years of our oldest and largest seminary. Yet another has just left the presidency of a Northern college for work among this people, and from the bayous of Louisiana appeals to you to sustain him in his perilous work. Will you let them cry and labor in vain?

This is the class of men and women, who can command good salaries in the North, that are working for their bread among these downtrodden brethren. Will you not supply that bread? A brother last year was urged to take a city appointment worth from two thousand dollars to two thousand five hundred dollars and parsonage. Here he and his wife live in one room, eat and drink with their pupils, and would rejoice to receive half that salary.

Such are the heroes who are building up the Church on the divine foundations throughout all this land. Will you stand by them? You will. I know your hearts bleed in sympathy with the oppressed who in their own persons, more vividly than any other people on the earth, reproduce the condition of Christ, the Master and Saviour and God, when he was upon the earth. "They are without form or comeliness. When we see them, there is no beauty that we should desire them. They are despised and rejected of men. We hide, as it were, our faces from them. They are despised and we esteem them not."

How true this is! Shall it be so any longer? Nay! you will see Christ in the burdened and heavy laden, and run to His relief. "Whosoever doeth it unto one of the least of these my brethren, doeth it unto me."

How can you do it? Very easily. Put money into this treasury. We have no more economically or wisely managed society than this. Every Church can take a collection. If each of my brethren in the ministry will read this appeal—or make a better one himself—from his pulpit, and give the people a chance, we can get out of peril and into deep water in one Sunday. Don't shove this by. It will interfere with no other collection, with no other duty. We must have one hundred thousand dollars to keep this work moving on its present lines. We should have thrice that to properly develop it according to its immediate necessities.

If we are not quick and generous in this work the Romanists will take our crown. Already they are putting forth unexampled efforts to secure this prize. They are spending treasures, and sending forward men and women devoted exclusively to this work. A lead-

ing gentleman of color, Mr. Downing, approves their course, and urges his friends to patronize their schools. We can have them if we will. But they must and will be educated, and if we refuse to support and advance our schools, they will take the prize from us. If they do, they take the South; for to-day the Romanists have more friends among the whites than any other Church. These youths are ours to-day. It remains with you to say whether they shall continue to be.

In behalf of these excellent but needy institutions Mr. Haven's labors were incessant and very efficient. In the first place he visited them all and made himself acquainted with their internal condition and working. He personally knew all the leading actors in this great movement. He won their confidence by his comprehension of their field of work, the soundness of his judgment respecting its general administration, and his ready and helpful aid in emergencies. He was ready to preach to them; lecture on political, reformatory, and literary topics; and give addresses on all kinds of public and ceremonial days. On such visits it was rare that he did not drop some wise suggestion to fructify in the minds of the managers of these schools.

Then he put the claims of these new institutions before the Church with a patience, perseverance and attractiveness which few could equal. He was not content with stimulating the public in this general way to generous gifts, but he gave of his own resources with great liberality. How much he gave in all these ways cannot be told, for his Journal gives us only a little light in incidental ways. His gifts to Wesleyan University

and Boston University were very large for his means. He made a large subscription to the Malden Church and also to the People's Church, Boston. But, in addition to these claims, which would have seemed to many more than enough, he gave to churches and schools in the South at a rate that few ever matched.

It was almost inevitable that Bishop Haven should arouse anger and provoke unkind feeling on the part of many Southern Methodists by the freedom and vividness of his portrayals of the political and religious state of that region. It was no pleasure to him to hold up the sins and iniquities of the South to public scorn and contempt. But he saw what he saw and felt bound to report to the country facts which some disputed the existence of and others wished to get out of sight. He waged many a sharp fight on public questions by simply telling facts and truths which fell under his notice. A more fraternal Christian never lived. To have seen a real union of all real Christians would have thrilled his soul with rapture as a sure token of a speedy millennium. But he did not deem it possible to help on such an event either by admitting the papal supremacy or joining the Episcopal Church, since that would be rather formal than true union. The only real union was a union in Christian love; where this love did not exist, outward union would be merely a form.

When attempts were put afoot to bring about "formal fraternization" between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the criticism he made was that it was too "formal" to be real.

He met all such attempts to bring about an apparent union with the demand that it should be made real. He judged too well that a fraternity of Christians of all races, nations, and colors would be repugnant to many who would not dare to take the resolution to oppose the movement. He showed the kindness of his own heart by giving various kinds of aid to Southern Methodist enterprises and schemes. He was made the victim of Southern ill-feeling at the Southern General Conference, at its session in Atlanta, because of his dislike for the unfraternal course of the South toward the colored man. He knew that perhaps he alone of all the Northern Bishops would have encountered the unfraternal reception that befell him. He did not complain of the personal and official discourtesy which he had to undergo. He knew that it would all react upon the Church, and lead to the demand on all sides that fraternity should itself be fraternal to all men of good-will. The thing has turned out as he foresaw it would.

At one time he made himself responsible to raise \$7,000 for the magnificent site of Clark University at Atlanta. It is quite probable that he raised the whole amount, since he had obtained one half of it in a few months. He was pledged to raise \$10,000 for the new and beautiful building now erected on the campus which his own sagacity and generosity had thus wisely provided. One reason for the lecturing trips so frequently undertaken at this period was the need of extra funds to meet all these emergencies. And the incessant correspondence for newspapers of which one critic complained, and

over which, in its comprehensiveness, one may well be astounded, had partly a similar motive behind it. He was the most trusted adviser of the colored people on this as on all other subjects, and he impressed his views upon them with such energy that they are sure long to retain that instruction. Nothing pleased him better than to witness their success on these lines, and he noted down, as a red-letter day, the time when a colored congregation contributed seven hundred dollars for such a purpose. It is needless to say that this work gives promise of the largest success in the immediate future. He was anxious that all these institutions of learning should open all their gates to all colors and both sexes. He did much to create or fan such convictions in the teachers, students, and trustees of our Southern schools.

Bishop Warren said, in speaking of Bishop Haven's interest in the cause of education, "To his wise counsels the Church owes the devotion of the wealth of Isaac Rich to the founding of Boston University." Rev. V. A. Cooper also says, "He labored long to induce Isaac Rich to will his large property for that purpose." Not having been very familiar with the birth of Boston University, we cannot say very definitely who deserves the honor here assigned Bishop Haven, but what he himself told the writer was of a somewhat different tenor. As Mr. Rich had no children, and his next of kin did not seem to him equal to the wise administration of so large an estate, he had long cherished the purpose of devoting the property to the advancement of education in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Seven years before his

death Mr. Rich had not made his will. Had he died then, the law would have given all that vast property to his kinsmen. This was what Mr. Haven, in common with many others, dreaded and tried to avert.

The first time Mr. Haven came to Boston, after his serious illness in 1865, he went to Mr. Rich's residence. Mr. Rich took him out to drive, in company with Mrs. Rich, in their private carriage. The will was on Mr. Haven's mind, though how to get in some reference to it he could not see. Finally he purposely mentioned the fact that he had given a certain broker \$500 to invest for him, and that the investment had turned out worthless. Mr. Rich said, in pleasant banter, "That's just like you Methodist preachers, you don't know how to take care of money when you get it." Mr. Haven was properly humble in view of his bad luck, but pleaded that many laymen were no wiser.

"Business men are," responded Rich.

"Not all business men," said Haven.

"All that know any thing," said Rich.

"Did you never make a bad investment?" queried Haven.

"Sometimes, but mine are mostly good."

Haven then said, hesitatingly, as if groping after some argument which would leave him victor in the wordy war,

"I don't carry around two millions of dollars in my pocket which may all go to the fishes some day for not making my will." Haven added, "Perhaps you have made your will; and then I shall take it all back."

But Rich said, "No, there is no will."

Not very long after this sally Mr. Rich told Haven that he would make his will after a certain number of months. When the months had long ago elapsed, Haven said,

"By the way, Brother Rich, have you made your will yet?"

"No."

"I knew you wouldn't when you said so."

The subject continued an open one between them, notwithstanding its delicacy. Mrs. Rich joined her urgency with Haven's, and she finally brought the matter to decision by saying she would not go off on some proposed excursion with the will unmade. Under this pressure Mr. Rich one day suddenly made the will, and never again saw it during his life. Mr. Haven told a friend that he never dared to suggest that the money should be given to Boston University or Wesleyan, since raising that question would involve discussion and bring delay. He did suggest the propriety of Rich's giving Dr. Cummings a legacy, in recognition of their long friendship, a suggestion which was acted on. That Mr. Haven liked the notion of a great Christian institution of learning in the city of Boston all know who knew him in those days. His interest in the project grew with his dreams about it, and finally became so warm that Rev. V. A. Cooper says:

Brother Rich died. He lay uncoffined for the grave. Mr. Haven, then editor, came to spend the Sabbath with me at Nashua. At Lowell he met Dr. Ela, who told him that it was currently reported

that, after all, the great property was turned over to Wesleyan University, where many thought it ought to go. The report greatly disturbed his mind, and was his constant theme in conversation. . . . He said, "I have reached a conclusion ; my mind is made up. If that money is diverted I will not accept the episcopacy if it is offered to me ; I will not look at it. . . . I'll collect the money and found a Methodist University in Boston."

Mr. Haven had a large influence in the early history of that promising institution.

His interest in his own *alma mater* was unusual. He was very rarely absent from her commencements, and he contributed his full share to the pleasures and interest of those occasions. He wrote with enthusiasm to learn of her internal condition and progress, and whatever he knew he was fairly sure to tell the world. He was greatly pleased over his election as trustee not long before his death. He was a very cheerful prophet of her greater prosperity in coming days. How he would have triumphed over her recent splendid advances in money and reputation!

One of the striking traits of Gilbert Haven's mind showed itself in his relations to reformers who stood outside of the Christian fold, but who showed great fidelity to some, perhaps neglected, Christian ideas. We have seen this trait appear in his relations with Governor Andrew. It showed itself in his articles on Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, and George Thompson. The only person of this class with whom he ever grew intimate was Mr. William S. Robinson. Mr. Robinson was a neighbor of Mr. Haven's at Mal-

den during his later years, and the pair were drawn together through their common interest in public affairs and their intense devotion to the spread and practical embodiment of the great doctrines of human liberty, equality, and fraternity. Whenever Mr. Haven returned home from his long episcopal tours he found a means of grace and a source of refreshment in talks with Mr. Robinson as well as in the public and private religious gatherings he attended. This quiet gentleman knew the whole round of American politics as but few did, while in Massachusetts nothing escaped his notice. Intimate with Sumner, Wilson, Andrew, Phillips, and many other leaders of opinion, he had gradually become a power in Massachusetts politics. He was for many years Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a position which allowed him to use his talent for political writing for the noblest ends.

Under the *nom de plume* of "Warrington," Mr. Robinson discussed public affairs and men in a series of brilliant letters written for "The Springfield Republican." His genius and work were thus described after his death by Bishop Haven under the heading "Warrington:":

He was pre-eminently the political letter-writer. No such shafts fled from any other bow as those his arm discharged. They were deadly, but never venomous. His arrows were sharp in the heart of the king's enemies. His letters were strong in thought, curt in style, full of sense and satire, and, though deficient in the aroma that classic scholarship sends forth, were not without high claims as literary efforts. They were full of personalities. Men were not

hidden behind the arras of compliment and general remark. Many of these personalities provoked bad blood, or would have done so but for the seeming lack of personal feeling in the writer. He sat as judge, and weighed these men in his golden balances as imperturbably as Rhadamanthus decided the fates of those who appeared before his seat of judgment. Some of the victims impaled on his pencil-spear writhed fearfully. He struck the members of the very house he served, if in his judgment they deserved that fate.

This work was not executed in malice, but undoubtedly, in his own conscience, with the highest sense of duty. He was only testing every man's work, of what sort it was. Like Socrates, he was trying it, not to show himself, but itself. He never dwelt long on one he praised or blamed. Said Charles Sumner, "He has the best French gift of 'touch and go,' of which About is the master."

After showing that Mr. Robinson had very serious limitations in his bearing toward prohibition and similar reforms, and stating that his early religious training and views had been far from orthodox, Bishop Haven continues:

His religious views widened as his later days put him among cheerful and orthodox Christians.

"I shall show St. Peter my receipts for pew-rent in a Methodist Church," he said, "and that will secure me admission."

"You will die like Montaigne, with the wafer between your teeth," said a clerical friend.

He almost did die thus.

"I have been mumbling my prayers," he said to the same friend last autumn.

May we not hope that "mumbling" was articulate in the ears of his Saviour and his God?

When death smote this true man, Bishop Haven sent the following characteristic letter to the widow:

MY DEAR MRS. ROBINSON—I have just read the dreadful telegram. The Lord bless and comfort you and the children! A nobler soul in integrity and adhesion to the truth, as he understood it, ne'er wore flesh about him. That soul, I feel, did lay hold on the highest truth unto eternal life. I need not tell you how much I sympathize with you. You will now realize it.

Your most sympathizing friend and brother,

G. HAVEN.

1018 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, *March 11, 1876.*

The missionary zeal which was kindled up into so hot a flame during Mr. Haven's pastorate at Wilbraham as to lead him to think seriously of entering on the foreign missionary work had a fine occasion to operate during his service as Bishop. He had an excellent chance to learn all about the details of the administration in the yearly meetings of the Missionary Board at New York. It also fell to him to visit Mexico and Liberia inspecting missionary work. He had the high honor of founding the Mexican Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He carried with him not only letters of recommendation to various representatives of the United States Government there, but also others which opened his way into some Mexican families. Mr. Sumner and other eminent men kindly aided Bishop Haven in this way. Opening so new and broad a field of labor for the Church, Mr. Haven thought best to pay a formal visit to the President of Mexico and explain to him the scope and aims of his mission. Presented by Mr. Nelson, the American Minister, he was very kindly received by President Lerdo. The latter declared that religious liberty is the law of the land, and that he should steadily welcome

the new mission, and protect the missionaries in the enjoyment of all their civil rights. This was an official announcement of the changed policy of the Mexican Government.

Rev. William Butler, D.D., who founded our Church in India, was put in charge of the Mexican work. This mission made a vigorous start, and has gone onward with wise leadership to a prominent position in the list of the Church's missions. So vigorous was the beginning that some conservative minister was provoked into saying that Bishop Haven was a man of large indiscretion, and had used it all in Mexico. The progress of that work has, nevertheless, amply vindicated his courageous administration.

On his return he attended the next meeting of the Missionary Board at New York, and presented a report, from which we take the following items:

REPORT OF THE STATE OF OUR WORK IN MEXICO.

I started for Mexico exactly a week after the adjournment of the meeting of the Board of Bishops. I reached Vera Cruz, via New Orleans and Havana, on Saturday, December 28. I had the privilege of inaugurating Protestant worship in that city on the Sunday evening following, in the rooms of the American Consul, generously offered for this service. Nearly thirty persons were present.

From this city I started on a tour of inspection that occupied over three months, and in which I traveled nearly twenty-four hundred miles, fifteen hundred of which were on horseback or in stages. I visited three of the chief towns near the capital, Puebla, Pachuca, and Caernervaca, and I went through the land from the City of Mexico to Matamoras, adding to this main line an excursion of one hundred and fifty miles to Guanajuato and Leon.

I reached the city of Mexico on the Friday succeeding my arrival at Vera Cruz, and immediately proceeded to inspect the properties in the market.

Good fortune attended the important enterprise. The cloisters of San Francisco are a beautiful square of marble columns two stories high, with deep corridors behind them. They are roofed in, and have been occupied as a place of amusement for several years, most of the time with very poor success. They were owned by three parties and leased by a fourth. The chief owner was abroad, and the first mortgagee had died, and his widow lived at San Luis Potosi, a distance of four days' journey. There were, therefore, especial difficulties engirting its purchase, even under ordinary opposition. But to these were joined the activity of the Romish priesthood, and their ability and willingness to make any sacrifice of money to prevent our getting a foothold, besides the possible and probable unwillingness of some of these many owners and controllers of the property to dispose of it to our Church. It was evidently, therefore, a hazardous undertaking to endeavor to secure this beautiful structure. The negotiations for its purchase were begun the middle of January, and it was not until the first week in April that a telegram to Matamoros assured me that the papers were passed and the property ours. This beautiful auditorium is a square of about a hundred feet. It has a front of eighty feet by forty, which can be utilized as school-rooms, class-rooms, and possibly as a residence for a missionary. It will require an outlay of three to four thousand dollars to fit it up with these conveniences. Its original cost cannot be known, can hardly be valued. It could not be built for a hundred thousand dollars. When the Government confiscated it, it was appraised, I believe, at thirty thousand dollars. The first purchaser expended, it was said, ten thousand dollars in putting a roof upon it, and otherwise adapting it to an audience. It was purchased by us for sixteen thousand three hundred dollars.

The property is situated in the center of the city, in its most active and prosperous section. It cannot fail to increase in value, and prove a very important basis for the development of our work.

The property not coming immediately into our hands, efforts were made in various directions to secure a place for commencing worship. This was the more necessary from the fact that two native Mexican preachers had joined our Church—Rev. Dr. Ramirez and Rev. Gabriel Ponce de Leon. The former asked to have his name inserted in the class-book as a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday, January 18, 1873, only three weeks after my arrival in the city; the latter joined about two weeks subsequently. The former was educated as a Dominican friar, receiving part of his early training at a Roman Catholic school near Mobile. He was held in high esteem in his former Church, having served as a superintendent of missions in Southern California, and, it is said, was offered a bishopric in that region if he would remain in that Church. The other brother, Rev. Ponce de Leon, is of secular training. A business man of the city, industrious and prosperous—a hatter by trade—his mind became illumined by the Holy Spirit through the reading of the Scriptures, and he cast away his idolatrous images and commenced to preach the riches of Christ. They are fervent gospel preachers, and will, I trust, be instruments in bringing many to the fold of Christ.

These acquisitions rendered it desirable, if possible, to secure a hall for worship. One only could be found. This was hired and used partially for a month, but its surroundings and entrances made it difficult to popularize it, and it was abandoned at the close of that time. Our meeting was transferred to Dr. Butler's house, where we had a goodly attendance of twenty, and even more, for two weeks, when, by the favor of Bishop Keener, we were allowed the use of a chapel which he had bought for his Church, we paying for certain fixtures and furnishing in lieu of rent. That arrangement, I understand, still continues, as our own property is still held by the lessee.

In that chapel "The Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church," as it was announced, began its public worship on the last Sabbath in March, with an audience of about seventy natives in the morning, and twenty foreigners in the afternoon. The morning service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Ramirez, and the afternoon by Rev. Dr. Butler.

No less remarkable has been our progress at Pachuca. This is a mining city, sixty miles from Mexico. It has about thirty-five thousand inhabitants. It has not less than three hundred English residents, and from fifty to sixty English children. These families are largely Methodist in their origin, being chiefly from Cornwall, England. Class-meetings have been maintained among them for years, led by a venerable Wesleyan, Richard Rule, Esq.

I visited this place, spent a Sabbath, baptized three children, administered the sacrament, and inspected the question of church sites. A Spanish congregation had already been gathered through the labors of a physician, Dr. Guerre, who took the charge of it without any salary. This congregation accepted our watch-care. Dr. Butler has since visited them, and reports two congregations besides these, one Spanish, one English, gathered at Real del Monte, six miles from Pachuca, and also the offer of a very eligible and central corner lot on a plaza, separated from the main square by a rivulet, which lot and buildings can be bought for thirty-five hundred dollars. Dr. Butler pleads for this purchase in most eloquent terms.

I can only echo this appeal. Silver and gold have I none. The Church has. The cry is not too importunate. The opening is of the highest importance. This call, and others like unto it from this source, warrant, in my judgment, a special appeal to the Church for funds for this remarkably opening work. I entreat you, brethren, to send forth such an appeal.

The case of Puebla is different, but hardly less important. This sacred city of the country, situated a hundred and twenty miles east of the capital, contains a population of not less than sixty thousand inhabitants. It is a city of beauty, culture and wealth. It is, however, intensely Romanist. We judged it right to effect an entrance there. Providence favored us. A situation in the very heart of the city was secured, about a hundred and fifty feet front by a hundred deep.

A chapel, about seventy by twenty, is on the rear of the lot, ready for occupation when a stair-way shall have been built. The rest of the property can be utilized for school, store, mission house, and

ultimately for a church. For this property ten thousand dollars was paid—three thousand dollars down, the rest in one thousand dollar installments at the end of ninety days, and every succeeding sixty days, without interest. It will take about thirty-five hundred dollars to put this property in complete order, and give us a most valuable property, at less than a fourth of its cost, in the heart of this influential city. I also urgently entreat your liberal consideration of this very important enterprise. We have the men willing to go there, men who have risked, and will again risk, in that very city, their lives for the Lord Jesus. A company of devout worshipers awaits our coming. May we soon hear good tidings of great joy from this City of the Angels, as it is popularly called!

Orizava, eighty miles above Vera Cruz, has also begged us to plant a mission there. Nineteen Mexicans joined in this request. Dr. Cooper's health forbidding his continued residence in the city of Mexico, he has gone to take charge of our work in that city. It is beautiful for location, amid the grandest of scenery, with every luxury for every sense.

The summary of our work at present is as follows: Two congregations are gathered at Real del Monte, two also at Pachuca, three in Mexico—one English and two Spanish—besides preaching regularly near one of the gates of the city, in a dwelling-house, under the charge of Brother Ponce de Leon. Other places are being opened. Not less than nine congregations are thus already under our charge, and our superintendent has not been in the country three months. Other places are offered, and we only need means to have fifty such charges before the year shall close.

But this work about the political center should not blind us to the necessity of going into the upper portions of this country. A ride of over a thousand miles in a stage from Mexico to Matamoras led us through many large and important towns. These should be occupied instantly by our preachers. Queretaro, a beautifully located city of thirty to forty thousand inhabitants, should be made a center of our work. It is a hundred and fifty miles from the capital, and is itself the nucleus of many villages and large towns. Property can be

bought very cheap in the very heart of the town—the ruins of convents—which a little expense can make ready for our immediate use.

But more important than this is the center that commands a group of large cities, which, when I left the country, were without a missionary. One hundred miles north-west of Queretaro is the very flourishing city of Guanajuata, a mining town of 60,000 inhabitants, the richest and most active in all the country. Fifty miles farther west is the farming city of Leon, with not less than eighty to one hundred thousand inhabitants. Thirty-six miles still farther west is the city of Lagos, of 18,000 inhabitants, and about two days' ride from this place is Guadalajara, the chief city in beauty, culture, and wealth of all the country except Puebla and Mexico. Lagos, it is probable, will be the center of the railroad system that shall go from Texas and from the capital to the Pacific, and also from Durango and Zacatecas southward to Mexico. It should be occupied as the center of the District of the Interior, with the three great cities around it, two of them not a day's ride off, as its main centers of operation.

I submit this report with an earnest entreaty that you will provide by some especial appeal for the indebtedness already incurred, and which had to be assumed, or we could have found no foothold for our beginning; and that you will hold up the hands and encourage the hearts of our faithful and energetic workers in that field by your liberality and your prayers, and the men whom you shall send forward to their support. May God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost bless and prosper our Church in Mexico, of his own right hand's planting, increasingly abundantly above what we can ask, or give, or even think, according to the power by which he is able to subdue all things unto himself!

We give a brief account of Bishop Haven's visit to the Liberian Conference. He did his work there with the zeal, patience, and carefulness which marked all his conference work. We need an African Bishop resident in Liberia to spare the Church such terrible sacrifices as

may attend the further attempt to supply that work with regular episcopal supervision. He should, however, not be a missionary Bishop solely, but share equal honors, responsibilities, and jurisdiction with the other Bishops. The election of a resident Bishop for Liberia with restricted jurisdiction has had and will always have the mischievous effect of withdrawing that Conference from a vital union with the home Church. It also deprives the local Bishop of that education which wide contact with affairs and free intercourse with the episcopal board are well suited to impart. Had such an arrangement existed in the past Bishop Haven would perhaps be still alive and active. We give the following vivid pictures of his African tour from his own pen :

THE KRUMAN.

The blue-shirted gentleman, coming out in his *kinoe* for a job, is the head Kruman. He leaps up the ship's side, his whole dress a blue shirt and bagged trousers, that come a little below the hips. He steps on the deck and salutes the captain. We look at him. His face is dark, but not disagreeable. His form is erect, slim, graceful. Down the middle of the forehead and the ridge of the nose a dark blue line, half an inch wide, descends. Dark blue marks are at the outer end of each eye. This is his Kru tattoo, the badge of his tribe, his proud honor. You look at those bare arms and legs with a sculptor's admiration—slim, strong arms; slim, strong legs. No lark or heel spur here, which Livingstone says the West Coast negroes have, but the East have not. His heel runs as straight down the heel and ankle as a plumb. It is very neat. A French boot would fit it admirably, only it is handsomer than any Paris boot ever was.

THE PALM AND MANGO.

Across the street is a large square, with palm and cocoa-nut and mango trees. The former two are of the same species, tall shafts tufted with long leaves, themselves almost branches, the spine of each leaf stretching out ten feet from the naked trunk, and ribbed at every few inches with long, slim, strong leaves, each leaf balancing beautifully from its spinal column, like an aerial bow held by one end, springing up in an arch, and sweeping off gracefully and vitally to its tapering close, that quivers in mid-air two or three feet from the leaf's backbone.

The mango is a superb tree, not unlike the maple, but of more compact foliage and deeper green. There is an appearance of autumn in the leaf, quite a thickness of red appearing among the green. This is not the sign of age, but of youth. It is the new leaf bursting the sheath, and looking like red unripe fruit. As it grows riper it grows greener, until its fruition is this deep mass of solid color and shade. No other tropic tree has such qualities of shade as this. Get on its right side and the sun cannot smite you. It resists every effort. His lances are thin and sharp and piercing, but the mango's shield laughs to scorn the sun's spear. It is a splendid retreat from the fierce flame.

THE WITCH HOME.

A mile or two further up a big old log projects into the river, gray with mud and years. It looks like a gigantic crocodile, and is noticed as the vegetable germ from which that animal probably developed. Our friends tell us that it has a celebrity greater than Darwin could give it. It is a witch-home, the first we have seen of the multitudes that cover thick with their horrors this land of human darkness, physical and spiritual. That abode of witches was a terror to all these boatmen, and many was the misery which shot through them as they paddled swiftly by the crocodile-tree. The celebrated sassawood-tree is employed by the natives for the discovery and punishment of witchcraft.

I asked our Kruman, "Do any sassawood trees grow on the river?"

"Plenty," he replied.

"Where?"

"There is one," said he, pointing to a big tree that hung well over the river.

He rows near it. It is a huge tree, with a trunk that bends well out over the stream, and with long, huge branches. In size and general aspect the tree is not unlike the wild cherry. When prepared in the usual way, by steeping its leaves, it produces a healthful medicine. It is sold as such at Sierra Leone and elsewhere. It is only when the old rough bark is pounded and made into a decoction that it possesses the dangerous potency which makes it dangerous as an ordeal.

I had some gathered at Bassa. The native who brought it pronounced it genuine. I told him we would prove it by having some prepared and making him drink it. He protested with a cry of alarm against such a sassawood ordeal. Our boatman said he had seen one man take the draught.

"Where?"

"In we country." He took it on a charge of witchcraft.

"Did he die?"

"If he witch, he die; if no witch, no die."

"But which was he?"

"He witch, he die."

It is the great terror of the natives, the most powerful and the most terrible of their superstitions. But it is losing its force. Those who drink it do not always die. Their friends sometimes weaken the dose or take measures to give it a favorable turn.

A MODERN HERO.

As we were walking down to the boat my conductor introduced me to a native with a large under jaw, and terrible teeth when he laughs, and he laughs as much as *L'homme qui rit*.

"That man," he says, "killed seven Frenchmen." (Or was it six?)

It is so necessary to be accurate, or somebody will deny the story. That is the way Colenso proved Moses to be altogether a liar.) He was taken as a slave on a French slaver. Before it had left the coast he led an insurrection, murdered the officers and crew, held the ship as master, could not navigate her, and was taken off by the Liberian Government, which tried and acquitted the insurrectionists.

"How did you feel," I asked, "when killing the Frenchmen?"

"We feel much strong," he answered; and his eyes and teeth shone terribly. I was glad he hadn't a knife then in his hand, or he might have shown me "how much strong" he still felt. The man is a hero, and justly so, of the section, for has he not killed seven white men? (or was it six?) Who has done the like of that?

Who needs to be told that in Liberia Bishop Haven found some things after his own heart? Here was a land where for once the negro has all the rights that any body has elsewhere. It was a keen delight to this lover of the negro race to see men of that sort acting in all the higher positions of society with credit. He found there all that he had so long preached up and hoped for in America. He was introduced to all the chief men of the Republic of Liberia. Many of these he sketched at length in his newspaper articles. Here is a sample:

A brick house receives us, two stories high, with a deep-shaded veranda, and large airy rooms. Its master was an Abolitionist of the old school, had stood beside Garrison and his associates, had fought with beasts at Ephesus, that is, with Isaiah Rynders, in New York, in the old Tabernacle times. . . . He came here about twenty years ago, when the battle of the platform was at its height.

"Do you know what I came for?" he asked. "Because I got tired of being called 'Henry.' I was in the broker's board, and no matter what I bought and sold, no matter what my dealings with

my associates, I was never called 'Mr. Johnson;' it was always 'Henry.' I got sick of such humiliation, and determined to come to Liberia. I came up this river within two days after I landed at Monrovia. I saw this point, and said, 'I will be owner of that place.' It has fallen into my hands."

"Well, had you stayed in America, you would not have been called 'Henry' to-day. 'Uncle' is gone, and 'Aunty,' and 'Henry' is fast following after," was my response.

THE CONFERENCE.

Bishop Haven had summoned the Liberian Conference to meet at ten A. M. December 18, 1876. The hour arrived, and the Bishop also, but no Conference. Weary, languid, and perspiring sat the solitary officer in the stifling church. Thus he learned that business does not properly begin in that happy clime until the sea-breeze sets in. When that came the effect was marvelous; it was a new creation. It brought the members in, and it instantly put the Conference into a working temper. This body was last visited by one of the itinerant general superintendents about twenty-five years before Bishop Haven's arrival. But the health of Bishop Scott, who presided on that occasion, had been so severely shaken by the malarious atmosphere of the coast, that the General Conference took measures to procure the election of Rev. Mr. Burns as missionary bishop, with a jurisdiction restricted to the Liberian Conference. As Bishop Haven's was the first episcopal visitation after the death of Bishop Burns, it was an occasion of especial interest to that Conference and the Church at home. There could be no evening sessions

on account of medical advice the Bishop was under to return to the vessel before sundown, and pass the nights on board. Still, as the Conference consisted of only a score of ministers, the routine business could be considered very carefully and arranged with due deliberation. By the members of the body itself various services were held in the evening, and the morning prayer-meeting met at six A. M., so as to adjourn before the stifling land breeze came into operation. We cite some incidents of the session :

These brethren having enjoyed for twenty years the blessing of a diocesan episcopacy, which some of our American brothers seem so anxious to try, have had one luxury which attends that blessing—plenty of time for every subject to be more than fully considered. The idea of every elder being ready to make his report the first day was unheard of; so, when the districts were called, “Not ready,” was the response. The names of the brethren were then called, and the missionary collection was responded to by but two or three. It was a chance not to be lost. The brethren all like preaching, and to preaching we go. The difference between their Minutes in these collections and those of the colored Conferences in America with which by previous condition they were especially affiliated, was noted in the Minutes, and the duty and desirableness of conforming to the order of the Church were dwelt on. It was marvelous reading, under this African sun, the record of South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, and other Southern Conferences. That people, so poor, so prostrate, so despised, so hated, a Nation peeled, shot down, burned down, driven into the wilderness, a prey of every spoiler, yet bringing up collections for every Church cause with a steadiness and liberality that put to shame many a Northern Conference. Our brethren here have been lapped in foreign benevolence so completely that they are almost like swathed limbs, powerless for use. American prejudice, called conscience, has lavished

its abundance upon them. They have never been required to walk alone. The very stationery to supply the secretary has been charged to the Missionary Board. It was so charged this year, as well as the canoe sent out to summon the members to Conference. It did not remain so. A collection was raised to cover these expenses, and self-support was thus inaugurated.

They responded heartily to the new order, appointed committees on Freedmen's Aid and Church Extension, and other causes that have risen and flourished since they became an episcopal district, set off practically from the rest of the Church. Their reports on these subjects were able, closing in each case with the solid common-sense of Methodist preachers looking out for the interests of their own Conference. While thus cognizant of the new order of things in the Church in America, they were not negligent of the order demanded for the Church in Liberia. Committees on education, on divorce, on the extension of the work, on temperance, and other such themes sprang, without suggestion, from the Conference itself, and it was these topics that created the most enthusiasm and the warmest discussion.

Strenuous enough were the efforts of the Bishop to secure not only a conformity to the order of the American Church in its African offshoot, but also to stimulate the holy flames of missionary zeal to greater ardor. He visited every place it was safe to visit, (and, alas! some that it was not;) he preached to as many as he could reach the unsearchable riches of Christ; looked at the novel spectacle of heathen life with amazement; and for the first time, saw how fatal an obstruction to Christianizing the natives is the fury of the local wars.

Bishop Haven was not very well pleased to find that the cost of traveling from point to point, and the slightness of the work at many places, had practically turned the presiding elders into stationed preachers, the stationed

preachers into settled pastors, and so revolutionized the polity of the Church. He found the results of this change harmful.

The Church in America treats Liberia as a purely mission field. She supplies her with every thing from parsonage to preacher. She expects from her nothing. She has not dealt so with any other Conference, except those in purely mission fields. . . . But let us not think of ourselves more unworthily than we ought to think. We are like all the rest of the Churches here. Every Presbyterian pastor and teacher is supported from abroad. So is every Episcopalian pastor. So every Baptist has been. It is said that they are now being thrown off by the American Baptists, and their churches, among the best I have seen, suggest this fact as the cause of their superior appearance.

MISSIONARY GRAVES.

As we rowed ashore in the dawning of the last Sabbath in January, the fog lay so heavy on the land that the latter was not visible until you were directly beneath it. This fog is not a mere oceanic mist, or one from the rivers near by, but it is the malarious exhalation from the mangrove swamps that so widely engirt the city. It is the city's chief ailment. Could it be reduced or removed the city would be greatly relieved. . . . We enter the wide avenue, with its soft carpet of green. Every thing is thick embowered with life. What intense life! Roses, large, full, and of exquisite tint, poured forth their fragrance, more exquisite than their color. The verbena clothed the wall corners with its profuse vines and blossoms, a pink and green bower of beauty and odor. The deep green of the paw-paw, the tall shafts and lances of the palm, the dense wide-spreading foliage of the mango, the immense leaves of the plantain, how can this intense, this unspeakable fullness of life lead but to the grave? It is impossible that life in nature should be so profound and so permanent, and in man so feeble and evanescent. . . .

We enter the holy inclosure. These graves were cleansed of their

annual growth of ferns and bushes less than a month ago, and already ferns and palms are springing up, and have grown a foot or more in height. The three central graves of the group are those we chiefly regarded. They lie rounded and neat and well cared for. Ferns of delicate leaf and color were growing out of the white soil. Here are the graves of Mellville B. Cox, and Samuel Osgood Wright and his wife. This is the center of our missionary graves; this the beginning of the Church's martyrdom for the world's redemption; this the first response to the cry of the perishing people; this the first bugle-note whose echoes have rung ceaselessly through the ear of the Church, and shall ring till the Church, through Christ, has redeemed the world. . . .

Time hastened. The officer only allowed us an hour, our guide was more anxious than I, and items of Church business still awaited attention. We must leave the holy spot and its holier occupants. A few rods beyond, the great deep sent up its ceaseless roar and spray. Yet so dense was the fog, even at this hour after sunrise, that we could not see the spray. It was close by and visible, could the malarial cloud but lift a thousand feet. But it would not. My friend forbade my going thither, mindful of the lapse of time, and also mindful of my unacclimated state. So I leave the shore unvisited.

One, at least, of Bishop Haven's friends read such passages as this from the African letters with forebodings of sad consequences, and to his troubled mind Dante's words kept recurring, though with a sense Dante never gave them :

"Lo giorno sen' andava, e l'aer bruno,
Toglieva gli anamai, che sono in terra,
Dalle fatiche loro." *—*Inferno, Canto 2, lines 1-3.*

* These lines suffer somewhat in the deft hands of Mr. Longfellow :

"Day was departing, and the embrowned air
Released the animals that are on earth
From their fatigues."

CHAPTER XXI.

FAILING HEALTH.

Health—Perilous Daring—Perfect Health on the Coast—The Ice Bolt—General Condition—Resting—Clifton Rest—The End Near—Pacific Coast Trip—Last Conference—The Three Warnings—His Last Meeting with the Bishops—Home—Last Services—Sudden Illness—Public Sorrow and Prayer—Rapid Decline—Playfulness—The Vain Struggle—Reception Day—The Departure.

GILBERT HAVEN was a man of such vast and intense vitality that there seemed to be something contradictory and absurd in the bare notion of his being sick. People who only saw him here and there on his episcopal tours, or unbending during the rare intervals of repose he allowed himself, could not fail to be impressed with his immense vital energy. He was not only unsparing of himself in work, but he carried such a nervous vigor into all his recreations, that he could hardly expect to be thought of as one whose life was not at its flood.

Those who knew him in middle life were aware that he never wholly recovered from the consequences of that long and searching illness which preceded his election to the editorship of "Zion's Herald." His familiar friends knew that his health was somewhat seriously broken for a long time after that event. Though still very energetic and full of all sorts of work with voice and pen, he had seasons of deep nervous depression. Several times during those days was he forced by sudden and alarming seizures to leave a merry company,

and rest for some hours. He was never very careful in his habits, and found the demand to put any check on himself a serious burden. The cares, labors, and travels imposed upon him in his episcopal office did not aid him to regular habits or restful nights. His incessant preaching, lecturing, address making, and public and private correspondence grew to be a burden no giant could bear.

When Bishop Haven was appointed by his colleagues to visit the Liberia Conference, in 1876, the announcement was to many who knew his real bodily condition and his proneness to take needless risks, very much like reading his death warrant. Though he would say but little about it, he would have in his vivid imagination such a clear vision of the perils to be encountered there that he would suffer greatly in anticipation. Then he would accuse himself of cowardice, and strive to trample down all needless fears. Then he would run too great risk in some critical moment where one wrong decision would slowly but surely turn the fatal scale. He himself has shown the play of this temper in his letters from Africa:

Come back to Cape Palmas. Scene—an open, airy room on the point of the cape, overlooking the sea on three sides. Time—seven o'clock in the morning. Persons—your correspondent, an Episcopal missionary and his wife. Topic—my intended visit to the interior, to the end of my parish. . . . Suffice it to say the trip was condemned. It was too hot. It is too late in the day. You will get the fever. I should not deem it safe to go myself. You should have gone early in the morning, if at all. Our native minister, Rev. Charles Cummings, enters.

"I don't think you had better go to Tubmantown," he says.

"Too hot, you get fever."

"But appointment is made."

"No matter. Must not get sick."

Others thought he might go. And he, alas for him! says that "Free-will reasons thus: 'Announcement made, congregation gathering, some have walked from the town, team ready, risks not great. Go!'" And go he did. Nor was this a single venture into this nest of deadly peril. More than once all his companions in travel as well as his African advisers refused to go with him on these dangerous expeditions. Then only did he reluctantly yield. He reports of his condition there: "I never experienced any sickness of any sort. I was as well when I left Sierra Leone as when I reached Monrovia." His courage grew, and he said the danger from fever had been exaggerated. But near Teneriffe a change befell him in the night:

A pillar of ice had erected itself inside my spine. . . . It must be stopped, or it will be sheathed in ice, and then in fire, until the two-fold process of congealing and cremating reduces the castle and expels the soul. I rise, hunt for the pain-killer, get a stiff dose, and such extra clothes as are in the room, and get back into the cot. A violent perspiration breaks forth, but the ice column does not vanish away. I am not unlike a lump of ice in the summer sun, wet with its own perspiration without, as cold as the North Pole within. My only duty is to keep the ice bolt from taking possession of the whole body. This I cannot do by any power save that of the will. Will that do it? I can try. . . . It is day break; the ice shaft has not increased nor diminished. I cry aloud and spare not. My companions, after due screamings, came over the way. More stuff is

poured down and piled on, and in half an hour the ice-bolt is dissolved. I rise and take breakfast, and am off with companions and the consul for a three-days' trip to the peak of Teneriffe, as unconscious of chill as if the ghost had not stood up inside my frame, a skeleton of death in the living skeleton, all that long and horribly frightful night.

What was it? The fever? No change of pulse. A scare? Never a child fell asleep more sweetly. No dreams before it came, nor nightmare, or other horse of any revelator sort had been its *avant-coureur*. It was a reality, whatever else it was. That is what I know, and all I know, of the beginning of the "malaria."

At first he was quite reluctant to think that so terrible a disease had really fastened upon him. He went about his usual official work with much of his old fire. He held Conferences, visited schools, went to college commencements, lectured, and preached. He did some of his best literary work after the malarial fever began to burn within him. The ablest physicians whom he consulted warned him of the gravity of his danger, but thought he might be cured by protracted and vigorous treatment. But, as they enjoined cessation of work and diligent idleness, he thought he could not put himself into their hands. Then he did not think himself in so perilous a condition as he was for a long time. He visited Ocean Grove, Martha's Vineyard, Old Orchard Beach, and many hospitable homes, where he was as welcome as at his mother's abode. But all such efforts were of so little avail that he describes his usual condition in this way :

The first night on an American shore this chilliness, in a subdued form, took possession of my flesh generally. A low, murmurous

shiver; hardly a chill, only a child of a chill. That never left. Sometimes it felt like a cool breeze on a hot day, blowing through the center of the bones. Sydney Smith's wish was realized without taking off the flesh. I could sit in my bones with the cool east wind blowing steadily through them, as one feels such a breeze on the coast on a hot day.

It need not be said that such a strong and resolute man did not yield until forced to. He even tried rest, so far as his restless nature could. But the effort it cost him showed at how high a pressure was his ordinary life:

How one gets to liking what he once hated! Of this sort was Clifton Rest. Forced to it a year ago, I joyfully fled to it a month ago. It was delightful even to draw near it. The quiet that possesses it is not stagnation, but life. The soft paper hall-carpet, which is the best of matting, giving forth neither sound nor dust, is trodden quietly. The same still smile on the attendants, from the chief to the bath-man, greets you. Every thing stimulates to repose.

Your system yields readily to the influence, and you sink into luxurious arms, strong and quiet. . . .

Here you sleep and walk and eat and bathe, and even sing under the blessed atmosphere of repose. The very Scriptures that dwell on this thought have here a new significance. "He giveth his beloved sleep." "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ye shall find rest to your souls." Such sentences seem to be read at the right place when read at Clifton.

He took with him on his journeys the growing conviction that he was nearing his heavenly rest. Perhaps it was this feeling which led him henceforth to take his son and daughter with him whenever he could. It seems as though such a thought must have inspired him to take them both with him the last summer he

lived, on his trip to Oregon and California. Before he started on this tour an eminent physician, whom he consulted at Cincinnati, had informed him that his hip trouble was, perhaps, a fungus growth on the bone, which would have to be cut out, and that the operation even then might fail. Another doctor told him it might be scrofula. He comments :

It is quite swollen, and at times very painful. It may be my last stroke. I have had three warnings—in my head in '65, my back at the Canaries, and all over me at Xenia. Is this the end? God knows. How beautiful the thought. He knows; blessed be his name! I love his name and cause and work. I hope I shall love him more in heaven.

Foreseeing a speedy end of his earthly companionships, Bishop Haven perhaps quietly planned that long, happy, and interesting tour of three months as an eternal fountain of joy and consolation for the dear children after his departure. It was like him to do that without saddening them with any fruitless forebodings of inevitable sorrow.

When they parted from him at Chicago he wrote of them :

We celebrated the wedding-day by a ride on the Alameda of San Jose, we three alone. We haven't been together on that day before for years. How and where did the other three spend it?

Dr. Hatfield induced him to consult a certain Dr. Davis in Chicago. Then he got another warning from him in a statement that the trouble was a

Fungus formation on the bone, not of malignant type, which might become troublesome, and might require amputation—not without

danger. It began to be noticed on the African coast. It is part of that trip, perhaps the fatal arrow. I asked the Lord to remove it, or, if he purposed otherwise, to give me grace to submit. I felt I should die that year, my fifty-sixth. It may be that the death-stroke came that year. It came many a year before that to the soul, almost twenty years.

With these facts and fears weighing on his mind and heart, Bishop Haven went to the last of his Annual Conferences, the Central Illinois, at Monmouth. He went through his episcopal duties with his ordinary success and serenity. He preached his last Conference sermon there on Jude 3: "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that you should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." At their missionary anniversary he also made a speech. His last entry in the Journal, under date of October 12, at Monmouth, says, "Expect to leave here Monday or Tuesday for Atlanta."

He was present at the meetings of the Missionary Board and of the Board of Bishops at New York in November. He took great interest in the plans for widening the range of the work of the Missionary Society. He held that the Church would respond warmly to a bold and spirited administration. He was sure to help on by voice and vote all measures in these directions. The provisions made for the Bulgarian work and for a tour of observation in Alaska as missionary ground were hailed by him with delight. He had here,

as always, the statesman's prevision of coming necessities, and an apostolic zeal in meeting them.

Though his colleagues in the episcopate had the gravest doubts about his ability to perform his customary share of their great work of supervision, they assigned him the usual proportion of Conferences. He had sometimes shown a little annoyance when some of the other Bishops had, in obedience to private communications from members of his Conferences, who were alarmed at his condition, happened to visit his Conferences. Once he said at such a time: "Two Bishops are not needed to run a Conference. I have a mind to take the cars and leave." It is stated also that he quieted some who desired an easier arrangement for him, by saying, "Let me work while I can. Probably you will be doing your work when I am in my grave." He had arranged to pay the writer a visit at Middletown on his way from New York to Malden; but he sent a postal a few days later saying that he could not endure the extra fatigue the visit would involve. In such weakness of the flesh were these closing days spent, that a gentleman in New York noticed him laboring along the street pursuing a horse-car, in such visible physical distress, that he took the Bishop's bag, gave him an arm, helped him into the car, and got for a reward a warm "Thank you; that was a Christian deed." The gentleman did not know whom he was helping until he heard the voice, when he recognized the Bishop. At the final audit let us hope that this kindness may count for "a cup of cold water."

On November 18 he reached the dear old home at Malden, very much worn out from his extended journey and from the duties and excitements of the meetings at New York. But the next morning he called on the Rev. S. F. Upham, D.D., in Boston, "infinitely tired," but bent on going that day to Salem to attend the funeral of the Rev. Gershom F. Cox, a saintly spirit, a great sufferer, and a man greatly prized by Gilbert Haven. The services were long, his own part in them trying, and he must have become nearly worn out before they were done. In his prayer at this funeral loving ears heard an allusion to his own condition when he said with great tenderness: "The feet of them that will carry us out are at the door." Yet he was the life of a small company of ministers waiting in the Lynn station for the train. Said Rev. O. A. Brown: "I never saw the Bishop in such elastic spirits, and so brilliant in conversation as he was on that stormy day and that gloomy occasion, dying though he was of fatigue and disease."

On Thursday evening he lectured at the People's Church, in Boston, a heroic enterprise, in whose success and great usefulness he had always expressed great confidence, to which he gave generous gifts of service and money, and which he urged others to assist. This was a fitting close of his public work. It was done for a warm friend, Rev. J. W. Hamilton, one of the young men whom he held very dear; a gratuitous service done for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in Boston.

On Sunday, November 23, he was present in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Malden, at the public

worship of Almighty God for the last time in the body. With that congregation he had first begun to join in that worship; where else could he so fitly pay his last visit to the sanctuary? Before the service ended he was suddenly taken with sharp pain in his hands, which shot up his arms like fire, and flamed through the entire frame. He went out of the church to his mother's abode near by, and entered the sacred home for the last time. Some saw a signal goodness of God to Gilbert Haven and the dear home circle, that this man had come away from the perils of the disturbed South, and from the sorest dangers of Mexico, the stormy ocean, and pestilential Africa to meet the last sickness in his mother's home, where his mother's eyes could beam upon him, where sisterly affection could spend itself in loving ministrations around his bed, where his beloved William Ingraham Haven and Mary Michelle Haven might seek to perform the impossible for him by loving attention and restless prayer. If Gilbert Haven thought of this at all, it was with profound gratitude, gratitude beyond words or tears, that a loving God had brought him where he might be laid to sleep with his beloved Mary, where they could "make bonny dust together" until the resurrection morning.

The tidings went rapidly over the whole land that this "greatly beloved" man was so seriously unwell as to imperil his life. If prayer could have saved him there would have been no need of physicians, for "prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." He said in his last days, "I have lived in the Church and

for the Church. O how I have loved the Church!" The Church now prayed with such an ardor for this great son and noble servant of hers as she rarely prays with for any person, as she would have prayed for Lincoln had time permitted, and as she did pray for stricken Garfield. Many of the saints of God must have framed their petitions after the manner of the sisters at Bethany, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." The sick man joined in this common supplication of the saints with ardor and hope. There was so much to live for. His venerable mother, his fond sisters, his dear children, the beloved Church, the negroes, the nation, the world. His endowments for the episcopal office were showing themselves more and more complete. He was not unconscious that his position and influence were in many respects unique, and that his service was greatly needed. But he had long been feeling that God might appoint otherwise. A year before he went to Liberia, when he had no thought of going, he said in his Journal, "I felt I ought to stay until the children had grown up. Mary would rebuke me if I came before. They are grown. Perhaps I can be excused." When his son was graduated at Middletown he said to a friend, "My children no longer need me. They can take care of themselves just as well as I could at their age. Perhaps the end is near."

At this critical time he waited on the Lord, ready to stay and work, enjoy the society of his family and friends, or ready to be called home. When he was told what ardent prayer was going up to God for him, and

saw how fervidly it flamed out in the home circle, he reminded them that God sometimes gives a denial as the best response to our petitions. He showed his own feeling by placing his finger at the top of a picture of the Bishops in the parlor. "Bishop Jones is gone," said he; then running it down to the center, "Bishop Ames is gone," he said; then running it down to the bottom, he added, "The death-stroke is descending; whose turn will it be next? Bishop Peck's or mine?"

Meanwhile the physicians were doing what they could to overcome his maladies. But a little time to study their characteristics must have sufficed to show that they had no reasonable hope for success. With a taint of scrofula, there was African malaria, the osteal fungus, Bright's disease, and, toward the close, dropsy and heart disease. It became only too evident, even to the reluctant eyes of love, that the end was near. He was gentle and kind as ever, thoughtful for all around him, and thankful for all that was done for him. But he was not the easiest patient to deal with. His head was too full of thoughts and schemes and his heart too full of emotion. He hungered after the news of the day, and it was not possible with the utmost diligence to keep it from him. The political confusion in Maine was filling the papers just then, and General Grant was in the South. His interest in these subjects was intense, and he saw that the news was doled out to him rather scantily. He put so many questions that they had to tell him something in response. What they told provoked comments and discussions, and made him hungry for more. He would

persist in getting news from any quarter, and enjoyed his triumph when he succeeded. A new nurse came one day from Boston, for all the attendants were greatly worn down with constant watching and rubbing and lifting. At first he did not appear to feel much interest in the new nurse; but after they had been left alone for the night, he suddenly brightened up, and began to ply him with questions:

“What is your name?”

“Griggs.”

“Do you take any interest in politics?”

“Some; I have been a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.”

“Have you? Then you’ll know. Who is the chairman of the National Republican Committee?”

“Don Cameron.”

“Thank God!” responded the dying man. The family had not taken the precaution to warn the nurse against such conversation, and the patient made good use of so rare an opportunity.

Bishop Haven had all his old playfulness during his last sickness. One day there had been too much conversation carried on with those around him, so that he grew greatly fatigued. Foreseeing remonstrances, he neatly flanked them by saying,

“I think we have had quite too much talking here to-day. Don’t you think so?”

“Yes,” said they.

“Well, then, we will have less to-morrow.”

One day his sister, Hannah, said,

"Well, Gilbert, we shall not be separated long."

Shaking his finger at her in a threatening way, he said,

"Now, Hannah, don't you dare to come to heaven before mother does!"

How involuntarily does this remind us of the Saviour on the cross commending his mother to the care of his beloved John.

One day his venerable mother had been lamenting over the prospect of losing him, and so burying the last of her boys. He turned the silver lining of that cloud full upon her vision with the sudden response, "I tell you what, mother, your boys will give you a royal welcome into heaven!"

In spite of every thing that skill and love could do the patient grew steadily worse. On Friday, January 2, after quite a respite from severe suffering, he had a sharp turn of distress for breath, and begged Dr. Sawtelle, the attending physician, to remain with him until he was better. About midnight he aroused from a broken slumber, so much better, that he said, "Thank God, the storm is over! Doctor, you can go home now. My good brother (looking at his nurse) and I will fight it out on this line to-night."

When the physician had gone, Bishop Haven turned to his attendant, saying, "Now, Brother Griggs, tell me all about Grant's movements to-day. Will he get through the South safe? Thank God that he will not permit a reception where the black man is ignored."

When these demands had been satisfied, he asked concerning the political situation in Maine.

"But, Bishop, you know we agreed not to talk any more about Maine politics."

The dying man responded eagerly, "I must know to-night all there is to be known about it. The will of the people must not be thwarted."

He immediately dropped the subject, however, when informed that the dispute had been referred for decision to the Supreme Court.

About five o'clock in the morning of his last day on earth, the patient turned suddenly to his faithful nurse asking, "Do you think I am dying?"

When the latter replied, "No, Bishop, but I think this the beginning of the end," he demanded,

"Do you think the physicians have given up all hope?"

To the reply, "I fear they have," he responded with a little surprise,

"Is that so? What had I better do? For the sake of the Church I do not wish to die until every means is exhausted. Call my sister and my son. Let us have a little consultation, we four."

In that hurried consultation three doctors were mentioned who had rendered him acceptable aid under other attacks. "Then we shall have three horns to our dilemma," said the sufferer. It was stated that one of the physicians had been a professor of obstetrics at the Harvard Medical College, and the statement touched his quick sense of the ridiculous into its final explosion. "I am not in his line, am I?" It was remarked that one could not possibly come. "That leaves us two," was

the quiet comment. It was further decided that another resided too far away to be depended on. "That leaves us one." To the last a messenger was sent, not with any real hope, but in order that nothing might be left undone.

On Saturday morning, January 3, Dr. Sawtelle observed that a striking change in the patient's condition had happened during the night. He was convinced that Bishop Haven could not outlive the day. The Bishop himself announced the crisis to the sorrowful family, saying in his characteristic style: "There, it is just as I told you. I am like the old deacon's one-hoss shay, all broken down at once." He at once had messages sent off to his old and dear friends to come and see him once more before his departure. The day had not advanced far before these friends began to appear in response to the summons. His manner with them all was rather that of a man receiving visitors before a long voyage than that of an ordinary dying man. He spoke with them about going to the heavenly land in just the same natural tone in which he had spoken of it during all his illness to his children and other kinsfolk, as he would have spoken of going to a new house, or visiting Martha's Vineyard for rest and enjoyment. A few indispensable matters of business were attended to and certain general directions given. Something was said about his great love for New England, and he was reminded thereby to tell how a brother Bishop had once chaffed him over this trait, "Bishop Harris said at the last Bishops' meeting, 'If a man were wanted to fill the position of an

archangel, Haven would be ready to look him up in New England.' To which I answered, 'And the best of it would be, that I should find him, too.' " His mind was clear as a sunbeam, all his faculties in the most perfect play, and there was nothing but his physical weakness to make him seem other than had been his wont, except that his voice was somewhat husky at times, rendering his utterance indistinct. The glory of God filled the room, but a softened, not an awful glory such as makes men speechlessly afraid.

As one friend after another came in for the final leave-taking, all sorts of reminiscences were called up by their presence. Politics, reminiscences of other scenes and friends, camp-meetings, editorial experiences, parish enterprises, and some joint jocular adventures and amusing scenes turned up in this review, mixed up, as they had been in life, with sad farewells, prayerful ejaculations, tender pressures of the hand, exultant halleluias, and cheerful partings.

When dear Fales Henry Newhall, his college classmate, member of the "Triangle," who was at his side when his Mary was buried, came into the room, the scene was extremely moving. Those who sent the invitation to him had doubts of the propriety of risking the peril of the interview for the broken and feeble man. But it was sent, and he came. God graciously sustained this stricken friend, and the conversation was so full of sweetness and light that he seemed greatly like himself at his best estate. Their talk ran back over the past, and was as cheerful as sunrise.

"You used to get ahead of me in other days," referring to the fact that the visitor was second scholar in the class where the Bishop was third, "but I have beaten you just a little this time. I thought you would have gone before me." Alluding to a severe affliction under which his friend was suffering he said, "There has been a little darkness over you, but there is light ahead."

Toward the close of their interview the Bishop asked Dr. Newhall to pray with him. With a child-like look of surprise the friend turned to Hannah Haven, the Bishop's sister, asking, "Shall I?" and on her saying, "Yes, if you feel like it," he knelt down and poured out his soul in prayer. Not a jarring phrase, word, or tone marred the touching beauty of his supplication, and he was as one who sees "heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending."

When Dr. Mallalieu arrived, with whom he had been for years on terms of the greatest intimacy, who had done more than any other to make him Bishop, and whose sympathy for his most radical notions was complete, he said, "My dear brother, you and I would not have this so, but it is all right; God knows best. We have been living in great times. But greater times are coming. Stand by the colored man when I am gone. I know the Lord will not find fault with me for my work in the South." The like regard for the people of color shone out in his directions about the funeral: "Let some of my colored friends help also to carry me to my grave, and have Rev. John N. Mars speak at my funeral." Mr. Mars was a venerable colored clergymen whom the

Bishop got admitted to the New England Conference in times when such an act meant more than it does now.

A friend drew near the dying saint and whispered some message inaudible to the company, but he shouted out, "Halleluia! Praise the Lord!" Again there was another whispered utterance in the patient's ear, and he cried out, "Glory to God!" These responses led to the conjecture that some peculiarly affecting passages of Scripture had been spoken in their communications. But it was soon known that he was announcing a generous donation to the funds of one of the Southern colleges in which the Bishop's interest was so keen to the last. The second shout was called out by the statement that there would be "more to come," for the same cause thereafter. It is safe to say that hardly any thing could have been more in harmony with his whole conduct toward the colored people than this dying shout over larger educational privileges for them.

To a relative, Mr. O. B. Brown, a professor of music, he said, calling him by his initials, as usual, "O. B., I am glad you came. 'And they that play on stringed instruments shall be there.' Music was first made in heaven. I will meet you there." And to Dr. Sawtelle, who wonderingly confessed that he had never before had such a patient or witnessed such a death-bed, "I have not preached this faith all my life to be deprived of its consolations now. My hope is a blessed one, and big with immortality."

As the day wore onward he remarked that he had

that morning sent for Dr. Garratt, who had engaged to come at four o'clock that afternoon. "You will countermand the order to Dr. Garratt; I have no need of him. I am going where the inhabitants shall never say, 'I am sick.'"

To his friend Dr. Upham he said: "Preach a whole Christ, a whole Gospel, a whole heaven, a whole hell, a whole Bible." To another he said, "Stand by the old Church." And to yet another he said, "The first Sunday of the new year I shall spend in glory."

Over and over again during the day he would repeat the Scripture to himself, "He shall never see death." The meaning of that text seemed now to come home to his heart, as if for the first time. The Holy Comforter was present, translating that divine word into a new and living experience every moment, so that, filled with its unutterable grace, he kept breaking out with, "Praise the Lord!" Again he said: "I see no dark river. I am entering the gates of paradise. Now I know what the Book means when it says, 'He shall never see death.' There is no death here, it is all glory, glory."

That glory was so near and certain to his purified vision that he spoke of it as people talk of long-familiar possessions. A widowed sister had conversed with him about a personal message she had charged him with for her husband, his brother Wilbur. She now said remindingly:

"Gilbert, you know what I told you to tell Wilbur?"

"Yes," was the response, "I will remember it all, and deliver your message."

Presently he said: "It is so delightful dying—it is so pleasant—so beautiful—the angels are here—God lifts me up in his arms. I cannot see the river of death—there is no river—it is all light—I am floating away from earth up into heaven—I am just gliding over into God." To Dr. Peirce he said: "I have not a cloud over my mind. It is all blessed. I know whom I have believed. I believe the Gospel, all its precious truth, all through."

Then occurred the interview reported by Bishop Foster in his funeral discourse: "As I held his hand in mine, when my heart broke, he said, 'Bishop, I love you a great deal;' and I knew it. 'God bless you! God bless all my colleagues! Give them all my love. God bless the preachers!'"

About four o'clock one of his choice friends and lovers entered the room, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele. Grasping his hand, he exclaimed joyfully: "O Dan, Dan, a thousand, thousand blessings on you. The Lord has been giving you great blessings and me little ones, and now he has given me a great one. He has called me to heaven before you, the first to break the immortal 'Triangle.'"

Said Steele, "Do you find the words of Paul true, 'O Death, where is thy sting?'"

"There is no death, there is no death! I have been fighting death for six weeks, and to-day I find there is no death," he broke out. And Steele afterward thought he had Longfellow's immortal stanza in mind as the best expression of his experience:

“There is no death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath,
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.”

He repeated again and again John viii, 51 : “ Shall never see death, shall never see death ! ” Glory, glory, glory ! To Steele’s remark, “ You have a great Saviour,” he instantly replied, “ Yes, that is the whole of the Gospel, the whole of it.” He then with some difficulty said :

“ Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name ;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb ! ”

In less than a minute he had an opportunity to preach Him by a testimony to his power to save. For just then his consulting physician from Boston came in to bid him farewell. Said the dying Bishop, as he reached out his left hand, (his right was dead and black from mortification,) “ I am satisfied with your attentions ; you have done all that human skill can do to heal me. I die happy. I believe in Jesus Christ.” The physician made no reply, but as we passed down stairs he said, “ I never saw a person die so before.”

The last of these old friends to reach his bedside was Professor Lindsay. His exhaustion was such that the visitor made a short stay, and, as he was going, the Bishop made the apposite remark, “ Good evening, Dr. Lindsay. When we next meet it will be good morning.”

Throughout the day he had more than once inquired

whether telegrams had been sent to Rev. Dr. G. M. Steele, Dr. William Rice, and the writer, and whether any answer had come. On Dr. Lindsay's departure he said to the family, "Now we will have no more visitors from the outside, only if Dr. Steele, Dr. William Rice, or Professor Prentice should appear, let them be shown up at once, without stopping for asking leave." So clear was his mind still, and so perfectly did he note every absentee of those he longed to greet and bless once more with a loving smile.

These directions given, he said: "Now we are alone and must have a little time with our own family. Here are my two sisters, my two children. Where is mother?" When she was led in, they all stood in a circle around the bed so that he might see them all. But dimness of vision was now upon him, so that, after turning his eyes around the group, he demanded, "Are we all alone?" An affirmative answer being given, he then turned his thoughts wholly on God and these nearest and best beloved of his kindred on earth. Pressing their hands one after another he said tenderly: "This is my dear, dearest mother; Mamie, my little sunbeam, dear, pretty one; Willie, my noble son." Throughout all the pauses of his talk he murmured and whispered aloud to himself, "Precious Jesus; blessed Jesus," as if trying to link the sorrow and the triumph of that supreme hour to the supreme Saviour. Thus Gilbert Haven fell on sleep January 3, 1880, at six o'clock in the evening.

Some needless ingenuity has been exerted to account

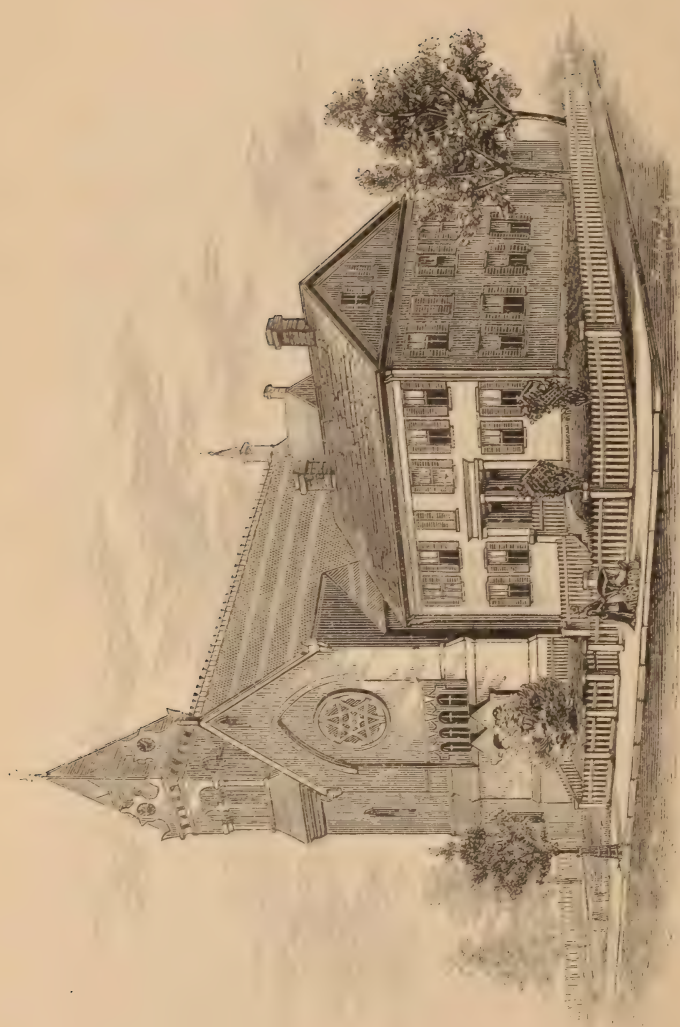
for the fact that in his last moments he did not mention his beloved Mary. But it would have been impossible for him to have mentioned her that last day without departing from the habit of a score of years. He would mention her only to his dearest intimates, and never to several together, though possibly once or twice to a congenial friend and his wife. It is hard to conceive him speaking of her in the busy train of that wonderful "reception." When the family were at last alone, he might have done it without jarring any sense of delicacy. But his failing vision shows that the weakness and torpor of death were pervading his senses, and perhaps clouding his mind. That he did not think of her is impossible. Probably he judged it best to devote all his attention to, and lavish all his love upon, the dear ones from whom he was even then parting. What had she to do with these sorrowful though triumphant scenes of leave taking? Of all the dear kindred he had lost and the noble Christian friends who had gone before him to that realm of joy he mentioned none, because he was going to rejoin them, not being parted from them.

When Emerson printed in the "Atlantic Monthly" his noble poem "Terminus," it chanced that Mr Haven read it to a familiar friend. The poem strongly impressed them both. Mr. Haven was greatly struck with the beauty of the concluding lines, and read them aloud :

" As the bird trims him to the gale,
I trim myself to the storms of time ;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime,

Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed,
The port well worth the cruise is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Mr. Haven said that the spirit breathing through the poem is purely heathen, no higher and no purer than the spirit of Plato's "Phaedo." The modern pagan seemed so calm and poised in his unbelief that his admirer began to wonder how Emerson, consciously dying, would pass the ordeal. Then he spoke of his own life-long instinctive dread of the dying hour, not of being dead or of the experiences of the future state. Yet he took refuge in the conviction that holy living is the best pathway to a happy death, though his fears attended him up to the days of his departure. It has seemed to many of his friends that his translation so that he should not see death on that bright winter day was God's gracious fulfillment to Gilbert Haven of the ancient Scripture: "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."



LATE RESIDENCE OF BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN, AND CHURCH FROM WHICH HE WAS BURIED,—MALDEN, MASS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MOURNING AND BURIAL.

The General Sorrow—Action of His Associates—Funeral—The Throngs—Bishop Foster's Address—The Procession—Burial Service—Graduated with Honor.

THE funeral of Bishop Haven took place at Malden, January 6, 1880. When the fact of his death was generally known it awakened wide-spread sorrow and sympathy. Resolutions came in to his family from all the various organizations with which he had been connected, expressing the highest appreciation of his character and services in the various positions he had so long and honorably filled, the universal sentiment of the great loss the Church and the public had suffered through his death, and also expressions of tender sympathy for the bereaved circle of mourning kindred. To most observers there seemed to be an unusual reality in these official utterances of sorrow, for all who had ever known Mr. Haven seemed to have lost a friend.

Business was generally suspended at Malden, and large throngs of citizens attended the funeral services. The bells of all the different churches were tolled at proper intervals in the ceremonies. The very atmosphere of the town seemed sad and mournful. An Irish woman expressed the emotions of her fellow-Christians by saying: "Sure I don't see what more we could do if the Pope were dead. The Catholics are all standing

around the streets and talking about him, and saying that such a good man must have gone to heaven."

At the old home a dense throng of kindred and friends filled the rooms where prayer was offered by Rev. B. K. Peirce, D.D., in very tender and appropriate terms. The remains were then removed to the Methodist Episcopal Church, near by, for the more public ceremonies. The decorations of the church were simple and effective. The organ, choir gallery, and pulpit were decorated with festoons of black and white, intertwined with smilax, with interspersed baskets of rare flowers, and a bunch of calla lilies in front of the pulpit. These decorations were furnished by the Malden Church. A fine oil portrait of the Bishop, furnished by the family, draped in mourning and surrounded with smilax, was suspended before the organ. An elegant cross of ivy, with a sheaf of wheat at the base, was presented by the Bromfield Street Church, of Boston. A wreath of lilies of the valley and ferns was sent by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Haven, of Mount Vernon Street, Boston; and from Mrs. Charles Scott, of Philadelphia, came a slab of pinks, bearing the device, "My Father." From the members of the Boston Preachers' Meeting came, set in a rich tablet of flowers, the episcopal seal, with its striking inscriptions, "Preach the Word," and "Feed my Lambs," inclosing an open Bible. At the center of the choir rail was suspended the floral tribute of the Bishop's college society at Wesleyan University, the *Phi Nu Theta*, of which he was always an honored brother. The scroll, shaped like the society's badge, was made of

carnations, bearing in *immortelles* the inscription, '*Eklektós, Phi Nu Theta, Wesleyan.*

The spacious church was densely packed with the town's people and strangers. It was thought that more persons failed to obtain a place in the church for want of room than were present there. There must have been nearly three hundred Methodist ministers in the vast audience, and many of them had come from long distances to the funeral.

The following prominent ministers were observed in the church :

Bishops Harris and Foster ; Dr. Cummings, pastor of the Church ; A. D. Vail, D.D. ; O. H. Tiffany, D.D. ; John P. Newman, D.D. ; Albert S. Hunt, D.D., Secretary of the American Bible Society ; D. A. Goodsell, D.D. ; Lewis R. Dunn, D.D. ; John M. Reid, D.D., Secretary of the Missionary Society ; William Butler, D.D. ; D. A. Whedon, D.D., and M. J. Talbot, D.D., of the Providence Conference ; A. J. Kynett, D.D., and Henry W. Warren, D.D., of Philadelphia ; Cyrus D. Foss, LL.D., President of Wesleyan University ; George Prentice, D.D., Professor in Wesleyan University ; J. F. Hurst, D.D., President of Drew Theological Seminary ; B. K. Peirce, D.D., editor of "Zion's Herald ;" Bishop M'Namara, a converted Catholic priest ; L. R. Thayer, D.D. ; Mark Trafton, D.D. ; Loranus Crowell, D.D. ; W. F. Mallalieu, D.D. ; D. Steele, D.D. ; S. F. Upham, D.D. ; C. S. Rogers, D.D. ; D. H. Ela, D.D. ; W. R. Clarke, D.D. ; G. M. Steele, D.D. ; W. F. Warren, D.D., President of Boston University ; L. T. Townsend, D.D., Professor in

Boston University ; J. H. Twombly, D.D. ; F. H. Newhall, D.D. ; D. Dorchester, D.D. ; W. S. Studley, D.D. In prominent positions among their brethren sat two colored clergymen, Rev. J. N. Mars and Rev. Mr. Snowden, pastor of Revere Street Church, in Boston ; for Bishop Haven wished his funeral to proclaim the same truths his life had taught. A throng of clergymen from the different New England Conferences was present. A similar throng of laymen was also present from these Conferences. "The Wesleyan Association," which made him editor of "Zion's Herald," was present in a body. Among the laymen from abroad were noted James H. Taft, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y. ; J. M. Phillips, Esq., of the Book Concern, New York ; J. M. Van Vleck, LL.D., Professor in Wesleyan University ; General Clinton B. Fisk, of Seabright, N. J. ; John H. Bentley, Esq., of Newark, N. J. ; and George J. Ferry, Esq., of New Jersey ; William M. Ingraham, Esq., Henry C. M. Ingraham, Esq., Mrs. Richard Ingraham, Miss Jane Ingraham.

It was ten minutes past twelve when Bishop Foster met the procession at the church door, and solemnly pronounced the opening sentences of the Burial Service as the remains were slowly borne through the densely crowded church and deposited on the dais in the chancel by the following pall-bearers : The Rev. Messrs. L. R. Thayer, C. S. Rogers, D. H. Ela, W. R. Clarke, D. Sherman, W. F. Warren, G. M. Steele, L. T. Townsend, J. H. Twombly, D. Dorchester, F. H. Newhall, W. S. Studley, J. N. Mars ; the Hon. Jacob Sleeper, J. P.

Magee, Esq., Hon. E. H. Dunn, G. P. Cox, Esq., and H. V. Gilman, Esq. The remains were inclosed in a red cedar casket, overlaid with black broadcloth, heavily mounted with silver rails and handles. On a silver plate was the inscription : "Gilbert Haven. Born September 19, 1821. Died January 3, 1880."

The Bishop lay in the casket turned slightly to one side, in his usual dress and a most natural attitude, not a sign of death appearing on his countenance. He seemed to have dropped into a quiet and delightful slumber. His face seemed the very home of peace, so perfect the calmness which it expressed. It seemed as if he must hear the words spoken over him with such tenderness and love.

The choir then chanted Psalm xc, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." The Rev. John W. Hamilton, of Boston, read as the first lesson Psalm xxxix. The Rev. Mark Trafton, D.D., then read the second lesson from 1 Cor. xv. In the prayer, which was next offered by Rev. Loranus Crowell, D.D., the immutability of God and the mutability of man were set forth. Gratitude was expressed for the great physical, mental, and moral endowments of the deceased Bishop; for the consecrated family in which he was reared; for his early conversion to Christ; for the zeal, piety, purity, and devotion that adorned his life; for his sympathy with the lowly and oppressed; for all he had accomplished in the Church and the land; that he was permitted to return to the dear old home before his death; for his steadfast faith; for his serene peace and

triumph over the last enemy; for the glorious assurance that he had now entered a mansion in the Father's house on high, and received a welcome to the home of the blessed. Bereaved friends were remembered in the most affectionate supplications, and especially were the aged mother, the dear children, and the sisters of the dead commended to the loving care of a loving God.

A hymn was then read by Rev. Mr. Snowden, (colored,) of Boston; a touching letter was read by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, from Rev. William Rice, D.D., of Springfield, a life-long friend of the dead Bishop. Then came, as the principal address of the service, a discourse from Bishop Randolph S. Foster, D.D., a gem, which reflects, and will ever reflect, equal honor on the speaker and on the sleeping friend and colleague over whom it was spoken.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP FOSTER.

Brothers, we stand to-day in the presence of a great sorrow, in which, I am sure, if we could follow the dictates of our feelings, silence and tears would take the place of speech. That has happened to us which, but a few days ago, seemed impossible to our affections.

Bishop Haven, your friend and mine, is dead. His body lies in the hush and stillness of the casket before the chancel. The blow that has fallen so suddenly, so unexpectedly even, with all the preparation we had for it, falls not alone upon New England. It smites wide and deep over the broad surface of this entire land. A great Church stands mourner here to-day at this bier—the Church at home, the Church throughout the mission fields in the four quarters of the globe. Not figuratively, but literally, hundreds of thousands join the obsequies of this moment. All abroad, among the different races and different denominations and types of Christians, there is a

deep sympathetic sorrow at this moment. And it becomes us, however difficult the task, to discipline our hearts to calmness, and our minds to acquiesce in this strange and mysterious providence.

If our brother has gone away from us, we are called to remember to-day that it was his Lord and our Lord, his Master and our Master, that has called him away.

Mere sullen grief or idle lament would ill become the sacredness or greatness of this hour. He would reprove the one, and the great Master would reprove the other. If it is inevitable that we should weep, that our hearts should be broken, (and there are many broken hearts here to-day,) it is just and right and worthy that our words should be words of courage, of rejoicing, and of triumph.

Did I say, Bishop Haven is dead? I take back that word! He is not dead; he can never die. He has but passed on. He has vanished from the house where we knew him to take possession of another house, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He has surrendered an inferior for a superior life. He has, indeed, gone away, and we shall not see him again—*now*. We shall not communicate with him as aforetime upon the earth, and no mortal can tell what has gone out of earth and life with his departure. There is no mortal who can tell what he contributed to the life of the world, and what he will continue to contribute to the life of the world to the end of time. For, though he has ceased to be a visible factor, his words, his thoughts, his deeds, will live on in the lives and characters of men so long as the world shall stand. For Bishop Haven was no ordinary man. ["Amens" from the congregation.] Among the multitudes he was an inevitable factor of great power, and he was a conspicuous personality; a highly individualized man. His life has cut a deep impression upon the souls and minds of men in his own time, and, through the influence exerted now, will still give impression to the latest generation of the world.

In speaking of him whom you loved and I loved, so much and so rarely, brothers and friends, it is proper that I should consider well the words I am speaking, that I should not indulge any extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy; that I should not draw a picture unreal

of the departed, but one that will stand the test of criticism and awakened admiration, with all candid and honest minds, the more perfectly it is portrayed.

It is not for me to speak to-day, and you will not expect it, in detail of his life and of his childhood. We stand in the very shadow of the roof-tree under which it was spent, in the midst of the people who knew him from his infancy and the beginning and dawn of his manhood to his departure from you. It is not for me to speak of his early school-life, of his student history. His classmates and his colleagues fill this room. Others will furnish personal reminiscences that relate to these early periods of his formative life. You will not expect me to speak of his relations to you in his early ministry, which will always be your pride and joy; nor yet of that growing power which placed him foremost among you in official responsibility as the editor of your Church paper. Rather, you will expect me to speak of those things which are more immediately related to myself and my colleagues in his episcopal office, covering the last eight years of his life.

Bishop Haven, I have said, was, in a remarkable degree, an individuality, a personality. It was impossible that he should be present even for a few moments, in a narrow or great circle, upon the platform on an important occasion, or in the deliberative councils of large assemblies, or anywhere else, without making himself known or felt in his personality. He would inevitably and irrepressibly come to the front in the revelation of his own inward thought and life. He was by nature a strange contradiction, a radical of the radicals, a conservative of the conservatives, taking the extremest views and pursuing the most radical forms of expression and action in matters in which human interests were at stake, where justice revolted, and interposed itself against oppression and cruelty, and in every form in which he could personally affect the life and action of society. In principle he was as fixed as the eternal mountains. Conservative, even beyond what seemed to be demanded, in all his views of truth and righteousness he was established upon firm and unchangeable foundations.

He entered upon the period of his active life in the most eventful crisis in the history of our country—in the most exciting and ardent period of New England life—in the midst of that great effort which agitated the continent and world—the contest between New England antislaveryism and Southern organized pro-slaveryism. By instinct and education, and the atmosphere in which he was born and reared, he immediately, even in the formative period of his youth, took sides with the oppressed against the oppressors. While yet the dews of his youth were upon him he marched boldly to the front in that great combat, and stood in the narrow circle of ten or twelve of the chief men whose words will go down to posterity. It is not saying too much of Bishop Haven to say that he was conspicuous among these champions, and that his words were the most telling and effective blows; that he was an agitator, a disturber, an irrepressible radical, until the Wrong, which was the agony of his heart, which haunted him and made his life wretched, was destroyed from the face of the earth. His name will stand high in the records of that great contest to the end of the world.

And it was given to him to be and to do what was denied all his peers and collaborators; even the most distinguished of them—those who spoke the profoundest words, and who, by tongue and pen, contributed most largely to the result which was finally accomplished—were not permitted, like our dear Bishop, in the history of their lives, to work such a work as was given him to perform, and to give such evidences of fidelity and courage to the cause which seemed to be the cause of their hearts as he was permitted to give.

Genial in a wonderful degree, generous, greathearted, cheerful amid all circumstances of depression and of trial, witty, educated, full of knowledge, full of the life of the world from its beginning, peculiarly and uniquely rich in his acquaintance with the men of his own time, with the history of his own country, with the influences which were every-where molding and plowing up society, with an unforgetting memory, with a vivid power of perception, with great imagination, with strong self-assertion, with irrepressible love of justice and liberty, he was a power in every place, and will be a power forever. ["Amens."]

It is safe to say that when he entered upon the General Conference of 1872, already rich with an honorable fame, specially loved and esteemed in New England, specially despised and hated in the South, with questions of doubt and misgiving in the mind of the middle country—when he entered upon the General Conference of 1872, to be a conspicuous member of that important body in its most important session in the history of the Church—it is safe to say that the thought had never entered the larger part of the Methodist mind that in Gilbert Haven there was a future Bishop of the Church; that, whatever was the judgment of those who stood nearest to him, who knew him best and loved him most, he would go away from that great gathering clothed with episcopal honors and with episcopal responsibilities. Beyond all question his election was a surprise to the Church, and his well-known and pronounced radicalism for so long a time, and of so conspicuous a type, the readiness and promptness with which he always propounded his convictions, (for he had the bravery of his convictions; he could not conceal them even on occasions when prudence would seem to require that they should be in abeyance,) it is safe to say that his election was not only a surprise, but it awakened a question and doubt in many of the purest and best and greatest minds whether it was wise and judicious.

Thank God! he lived for eight years to demonstrate the wisdom of that action. ["Glory to God!" and "Amen," by many voices.] He has furnished the proof that it was no mistake or misjudgment, that Providence, which so strongly presided over the destiny of our Church and to so large an extent, governed and controlled in a matter of so great a moment. There was a full exhibition of divine selection.

As a Bishop, our colleague became greatly endeared to the entire Board, winning, session by session, year by year, upon every heart in the College, until I am safe in saying in the presence of my revered colleague, [Bishop Harris,] that he stood in our love and in our confidence, in the very front, and had developed peculiar adaptations where we did not expect to find them, for the office which he

filled with so great honor and to so great acceptance, carrying to the chair of the Conference a reserved force of dignity which made him a model presiding officer, familiar with the questions that might arise in the body, a ready and acute judge of law ; holding the Conferences in whatever excitement, in whatever discussion, in calm, unperturbed equipoise ; maintaining order and discipline to a high degree ; carrying nothing of radical or extreme or injudicious rashness into his administration ; impressing the humblest member of the body with a sense of the equality of his rights, and maintaining them.

In the Cabinet he was a careful and earnest student of the interests of the Churches, and of the interests of the preachers. We know that he was a great friend ; that friendship, personal love, glowed in his heart like a sun ; that whom he once loved he never could forget ; that he carried an elect circle closest in the inner sanctuary of his soul, never forgetting them in his wide wanderings, and always anxious for them. But we know this, too, that he had this peculiarity, that while he studied to do all in his power for those he had known longest and loved best, he was careful to consider his most recent friends, and he would not permit an injustice to be done—for that was a conspicuous attribute of Bishop Haven's character—a sense of fairness, a sense of right, that sent him into the defense of the defenseless, and made him strong in the cause of the oppressed. That sense of justice made him equal and honest in the administration of his office.

In the important bodies with which we are connected in our office it is not doing discredit to any of his colleagues to say that he was most far-seeing, most enterprising, most effective in devices for the enlargement and expansion of the Church, and most courageous and most alive to every great and grand movement. No mission-field failed to elicit his interest, and he was especially concerned and greatly potent in the affairs of the Mexican Mission, in planting and protecting and defending and extending the interests of these missions.

In the administration of the missionary branch of the Church his

counsels were heard reverently always. Sometimes his views were in advance of his times, and extravagant in the estimation of his brethren ; but he had this marked peculiarity, that I have found in no other man, that while he had the bravery to put forth any judgment, any opinion, in any presence, anywhere, in the most pronounced and positive manner, he never became troubled, or reserved, or disturbed, or angered by its not being accepted. If his measure failed, he quietly smiled and let it pass, to bring it up again. It was sure to be brought up, and in an unexpected moment, when he would awaken a smile upon the faces of those who were most delighted with his pertinacity, it would come out, again and again, until it finally triumphed, and all said his advice and action were wise and judicious, though at first they may have thought them unwise and injudicious.

I have seen Bishop Haven—I dare not say *where*, I dare not say *when*, I dare not say *how*—when any other man would have burned with indignation, when he was as calm and placid as a May morning. Loving his friends with an intensity of love, I have heard it said that he had the power of hate. I never saw it. I never found the occasion when he indicated even against those who seemed to have wronged him, and most persistently to have evil entreated and obstructed him—I never saw the indication of the slightest ill-will or malice ; constantly forgetting, he would pass by offenses that would certainly overthrow all power of self-government that grace or nature has ever given me. I am glad to speak of this noble and wonderful trait of his character.

And I now recur (for I am reminded that my time is nearly passed, that others are entitled to speak upon this occasion) to the one great trait, the love of his life, his interest in and love for the African race—not because they were Africans, not, in my judgment, because they were black—but because they were oppressed, [great sensation,] because they were downtrodden, because they were friendless ; and he had the bravery to stand for their defense anywhere and every-where, and at times, carrying what sometimes to us seemed to be almost a fanaticism, a frenzy, but which proved to be

a divine passion glowing in his soul, carrying it up to the gates of death, and making it survive him on this very platform.

It was Bishop Haven that said, "Father Mars must speak at my funeral; some colored man must be a pall-bearer;" going personally to show that this love was strong and triumphant in him to the very last moment of his life, and bequeathing it as a heritage to the Church.

Bishop Haven was loved in New England, loved wherever Methodism is known, loved by the generous and brave of the entire land, loved by a wide circle all over the world, with honor—a noble character. Never was one so especially hated and odious in the region where he lived, (in the South;) and I refer to it, not to call up an unpleasant recollection, nor refer to what is grievous to us all, but to speak of the conspicuous peculiarity of his character, his great, brave, unflinching courage in the midst of the greatest trial. There was not one of us, in our Board, that did not feel many times that Bishop Haven went into his Southern home at the peril of his life; that any day it would have been no surprise to hear that he had fallen in that field. We knew that he went there with that feeling himself. And he stood like an iron wall, firm, unflinching, uncompromising, pronouncing in Charleston, in Atlanta, in New Orleans, in the hottest and fiercest furnaces of Southern sentiment, with the same placidity and boldness in deliverance, the very words he would speak in the Preachers' Meeting in Boston, joining hands with the oppressed race—I am glad to say here, not in a manner degrading or discreditable or dishonorable to himself, but creditable to his piety and charity and great sense of justice, making himself the acquaintance and friend of the colored people every-where wherever he went. So that I am safe in saying, among the few names of the generation passed away that have cut themselves deepest in the African mind and African heart, and that will live the longest, and among the few names at the front, will be the name of Bishop Haven, along with the name of Abraham Lincoln. [Sensation.] They will always remember him as their defender and friend.

I happened to be present at a moment when he said to a bosom

friend, and one that stands nearest to him, "I know," (it was less than three hours before his spirit stood before the throne,) "I know the Lord will not find fault with me for my work in the South." He carried that conviction with him to the throne of God, that in the sincere devotion of his soul to that great branch of our Church work, he would not only have the approval of the Church, but of God.

But I may not enlarge further on this important branch of his life, nor, indeed, upon any thing further.

He has gone from us! We shall not see him any more now! To some of you he was more than a brother; to all of us he was a brother. Shall we crown him to day? Shall we turn this moment of mourning and grief into triumph? Shall we rejoice in his great light?

May I say, in this presence, there is not an act of his life that I can call to memory, and not a word even, that now, in the light of his victorious and triumphant departure, I would have erased from his record! Let it stand there in its fullness! Let those who will criticise, criticise! To us it is a joy forever that Gilbert Haven has lived in the world! that he has been our friend and brother! that he has filled the important and conspicuous place that he has in the history of the Church, and in his great episcopal position!

Glory be to God that his life was permitted to go out in brightness, not in darkness! I presume that it was the first time in forty years—maybe the only time in forty years (it was when he was dying)—that he shouted!

I sat by his bed when, after many beautiful sayings, some of which will be quoted by those who speak, he said, looking up, "Glory, glory, glory!" having reserved to him for the last, for the completed and victorious triumph over his latest foe, a shout of victory!

He has gone home! I will not stop to give you the lessons that come to us, brothers. Bishop Haven was a Methodist. He was no bigot. He was positive. He was a Methodist in every atom of his consciousness! He loved his Church. He loved its order. It was not an unchangeable order. It was not an idol. But he loved its

order, and he loved its prosperity. He loved in his heart of hearts its doctrines. He could not conceive of the possibility, for himself, of changing them in their expression. He accepted them in their simplicity. He was a Methodist. He was a great, generous-hearted Christian.

As I held his hand in mine, when my heart broke, he said, 'Bishop, I love you a great deal,' and I knew it. "God bless you! God bless my colleagues! give them all my love! God bless the preachers! God bless everybody!" It was the utterance of the great, glorious, but now glorified heart, that has passed into the heavens.

Brief additional addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Upham, Mallalieu, D. Steele, Mars, and Prentice. The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Cummings. The funeral procession was at once formed to attend the remains to their resting place in the Salem Street Cemetery. All the clergymen present marched on foot at the head of the train, while behind the hearse followed a long line of sorrowful relatives and friends. At the burial place Bishop Harris read the Burial Service over the spot where Gilbert and Mary Haven sleep in joyful hope of the resurrection. And so at last Gilbert Haven was, as his own phrase ran, graduated with honor.

Once when talking of the deepest hopes and fears which agitate the human spirit he was comforted greatly as a friend read aloud Dr. Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." It moved him deeply, especially the conversation of the released soul with the attendant angel. The words flashed back upon the same friend as he first looked upon the face of Gilbert Haven in the strange immobility of death. Thinking of him now that friend.

ventures, he trusts without presumption, to write them here :

SOUL.

Dear Angel, say,

Why have I now no fear of meeting Him?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.
I had it aye before me, and I saw
The Judge severe e'en in the Crucifix.
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

ANGEL.

It is because

Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear;
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is past.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world—
That solemn consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipate
Upon his death; and, as the last great day
In the particular judgment is rehearsed,
So now, too, ere thou comest to the Throne,
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

THE END.





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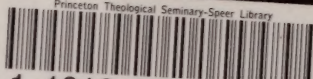
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